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Figure 1 consists of two scatter plots. The left plot shows a positive correlation between the number of children and the number of mothers, with data points generally increasing from left to right. The right plot shows a negative correlation, with data points generally decreasing from left to right.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 104



*After the Painting by Charles Stanley Reinhart
Courtesy of Carnegie Institute*

AWAITING THE ABSENT

STEPS IN ENGLISH

COMPOSITION - RHETORIC

BY

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TO
L. A. SHERMAN

TO THE
AUTHOR

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COMP.-RHET.
C. P. 7

PLAN AND PURPOSE

This book aims to teach young people to write effectively by having them write. It furnishes them with models from the masters, and asks them to use their own experiences as working material. Further, in the second part it develops a plan to teach them to write accurately, by training them to recognize, and thus to avoid, their errors.

That his own hours are full of experiences adapted to literary expression is made known to the pupil by the study of literature in its relation to life. Of these experiences he has definite knowledge, and about them he can think clearly; and clear thinking, which comes only from clear knowing, usually results in ready and forceful expression.

The book, in addition, lays a foundation for the appreciation of literature. To profit by the master writers the pupil must be able to recognize the value of their works. Accordingly he is here taught that literature is full of suggestion, and he is made to understand the various devices by which an author conveys this suggestion. When these methods have been discovered and sufficiently illustrated, the learner is asked to use them in writing about familiar experiences. Thus he is given a higher standard than a properly punctuated, rhetorical statement of facts, with the result that his theme work becomes a vital thing,—a pleasure, not a task.

This book at first calls for compositions of only a few paragraphs in length. Later, as the pupil masters the various literary methods, he is given more complex subjects,

and finally he is asked to attempt the character sketch, the short story, and the essay. He will not write marketable literature ; but he will thoroughly enjoy his constructive work when thus trying to make literature; for he knows both what he wishes to do and the methods by which he can do it.

The letter is the one kind of composition that every person uses, and consequently it is emphasized throughout the book. Moreover, the friendly letter is peculiarly helpful in developing style, as its informality permits a freedom of expression not otherwise attained.

The principles here explained are not new. They have been in use since the first story was told. Here the aim is to give them an added pedagogic value by making them so simple that the young can grasp them, and thereby learn to read appreciatively and to write effectively.

The use of a few words in unusual shades of meaning has been necessitated by the presentation of the somewhat new methods of literary study and expression. It is believed that the frequent use of explanatory words and expressions will render clear the meaning of such words.

Most of the chapters in this book have been used repeatedly in early high school work. It will be well, however, to use only the first ten chapters before the third year, together with such parts of Chapter XXII as may be selected. In some schools the analytic work of the first three chapters will be too difficult for first-year pupils; in some it may be inexpedient to introduce the book earlier than the second year.

During the third year Chapters XI to XVI, inclusive, and Chapters XXIII and XXIV may be studied. Chapters XVII to XXI should usually be reserved for the last year of the high school course.

As early college work in composition differs from high school work in degree rather than in kind, certain of these chapters may prove of value in the less advanced courses of many colleges.

The text of Part One should be read and discussed in class, the experience and reading of both instructor and pupils being called upon to furnish additional illustrations of the portions under consideration. This part of the exercise may be made to afford excellent practice in oral composition.

Some writing should be done at home, some in the classroom. If possible, the latter should be done when the instructor is able to give individual aid to those needing it. More themes should be written than can be examined, but as many as possible should be marked by the instructor and returned to the pupil for correction, following the plan explained on page 327. This plan, if observed throughout several years, will bring about practically accurate writing. Two themes each week is a reasonable requirement, one theme usually being in the form of a letter.

The principles advanced for the study of the literary selections should be used regularly in the reading and study of other literature. Such recognition of them will result in a constantly increasing literary appreciation.

Many of the principles here explained were developed by Professor L. A. Sherman, of the University of Nebraska. Although first used in the teaching of literature, they are here adapted to the teaching of constructive English. The credit, however, for any success this presentation achieves, belongs to Professor Sherman.

To his colleagues, Miss Blanche A. Jones and Mr. Orton Lowe; to Mr. F. W. Blaisdell; to G. W. Gerwig, Ph. D.; to Professor J. Scott Clark, of Northwestern University, upon whose "Practical Rhetoric" the second part of the book is

based; to Professor Richard Jones, of Vanderbilt University; and especially to Professor Sherman the author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness for continued suggestion and criticism.

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PART I

CHAPTER I

CHARACTER HINTS

I

AFTER the battle of El Caney a newspaper writer came upon a soldier pillowing upon his knee the head of a dead comrade. "Know him?" the reporter said, as the soldier rose, having gently placed the body on the ground. "My brother," came the low reply.

A sculptor, reading the story, found his heart so moved that under his hand the incident shaped itself in clay. At the Pan American Exposition the group was shown,—the dead with covered face, the living erect and noble, looking toward something far, very far away.¹ The lines of his face showed that what he saw was beyond the range of human ken, was a mother's proud heart in a distant New England home, a home now bereaved, a heart now broken. The holiday smile faded from many a visitor, as he stopped before this group and then walked slowly on. Yet its message was all suggested; nothing was declared.

In the Art Galleries of the Carnegie Institute is a picture by Charles Stanley Reinhart called "Awaiting the Absent."² A number of women stand looking out over the sea. No name is necessary to tell us why they wait in spite of weariness. Attitude and expression speak of anxiety and sorrow, and our hearts grow heavy as we see them

¹ See p. 100.

² See Frontispiece.

with hope all but dead, gazing without rest out over the devouring deep.

In the same Galleries is a picture by Winslow Homer called "The Wreck."¹ A bit of coast, a glimpse of foam-capped billows, a great sand dune along which a life-saving crew are dragging their boat; that is all. But every attitude suggests a struggle that can be due only to human peril. Lives will go out unless that boat is forced through the yielding sand and into the storm-riven sea beyond. The name of the picture is aptly chosen, but it is unnecessary. To look at the painting is to feel the wind-driven mist on the cheeks; is to admire the courage and devotion that prompt these men so freely to risk life itself for others; is to be thrilled with their willingness to serve; is to be inspired to less selfish and nobler living. But we are made to share the feelings and the experiences of these women and of these men wholly by means of suggestions; nothing is declared.

In music, too, suggestion is all important. In a flaring, stuffy music room in midwinter a skilled pianist, with Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," can bring back the warm south wind, the pussy willows, the singing birds, the rippling brooks, the anemones and the violets, the bursting buds and the apple blossoms. A noble cathedral also can lift our hearts to a keener appreciation of the glory, the majesty, and the sublimity of the All-Powerful and All-Loving.

These illustrations suggest that **the aim of art is to convey feeling from one soul to another.**² To bring about this transfer of feeling the artist constructs something concrete which so embodies his emotion that it suggests to others the same or a kindred feeling. The something constructed may belong to any one of the realms of fine art; it may be a cathedral, an oratorio, a sculptured group, a picture, or a

¹ See p. 278.

² See Chapter V. of Tolstoi's "What is Art?"

poem. In each, however, the aim is to convey feeling from one soul to another. Every feeling is peculiarly adapted to treatment by one of the fine arts, although it may be treated by one or by all of the others. For example, the feeling kindled by a landscape is treated most successfully in a painting, although Ruskin showed the world that it may be conveyed almost as well by a word picture. So in his poem "The Man with the Hoe," written upon looking at Millet's painting of the same name, Mr. Markham has striven to convey with words the feeling that the painter endeavored to put upon his canvas.

It is not possible to arouse a feeling in one soul by stating baldly that another soul is under the spell of that feeling. I may say that I am very sad, but my statement will not lay a feather's weight of sadness upon your heart. If I am an artist, however, I can put that feeling into a poem, a statue, a piece of music, or a painting, and I can make it so powerful that tears may spring to your eyes. But I must accomplish this by suggestion, not by declaration.

A careful study of a masterpiece of any kind will show that the artist always strives to suggest rather than to declare. His aim is to furnish a few guiding details, a few hints, from which his feeling, his message, is to be read.

To convey feeling an author uses details and suggestive words. Details that reveal character are typical acts selected from a person's daily life; details that describe are features that make a face, a room, a landscape different from every other face, room, or landscape. Suggestive words not only bring to the reader their dictionary meaning, but also *suggest* to him imaginary pictures and moving experiences.

To be concrete, let us see how a person makes another share his feeling about a third. We must begin of course in life, as literature is only a method of preserving such

incidents as are concretely suggestive of the fundamental principles that underlie life. And, too, the principle of conveying feeling by being suggestive is constantly employed in conversation, although perhaps it is seldom formally recognized.

In order to make known the character of a person it is an almost universal custom to tell of some typical act of his rather than to characterize him by an adjective. The act, of course, must be one that the person performed because he really wished to perform it, one that came directly from his heart.

To say that a man is miserly and heartless is by no means so effective as to say that he forced a widow with a very sick child to move in midwinter because he could rent the rooms they were occupying for a half-dollar a month more than the widow was paying. The adjectives *miserly* and *heartless* are ineffective, but from the incident one immediately feels by intuition not only all that the adjectives tell, but very much more; one knows the man so well that one can predict with no little accuracy what he will do under many circumstances and conditions. In other words, the feeling that the speaker has toward the man is transferred to the hearer.

In the drama the same method of characterization is used. When Joseph Jefferson first walked on the stage as Rip Van Winkle, he showed by the rags and tatters he wore that Rip was a ne'er-do-well; but the cowering child on one shoulder, the laughing youngster held by the hand, and the crowd of children clinging to the skirts of his coat and at his heels, all shouting and screaming, made known far better than any words the good nature and sunny heart of the vagabond.

Some incidents of history will further illustrate the principle:

At the mention of the name of Sir Philip Sidney there

flashes across the mind of almost every reading person the story of the man's death. Fatally wounded on the battlefield of Zutphen, "Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, *Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*"

Why does the mention of the Elizabethan poet call up this little story? Not merely because it tells how Sir Philip met death, but because it tells how he lived, how he ever thought of others before himself, how he always was the flower of courtesy and the pearl of chivalry, how he not only died a hero, but how he lived a hero as well. The incident sets our imagination, our feelings, to work, and from it we become intimately acquainted with the man. The incident makes known vastly more than it says.

Sir Walter Scott, author, is known to all; but how about Walter Scott, man? Past the prime of life in 1826, when his publishing house failed, he found himself in financial ruin. Although in no way legally bound to do so, he set his pen to work to write off a debt of almost six hundred thousand dollars. Volume after volume of fiction and biography sprang from his brain. Recreation, health, self, were all forgotten by the man Scott, and when death stepped in seven years later and stayed his hand all but a few paltry thousand of his awful burden had been cast off. This incident makes known infinitely more about the man than it says about him; it makes known a greater hero than is portrayed in any of the Waverly novels; it gives an insight into his character such as no hundred pages of abstract statement could give.

Another well known name in literature is that of Alexander Pope. Was he a man such as Walter Scott? Let an incident tell:

Anxious that his correspondence be given to the world while he yet lived, but not quite ready so to violate custom as to publish it himself, he hired a venal go-between to pretend to a base publisher that he had stolen the poet's letters and that he was willing to sell them. The publisher at first was shy, but, finally persuaded of the genuineness of the letters, he purchased and published them. Pope of course stormed, declared he would have justice, entered suit against the publisher,—and withdrew it at the right moment. Then he declared that, although it was very repugnant to him, he felt it due to his friends and to himself that an authentic volume of his correspondence be published, and he brought out an authorized edition.

How much more is made known than is told! How the incident clears up the causes of Pope's hundred quarrels, the origin of his jealousies, the fountain of his satires!

Twenty years ago a boy was playing with his companions on a city common. Seeing a calf grazing near, he coaxed it to him, and by his stroking and petting he completely won its confidence. When the helpless creature, thinking it had found a friend, was looking up into his face in hope of further caresses, he spat tobacco juice into its eye, and laughed uproariously when the poor thing ran madly about the field.

This story of his boyhood is told to-day to characterize the man. Nor is it surprising to learn that one day this man walked into a schoolroom and without a word slapped in the face the woman who had rightfully punished his son.

These two incidents make known as much concerning this man as some volumes of biography tell about their subjects. To declare that as a boy he was heartless and

cruel, and that as a man he was without respect for women, will say as much as the incidents say, but will not make known a thousandth part of what they make known.

Each of these various acts is manifestly the result of a person's wish, clearly comes from the heart, and therefore each of them reveals character.

Such incidents as the above, and any act that is of sufficient suggestive power to kindle the imagination and to set it to work to fathom the character of a person, will in this book be called **Hints of Character** or **Character Hints**, the name being given because from the "hint" much of the character may be intuitively discerned.

Exercises.¹

EX. I. From your own experience tell in class of incidents that show character. Later write an account of at least one. Be sure to select incidents that clearly result from the doer's wish.

Narrate a character-flashing incident told about some noted man.

Narrate an imaginary incident that suggests character.

Write a letter to a friend telling him by means of a hint the character of a new friend you have made. Also the character of a person whose friendship you do not care to have. Also the character of a stranger you have seen whose friendship you would like to win.

EX. II. *Study carefully the following paragraphs, and write or tell succinctly all that they make known but do not say:*

ONE Christmas morning I met on the street a laboring man of my acquaintance. He had his arm around a most disreputable-looking fellow, who every few steps stumbled and pitched headlong. My gray-haired friend, however, each time kept him from falling,

¹ TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—If it is possible all written work should be corrected according to the plan suggested at the beginning of chapter xxiv, p. 389. While accuracy of expression should be sought, fluency of expression should come first. Therefore a large number of written exercises should be required. These should be neatly prepared, and should be preserved.

As letters will frequently be called for in the exercises, a brief study of the letter form, as given in Chapter IV., should be made early in the course.

balanced him, and helped him along. A few days later I asked him who the fellow was. "I have no idea," he replied. "I found him lying in the snow up by the railroad. At first he would n't tell me where he lived, but after several hours I got him home."

A LAD twelve years old went from Pennsylvania to Western Nebraska in a freight car, having as his only companion a seven-year-old brother. His duty was to care for an old horse, two cows, and several pigs that his father was moving to the new western home. The train was delayed, and his supply of water gave out, but he successfully got his barrels refilled at some local stop. At the end of the railway journey he inquired the way and drove his cattle forty miles across the trackless prairie to the new ranch. He is now a senior in a great university, which he has attended every other year and at which he has lived on less than ten dollars a month. Although a young giant and fond of athletics, he refuses to accept a place on the "eleven."

ONE hot summer night an old lady remembered that she had left a saucer of peas on the cellar shelf. Fearing that they would spoil, she went from her bed to the cellar and ate them. Three hours later her husband drove six miles for a physician.

At a Florida resort one January morning two young men were taking a walk. Every movement of one told of perfect physical powers. The other, leaning upon his companion's arm, was wrapped in a heavy shawl. Coming to a bench the former said, "Here 's a seat, Billy; let 's sit down and warm *our* legs in the sunshine." (Emphasis indicated by italics not in the original.)

THE night had blown up snowy and cold. "John," came from one side of the bed, "please go down and let kitty in. It 's so cold!"

"Hey?" came the sleepy response.

"Do let kitty in!" continued the voice pleadingly.

"Let who in?" was the querulous reply.

"Pussy; it 's so cold, and I do believe it 's snowing."

"Well, let it snow," and he turned over and straightway resumed snoring.

The next minute a slender white-robed figure slipped out of bed, and soon a grateful cat lay purring on the still warm hearth, —*Second Year High School Work.*

Ex. III. Bring in an imaginary hint that will be in harmony with the character of any one of the persons portrayed.

Combine several hints in such manner as to make a character sketch.

II

The use and value of the character hint in life, on the stage, and in history have been suggested. The next consideration will be its use and value in literature; for a very little investigation and study will show that this is one of the most necessary and effective tools of the literary artist, and that almost all authors use this tool more or less successfully in making the reader acquainted with the people of their stories. The way the character hint is thus used will be most easily shown by examples.

Take first the especially suggestive hints by which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith in his story "Captain Joe" makes the reader intimately acquainted with the hero:

On a morning when the North River is full of floating ice a tug plows a great furrow in the hull of a crowded ferryboat. The boat being helpless because of paddles choked with ice, the danger is increased a hundred fold. Captain Joe, seeing the accident from his own forward deck, runs his tug up to the side of the ferryboat and leaps into the crush of white-faced women, shrieking children, cursing men, and crazy, struggling horses. Driving the frightened crowd to the side opposite the ragged hole, he vows that he will throw overboard the first man that stirs, and runs for the engine-room. He meets the engineer halfway up the ladder, compels him to return, and immediately begins to pile mattresses, blankets, clothing, cotton waste, bits of carpet, everything, into the splintered gap left by the tug's cutwater. But all available material has been used and the water is still pouring in. Running his eye searchingly about the engine-room and finding nothing, he deliberately thrusts his own body into the yawning breach, holding himself steady with one arm outside, where the water

freezes it and the floating ice gnaws off the flesh. An hour later the boat is safe in her slip, and a surgeon is caring for the unconscious man. Finally the color creeps back to his cheeks, the eyes half open, and the surgeon catches the whisper, "Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

Fiction? Impossible? A story-writer's unrestrained imagination?

If you ask Mr. Smith, he will assure you that he draws from life, will give you his hero's name, and will refer you to the files of the New York papers.

Merely to read of the incident, not only makes the blood run faster, but also arouses the imagination to an appreciation of the whole rounded character of the man.

But one more hint renders the picture still clearer. On a Sunday months afterwards Captain Joe is importuned to tell of this experience. 'He would, but he's most forgot. So many of these things turnin' up when a man's bangin' round, it's hard to keep track on 'em. He wuz workin' on the Reliance at the time, and come to think on it, he'd found her log last week in his old sea-chest when he wuz huntin' some rubber cloth to patch his divin' suit. He guessed the story wuz all there.' The book is found. Turning the grimy pages with his thole-pin of a finger, he at last finds the entry. And what is it?

"January 30.—Left Jersey City 7 A. M. Ice running heavy. Captain Joe stopped leak in ferryboat."

That is all. But how much of the man it suggests. And we feel absolutely certain that each of these acts came right from Captain Joe's heart.

The statement has been made that the character hint is a tool used effectively by authors. That it is also used consciously is shown by this reply made by Mr. Smith when asked whether he chose these incidents deliberately, and, if so, why he chose them:

"You know I am by profession an engineer. I never put down a bridge foundation any more deliberately than I chose the incidents you refer to. I chose them because I wished to make known the character of a very dear friend of mine, and I felt that they suggest his character in such a way as to make it known better than I could tell it. When I use such incidents it is always with a definite purpose. For instance, in 'Caleb West' I wished to make known the delicate, refined, cultured nature of Jack Hardy. So almost the first thing he does in the story is to take a rose, as soon as he enters the room, from the vase on Sanford's table and adjust it in his buttonhole."

The next example is drawn from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous."¹ In this story Mr. Kipling aims to make us feel the meaning of the life of the fishermen on the Newfoundland Banks, and shows the effect of heroic treatment on the pampered, money-spoiled son of a self-made railroad king.

The story opens in the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner. The speakers are exchanging very uncomplimentary remarks about Harvey Cheyne, a fifteen-year-old boy who has made himself an unbearable nuisance ever since the hour of sailing. The door opens, and in walks the lad, the hero of the story. He begins:

"Say, it's thick outside. You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around us. Say, would n't it be great if we ran down one? . . ."

He picked up some dice from a checker-board and began throwing, right hand against left.

"Say, gen'elmen, this is deader 'n mud. Can't we make a game of poker between us?"

There was no answer, and he puffed his cigarette, swung his legs, and drummed on the table with rather dirty fingers. Then he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them.

"How's your mama this afternoon?" a man asked. "I did n't see her at lunch."

¹ The Century Company, New York.

"In her state-room, I guess. She's 'most always sick on the ocean. I'm going to give the stewardess fifteen dollars for looking after her. I don't go down more 'n I can avoid. It makes me feel mysterious to pass that butler's-pantry place. Say, this is the first time I've been on the ocean."

"Oh, don't apologize, Harvey."

"Who's apologizing? This is the first time I've crossed the ocean, gen'elmen, and, except the first day, I have n't been sick one little bit. No, sir!" He brought down his fist with a triumphant bang, wetted his finger, and went on counting the bills.

"Oh, you're a high-grade machine, with the writing in plain sight," the Philadelphian yawned. "You'll blossom into a credit to your country if you don't take care."

"I know it. I'm an American—first, last, and all the time. I'll show 'em that when I strike Europe. Pff! My cig's out. I can't smoke the truck the steward sells. Any gen'elman got a real Turkish cig on him?"

A German offers him a skinny black cigar, a "Wheeling stogie," which he accepts, declaring "It would take more 'n this to keel me over." Soon, however, he has occasion to seek the deck, where he doubles up at the extreme end, near the flag pole. Then a roll of the ship tilts him over the rail, and 'a low, gray mother-wave tucks him under one arm and pulls him off to the leeward, the green closes over him,' and the next thing he knows he finds himself in a fishing boat on the Newfoundland Banks.

Returning to consciousness, he sees near him Dan, the son of Disco Troop, who is owner as well as captain of the schooner *We're Here* of Gloucester. Dan gets him into his clothes and finally succeeds in persuading him to go on deck to see the captain. Here he makes such impossible demands and tells such amazing tales of his father's wealth that the captain is convinced that his accident has affected his head. Nevertheless, as he is short of help, one man having gone overboard, he offers Harvey "ten an' a ha'af a month." The boy, however, continues to make himself so superlatively disagreeable that the bluff captain is compelled to bring him to reason with a blow.

Mr. Kipling now deems it time to show us something good in this boy, and he makes him hunt up the captain and apologize for the way he has acted,—makes this child of millions, who never has felt the weight of a finger, humble himself before the ill-smelling fisherman who has knocked him down!

The purpose of this character hint is of course to show that somewhere in the boy is a seed of the common sense that has made his father a leader of men, a seed which, if properly nurtured, will make a man of him.

Harvey sees that there is nothing else to do, and during four months he washes pans and kettles, cleans and salts fish, scrubs deck,—in short, becomes acquainted with work.

What is the result?

When the *We're Here* gets back to Gloucester the wires tell a railway president on the Pacific coast that his son is not drowned. Then a misty-eyed father and a delirious mother race across a continent in a special train.

And the rescued son? He is unloading ship, but he asks for a day off, goes to Boston in blue jersey and rubber boots, and there in all the luxury of his mother's own Pullman, although reeking with the fine full flavor of the codfish, he is welcomed by his father and cried over by his mother. Glance through the window at them during that first interview:

"I wonder your nervous system is n't completely wrecked," said Mrs. Chéyne.

"What for, mama? I worked like a horse and I ate like a hog and I slept like a dead man."

That was too much for Mrs. Cheyne, who began to think of her visions of a corpse rocking on the salty seas. She went to her state-room, and Harvey curled up beside his father, explaining his indebtedness.

"You can depend upon me to do everything I can for the crowd, Harve. They seem to be good men on your showing."

"Best in the fleet, sir. Ask at Gloucester. . . . Say, can't they

run the 'Constance' over to Gloucester? Mama don't look fit to be moved, any way, and we 're bound to finish cleaning out by to-morrow. . . ."

"You mean you 'll have to work to-morrow, then?"

"I told Troop I would. I'm on the scales. I've brought the tallies with me." He looked at the greasy notebook with an air of importance that made his father choke. "There is n't but three—no—two ninety-four or five quintal more by my reckoning."

"Hire a substitute," suggested Cheyne, to see what Harvey would say.

"Can't, sir. I'm tally-man for the schooner. Troop says I've a better head for figures than Dan. Troop's a mighty just man."

"Well, suppose I don't move the 'Constance' to-night, how 'll you fix it?"

Harvey looked at the clock, which marked twenty past eleven.

"Then I'll sleep here till three and catch the four o'clock freight. They let us men from the fleet ride free as a rule."

"That's a notion. But I think we can get the 'Constance' round about as soon as your men's freight. Better go to bed now."

The boy who 'will catch the four o'clock freight' is not the same young gentleman that thought it would be great to run down a fish-boat. Perhaps, too, he is just as likely to 'blossom into a credit to his country.'

Exercises.

Ex. I. From your imagination write a letter to a friend giving an account of another of Captain Joe's deeds.

In a paragraph state as definitely as possible all that you have intuitively learned about Captain Joe.

Tell something about what Harvey Cheyne did in New York the day before he went aboard the vessel.

Write a little story about Captain Joe or Harvey Cheyne, using as the main incidents several imaginary character hints.

Ex. II. Find every character hint in the preceding synopsis of "Captains Courageous," and write out in full or tell definitely in class all that each one makes known about the person involved.¹

¹ TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—At the beginning of the study of the quotations from "Captains Courageous," of "Jonathan," and of other similar selections, two or three pages, perhaps less, will be enough for a lesson. The student should first

JONATHAN ¹

Study the following selection in the manner suggested in the last exercise and in the Note. Questions to facilitate the study somewhat will be found at the end of the selection:

He was so ugly,—outside, I mean: long and lank, flat-chested, shrunken, round-shouldered, stooping when he walked; body like a plank, arms and legs like split rails, feet immense, hands like paddles, head set on a neck scrawny as a picked chicken's, hair badly put on and in patches, some about his head, some around his jaws, some under his chin in a half moon,—a good deal on the back of his hands and on his chest. Nature had hewn him in the rough and had left him with every axe mark showing.

He wore big shoes tied with deer hide strings and nondescript breeches that wrinkled along his knotted legs like old gun covers. These were patched and repatched with various hues and textures,—parts of another pair,—bits of a coat and fragments of tailor's cuttings. Sewed in their seat was half of a cobbler's apron,—for greater safety in sliding over ledges and logs, he would tell you. Next came a leather belt polished with use, and then a woolen shirt,—any kind of a shirt,—cross-barred or striped,—whatever the store had cheapest, and over that a waistcoat with a cotton back and some kind of a front, looking like a state map, it had so many colored patches. There was never any coat,—none that I remember. When he wore a coat he was another kind of a Jonathan,—a store-dealing Jonathan, or a church-going Jonathan, or a town-meeting Jonathan,—not the “go-a-fishin’,” or “bee-huntin’,” or “deer-stalkin’” Jonathan whom I knew.

There was a wide straw hat, too, that crowned his head and canted with the wind and flopped about his neck, and would have sailed away down many a mountain brook but for a faithful leather strap that lay buried in the half-moon whiskers and held on for dear life. And from under the rim of this thatch, and half hidden in the matted masses of badly adjusted hair, was a thin, peaked nose, bridged by a pair of big spectacles, and somewhere below these, again, a pitfall of a mouth covered with twigs of hair and

read carefully in order to determine just what hints are present. Then he should indicate the hints on his paper, and follow each with a full explanation of its hidden meaning and power. This paper he should use in recitation, correcting it himself, or should hand to the teacher for correction. Of course the latter is the better plan, but in many schools it will be possible only as an occasional exercise.

¹From “A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others.” Copyrighted 1895 by F. Hopkinson Smith. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

an underbrush of beard, while deep-set in the whole tangle, like still pools reflecting the blue and white of the sweet heavens above, lay his eyes,—eyes than won you, kindly, twinkling, merry, trustful, and trusting eyes. Beneath these pools of light, way down below, way down where his heart beat warm, lived Jonathan.

I know a fruit in Mexico, delicious in flavor, called Timburici, covered by a skin as rough and hairy as a cocoanut; and a flower that bristles with thorns before it blooms into waxen beauty; and there are agates encrusted with clay and pearls that lie hidden in oysters. All these things, somehow, remind me of Jonathan.

His cabin was the least bit of shingle and brick chimney on that side of the Franconia Notch. There were others, farther on in the forest, with bark slants for shelter, and forked sticks for swinging kettles; but civilization ended with Jonathan's store-stove and the square of oil-cloth that covered his sitting-room floor. Upstairs, under the rafters, there was a guest-chamber smelling of pine boards and drying herbs, and sheltering a bed gridironed with bed-cord and softened by a thin layer of feathers encased in a ticking and covered with a cotton quilt. This bed always made a deep impression upon me mentally and bodily. Mentally, because I always slept so soundly in it whenever I visited Jonathan,—even with the rain pattering on the roof and the wind soughing through the big pine-trees; and bodily, because—well, because of the cords. Beside this bed was a chair for my candle, and on the floor a small square plank, laid loosely over the stovepipe hole which, in winter, held the pipe.

In summer mornings Jonathan made an alarm clock of this plank, flopping it about with the end of a fishing-rod poked up from below, never stopping until he saw my sleepy face peering down into his own. There was no bureau, only a nail or so in the scantling, and no wash-stand, of course; the tin basin at the well outside was better.

Then there was an old wife that lived in the cabin,—an old wife made of sole leather, with yellow-white hair and a thin, pinched face and a body all angles,—chest, arms, everywhere,—outlined through her straight up and down calico dress. When she spoke, however, you stopped to listen,—it was like a wood sound, low and far away,—soft as a bird call. People living alone in the forests often have these voices.

Last there was a dog,—a mean, sniveling, stump-tailed dog, of no particular breed or kidney. One of those dogs whose ancestry went to the bad many generations before he was born. A dog part fox,—he got all his slyness here; and part wolf, this made him ravenous; and part bull-terrier, this made him ill-tempered; and all the rest poodle, that made him too lazy to move.

The wife knew this dog, and hung the bacon on a high nail out of his reach, and covered with a big dish the pies cooling on the bench; and the neighbors down the road knew him and chased him out of their dairy-cellars when he nosed into the milk-pans and cheese-pots; and even the little children found out what a coward he was, and sent him howling home to his hole under the porch, where he grumbled and pouted all day like a spoiled child that had been half whipped. Everybody knew him, and everybody despised him for a low-down, thieving, lazy cur,—everybody except Jonathan. Jonathan loved him,—loved his weepy, smeary eyes, and his rough, black hair, and his fat round body, short stumpy legs, and shorter stumpy tail,—especially the tail. Everything else that the dog lacked could be traced back to the peccadillos of his ancestors,—Jonathan was responsible for the tail.

“Ketched in a b’ar-trap I hed sot up back in thet green timber on Loon Pond Maountin’ six year ago last fall, when he wuz a pup,” he would say, holding the dog in his lap,—his favorite seat. “I swan, ef it war n’t too bad! Thinks I, when I sot it, I’ll tell the leetle cuss whar it wuz; then—I must hev forgot it. It war n’t a week afore he wuz runnin’ a rabbit and run right into it. Wall sir, them iron jaws took thet tail er his’n off julluk a knife. He’s alluz been kinder sore ag’in me sence, and I dunno but he’s right, fur it wuz mighty keerless in me. Wall, sir, he come yowlin’ hum, and when he see me he did look saour,—no use talkin’,—jest ez ef he wuz a-sayin’, ‘Yer think you’re paowerful cunnin’ with yer b’ar-traps, don’t ye? Jest see what it’s done to my tail. It’s kinder sp’ilt me for a dog.’ All my fault, war n’t it, George?” patting his head. (Only Jonathan would call a dog George.)

Here the dog would look up out of one eye as he spoke,—he had n’t forgotten the bear-trap, and never intended to let Jonathan forget it either. Then Jonathan would admire ruefully the end of the stump, stroking the dog all the while with his big, hairy, paddle-like hands, George rooting his head under the flap of the party-colored waistcoat.

One night, I remember, we had waited supper,—the wife and I,—we were obliged to wait, the trout being in Jonathan’s creel,—when Jonathan walked in, looking tired and worried.

“Hez George come home, Marthy?” he asked, resting his long bamboo rod against the porch rail and handing the creel of trout to the wife. “No? Wall, I’m beat ef thet ain’t cur’us. Guess I got ter look him up.” And he disappeared hurriedly into the darkening forest, his anxious, whistling call growing fainter and fainter as he was lost in its depths. Marthy was not uneasy,—not about the dog; it was the supper that troubled her. She

knew Jonathan's ways, and she knew George. This was a favorite trick of the dog's,—this of losing Jonathan.

The trout were about burnt to a crisp and the corn-bread stone cold when Jonathan came trudging back, George in his arms,—a limp, soggy, half-dead dog, apparently. Marthy said nothing. It was an old story. Half the time Jonathan carried him home.

"Supper's ready," she said quietly, and we went in.

George slid out of Jonathan's arms, smelt about for a soft plank, and fell in a heap on the porch, his chin on his paws, his mean little eyes watching lazily,—speaking to nobody, noticing nobody, sulking all to himself. There he staid until he caught a whiff of the fragrant, pungent odor of fried trout. Then he cocked one eye and lifted an ear. He must not carry things too far. Next, I heard a single thump of his six-inch tail. George was beginning to get pleased; he always did when there were things to eat.

All this time Jonathan, tired out, sat in his big splint chair at the supper table. He had been thrashing the brook since daylight,—over his knees sometimes. I could still see the high-water mark on his patched trousers. Another whiff of the frying-pan, and George got up. He dared not poke his nose into Marthy's lap,—there were too many chunks of wood within easy reach of her hand. So he sidled up to Jonathan, rubbing his nose against his big knees, whining hungrily, looking up into his face.

"I tell ye," said Jonathan, smiling at me, patting the dog as he spoke, "this yere George hez got more sense 'n most men. He knows what's become of them trout we ketched. I guess he's gittin' over the way I treated him to-day. Ye see, we wuz up the East Branch when he run a fox south. Thinks I, the fox 'll take a whirl back and cross the big runway; and, sure enough, it war n't long afore I heard George a-comin' back, yippin' along up through Hank Simons' holler. So I whistled to him and steered off up the maountin' to take a look at Bog-eddy and try and-git a pickerel. When I come down ag'in I see George war n't whar I left him, so I hollered and whistled ag'in. Then, thinks I, you 're mad 'cause I left ye, an' won't let on ye kin hear; so I come along hum without him. When I went back a while ago a-lookin' for him, would yer believe it, thar he wuz a-layin' in the road, about forty rod this side of Hank Simons' sugar maples, flat onto his stummick an' disgusted an' put out awful. It wuz about all I could do ter git him hum. I knowed the minute I come in fust time an' see he warn't here thet his feelin's wuz hurt 'cause I left him. I presahme mebbe I oughter hollered ag'in afore I got so fer off. Then I thought, of course, he knowed I'd gone to Bog-eddy. Beats all, what sense some dogs hez."

I never knew Jonathan to lose patience with George but once: that was when the dog tried to burrow into the hole of a pair of chipmunks whom Jonathan loved. They lived in a tree blanketed with moss and lying across the wood road. George had tried to scrape an acquaintance by crawling in uninvited, nearly scaring the little fellows to death, and Jonathan had flattened him into the dry leaves with his big, paddle-like hands. That was before the bear-trap had nipped his tail, but George never forgot it.

He was particularly polite to chipmunks after that. He would lie still by the hour and hear Jonathan talk to them without even a whine of discontent. I watched the old man one morning up beneath the ledges, groping, on his hands and knees, filling his pockets with nuts, and when he reached the wood road, emptying them in a pile near the chipmunks' tree, George looking on good-naturedly.

"Guess you leetle cunnin's better hurry up," he said, while he poured out the nuts on the ground, his knees sticking up as he sat, like some huge grasshopper's. "Guess ye ain't got more 'n time to fill yer cubbud,—winter's a-comin'! Them leetle birches on Bog-eddy is turnin' yellor,—that's the fust sign. 'Fore ye knows it snow 'll be flyin'. Then whar 'll ye be with everything froze tighter 'n Samson bound the heathen, you cunnin' leetle skitterin' pups? Then I presaume likely ye 'll come a-drulin' raound an' want me an' George should gin ye suthin' to git through th' winter on,—won't they, George?"

"Beats all," he said to me that night, "how thoughtful some dogs is. Had n't been for George to-day, I'd clean forgot them leetle folks. I see him scratching raound in the leaves an' I knowed right away what he wuz thinkin' of."

Often when I was sketching in the dense forest, Jonathan would lie down beside me, the old flop of a hat under his head, his talk rambling on.

"I don't wonder ye like to paint 'em. Thar ain't nothin' so human as trees. Take that big hemlock right in front er yer. Hain't he led a pretty decent life? See how prâoud an' tall he's growed, with them arms of his'n straight aout an' them little chillen of his'n sprouting up raound him. I tell ye them hemlocks is pretty decent people. Now take a look at them two white birches down by thet big rock. Ain't it a shame the way them fellers hez been goin' on sence they wuz leetle saplin's, makin' it so nothin' could grow roaound 'em,—with their jackets all ragged an' tore like tramps, an' their toes all out of their shoes whar their roots is stickin' clear of the bark,—ain't they a-ketchin' it in their ole age? An' then foller on daown whar thet leetle bunch er silver maples is dancin' in the sunlight, so slender an' cunzin',—

all aout in their summer dresses, julluk a bevy er young gals,—ain't they human like? I tell ye, trees is the humanest things thet is."

These talks with me made George restless. He was never happy unless Jonathan had *him* on his mind.

But it was a cluster of daisies that first lifted the inner lid of Jonathan's heart for me. I was away up the side of the Notch overlooking the valley, my easel and canvas lashed to a tree, the wind blew so, when Jonathan came toiling up the slope, a precipice in fact, with a tin can strapped to his back, filled with hot corn and some doughnuts, and threw himself beside me, the sweat running down his weather-tanned neck.

"So long ez we know whar you 're settin' at work it ain't nat'ral to let ye starve, be it?" throwing himself beside me. George had started ahead of him and had been picked up and carried as usual.

When Jonathan sat upright, after a breathing spell, his eye fell on a tuft of limp, bruised daisies, flattened to the earth by the heel of his clumsy shoe. There were acres of others in sight.

"Gosh hang!" he said, catching his breath suddenly, as if something had stung him, and reaching down with his horny, bent fingers, "ef thet ain't too bad." Then to himself in a tone barely audible,—he had entirely forgotten my presence,—“You never hed no sense, Jonathan, nohow, stumblin' around like er bull calf trimplin' everything. Jes' see what ye 've gone an' done with them big feet er yourn,” bending over the bruised plant and tenderly adjusting the leaves. “Them daisies hez got jest ez good a right ter live ez you hev.”

I was almost sure when I began that I had a story to tell. I had thought of that one about Luke Pollard,—the day Luke broke his leg behind Loon Mountain, and Jonathan carried him down the gorge on his back, crossing ledges that would have scared a goat. It was snowing at the time, they said, and blowing a gale. When they got halfway down White Face, Jonathan's foot slipped and he fell into the ravine, breaking his wrist. Only the drifts saved his life. Luke caught a sapling and held on. The doctor set Jonathan's wrist last, and Luke never knew it had been broken until the next day. It is one of the stories they tell you around the stove winter evenings.

“Julluk the night Jonathan carried aout Luke,” they say, listening to the wind howling over the ledges.

And then I thought of that other story that Hank Simons told me,—the one about the mill back of Woodstock caving in from the freshet and burying the miller's girl. No one dared lift the timbers

until Jonathan crawled in. The child was pinned down between the beams, and the water rose so fast they feared the wreckage would sweep the mill. Jonathan clung to the sills waist-deep in the torrent, crept under the floor timbers, and then bracing his back held the beam until he dragged her clear. It happened a good many years ago, but Hank always claimed it had bent Jonathan's back.

But, after all, they are not the things I love best to remember of Jonathan.

It is always the old man's voice, crooning his tuneless song as he trudges home in the twilight, his well-filled creel at his side,—the good-for-nothing dog in his arms; or it is that look of sweet contentment on his face,—the deep and thoughtful eyes, filled with the calm serenity of his soul. And then the ease and freedom of his life! Plenty of air and space, and plenty of time to breathe and move! Having nothing, possessing all things! No bonds to guard,—no cares to stifle,—no trains to catch,—no appointments to keep,—no fashions to follow,—no follies to shun! Only the old wife and worthless, lazy dog, and the rod and the creel! Only the blessed sunshine and fresh, sweet air, and the cool touch of deep woods.

No, there is no story—only Jonathan.

Questions on "Jonathan" ¹

Do the first two paragraphs give a favorable impression of Jonathan? What forewarns, however, that the author has another Jonathan? At what point does he begin with his other Jonathan? The first clause after this point has what effect on our feelings toward Jonathan? Judging from the rest of the paragraph, what kind of man is this creature, so terrifying in appearance? Is the symbolism of the next paragraph pleasing to you? Reason? Which Jonathan is the author going to make us acquainted with?

Why is the author so careful to make known the evil character and reputation of the dog? Is his purpose to make us acquainted with the animal, or has he something beyond? Could you care for such a dog?

What character hint in the fact that Jonathan goes to seek the dog? What makes known the length of time that he is gone? Why should we know this? What hint in the fact that Jonathan

¹ These questions are not exhaustive. They are intended to call attention to some points that young and hurried readers may miss. See note at bottom of page 24.

carries George home? In the fact that "Marthy said nothing"? Would it be easy to say something when the trout are burnt to a crisp and the corn-bread is stone cold? Is "quietly" a hint? What is the purpose in making known how Jonathan had spent the day?

Do backwoodsmen ordinarily lose patience with a dog because he burrows after chipmunks? What act toward the end of this paragraph makes known Jonathan's mood? What is the mood? That a man talks by the hour to chipmunks makes known what, as a character hint? From this why do we not assume that Jonathan is merely a shiftless dreamer? What is the next powerful character hint? What hint in the names he gives the chipmunks? What hint in his giving George the credit for this act?

What hint in Jonathan's talk concerning the trees? What measures the author's love for sketching? What character hints in this paragraph and the next? What is the purpose of "there were acres of others in sight"? Are the first two words in the next paragraph prompted by character or mood? What hint in the rest of the paragraph?

In the next paragraph what two hints are much more powerful with us than the fact that Jonathan carried Luke down the mountain? With what previous character hint must the rescue of the miller's daughter be classed? Which are the more suggestive for us, really make us know the man, these two or certain ones presented earlier? Which ones? What general characteristic do these later ones bring out? Why should the author be so careful to make this trait known? Without it what would Jonathan be?

Why does the author love, still better, other things about Jonathan? How do the "only" clauses affect our sympathies? Do you prefer a story—or only Jonathan? Why?

Exercise.

Write a character sketch after the style of "Jonathan." Use character hints to suggest both spiritual qualities and physical strength and courage. Tell of a person you know or of an imaginary person. Your sketch will fall far short of "Jonathan," but make it as good as possible.

Write a letter of introduction that a friend may present to Jonathan, who has been your guide during a vacation trip through the White Mountains.¹

¹ See Chapter IV., p. 74.

Exercise.

Consider the italicized portions in the following quotations, and determine what they suggest as character hints:

There at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards crouch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess.—Tennyson in "The Princess."

she herself [Lady Psyche]

Erect behind a desk of satin-wood.—Ibid.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[Music and a song.]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

Shakespeare in "Julius Cæsar:" iv. 3. 255-274.

I was a lad of fifteen when Burns came first to Edinburgh. . . .
I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's,
where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation. . . .
Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only
thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was
the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing
a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one
side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. . . .
Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather by the ideas

which it suggested to his mind. *He actually shed tears.* He asked whose the lines (written beneath it) were: *and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorn's.—Sir Walter Scott, quoted in Carlyle's "Essay on Burns."*

We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, *and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready.* As we were walking toward it, "*You must know,*" says Sir Roger, "*I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service.*"—Addison in "*Sir Roger de Coverley at Vauxhall.*"

Exercise.

Study the following quotations. In each determine whose character is shown, what particular trait of character is made known, and what general character is suggested:

Before the bombardment of the Danish forts in the Baltic, Nelson spent day after day, himself, on the exhausting service of sounding the channel.—*Emerson in "English Traits."*

Drawing his sword, he [Pizzaro] traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then, turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades!" he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by the brave pilot Ruiz; next by Perdo de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name imports, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader, for good or for evil.—*William H. Prescott in "History of the Conquest of Peru."*

And Rustum seized his club . . . and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand,
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell

To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:
Matthew Arnold in "Sohrab and Rustum."

These haughty princes [the Tudors] were therefore under a restraint stronger than any that mere law can impose, under a restraint which did not, indeed, prevent them from sometimes treating an individual in an arbitrary and even in a barbarous manner, but which effectually secured the nation against general and long continued oppression. They might safely be tyrants, within the precinct of the court: but it was necessary for them to watch with constant anxiety the temper of the country. Henry the Eighth, for example, encountered no opposition when he wished to send Buckingham and Surrey, Anne Boleyn and Lady Salisbury, to the scaffold. But when, without the consent of Parliament, he demanded of his subjects a contribution amounting to one-sixth of their goods, he soon found it necessary to retract. The cry of hundreds of thousands was that they were English and not French, freemen and not slaves. In Kent the royal commissioners fled for their lives. In Suffolk four thousand men appeared in arms. The King's lieutenants in that county vainly exerted themselves to raise an army. These who did not join in the insurrection declared that they would not fight against their brethren in such a quarrel. Henry, proud and self-willed as he was, shrank, not without reason, from a conflict with the roused spirit of the nation. He had before his eyes the fate of his predecessors who had perished at Berkeley and Pomfret. He not only cancelled his illegal commissions; he not only granted a general pardon to all the malcontents; but he publicly and solemnly apologized for his infraction of the laws.—*Thomas Babington Macaulay in "The History of England."*

Cromwell's fearlessness of the anger of foreign Courts was disclosed in his treatment of Don Pantaleon Sa, a brother of the Portuguese Ambassador. A quarrel had occurred between the Don and an English gentleman; and the former, with some of his compatriots from the Embassy, while lying in wait for the Englishman in the dusk of the evening, attacked the first-comer, and assassinated the wrong man. Don Pantaleon then fled to the Embassy and claimed an Ambassador's privilege from arrest. But Cromwell ordered him to be seized, in defiance of the law of

nations, defining for himself the ambassadorial privilege as extending only to the Ambassador in person and not to his suite. The Portuguese pleaded for his brother's pardon; but the Lord Protector was inexorable. In the meantime a treaty of peace between England and Portugal was under consideration, and on the very day that the Portuguese Ambassador, in the depths of human woe, signed this treaty, his erring brother was beheaded on the scaffold by Cromwell's order. This bold vindication of the law gave great satisfaction to the people.—*Samuel Harden Church in "Oliver Cromwell."*¹

Once, the Duke of Richmond, who had stood high in the confidence of Charles I., asked Cromwell's leave to travel abroad, which was granted on the express condition that he would not see the royal heir. When the Duke returned he presented himself before the Lord Protector, who demanded to know whether he had strictly observed his promise, and was answered by the Duke that he had not seen young Charles. Cromwell inquired, "When you met Charles Stuart, who put out the candles?" The Duke was too much startled to reply. "And what," continued Oliver, "did Charles Stuart say to you?" Richmond protested that nothing confidential had passed. "Did he not give you a letter?" The Duke said No. Then Oliver, with a scorn which may easily be imagined, cried out: "The letter was sewed into the lining of your hat!" He seized the hat, discovered the treasonable letter, and sent the Duke to the Tower.—*Samuel Harden Church in "Oliver Cromwell."*

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward,
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's
not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through

¹ G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisie Point, what
is it but a run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—

Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Robert Browning in "Hervé Riel."

The youth whom we have described had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge . . . the younger of the two said to the other, "It is our man—it is the Bohemian! If he attempts to cross the ford he is a lost man—the water is up and the ford impassable."

"Let him make that discovery himself, gossip," said the elder personage; "it may, perchance, save a rope and break a proverb."

"I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, "for I cannot see his face. Hark, sir, he hallooos to know whether the water is deep."

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other; "let him try."

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without farther hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person at the same moment hallooed him to beware, adding in a lower tone to his companion, "*Mortdieu*, gossip, you have made another mistake; this is not the Bohemian chatterer."—*Sir Walter Scott in "Quentin Durward."*

Exercise.

Write a clear account of an incident which you have experienced or of which you have known, and which is brought to mind by one of the selections in the last two exercises.

Write a letter to a friend recommending one of the books from which selections have been taken in the above exercises, giving your reasons for recommending it.¹

Write a letter to a bookseller, ordering a book in which you have become interested because of one of the above quotations.¹

¹ See Chapter IV., p. 74.



Courtesy of Success

LINCOLN'S SCHOOL HOURS

LINCOLN'S SCHOOL HOURS

I'll study and get ready, and then maybe the chance will come.—
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Ex. I. What is this young man doing? How much interest has he in his task? What serves him as a slate? As a pencil? What furnishes light? What other drawbacks to easy work are suggested? Why does n't he sit at the table and work?

What enables the young man to overcome all these difficulties? Does this picture show "something done" that makes known character? What character is suggested?

Ex. II. Taking the incident pictured as one character hint, use it and several others, historical or imaginary, as the units of a character sketch intended to make the reader acquainted with the youth Abraham Lincoln.

Let each pupil tell in class an incident of which he has read or heard and which is illustrative of Lincoln's character. Determine the phase of character suggested by each.

Tell briefly of some one you know who has difficulties to meet in getting an education.

CHAPTER II

PICTURE HINTS

I

IN striving to picture his characters an author may make use either of brief descriptions made up of a few individualizing details, or of long descriptions composed of many details. The latter method was commonly used by the first English novelists. For example, Samuel Richardson, who was writing in 1750, frequently used seven or eight hundred words in a bewildering attempt to portray a character. This method, which is occasionally used even to-day, is familiar to all readers from its use by Scott, in the first chapter of "Ivanhoe," in the description of Gurth, which contains about four hundred fifty words.

In harmony with the principle that an author must be suggestive, must make known more than he says, the general tendency to-day is toward the brief description. This tendency, however, has been present in our literature from its earliest years, to a greater or less degree. For example, we find a number of excellent illustrations of it in Chaucer, one of the best being the few lines in the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" (about 1385) that make us see the Monk:

His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face as he had been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.

In Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," which was written about 1525, we find this:

I chanced to espy this aforesaid Peter talking with a certain stranger, a man well-stricken in age, with a black, sun-burned face, a long beard, and a coat cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favor and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner.

It is not, however, until the nineteenth century that we begin to find the brief description regularly used, and we find it in even greater perfection in the latter part of the century than in the earlier.

In "Thoughts about Art" Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton says that Lord Tennyson is the most perfect word painter that English poetry has produced. As Mr. Hamerton was a painter as well as an accomplished writer, and as his essays show that he thoroughly appreciated the value of suggestion in art, we may expect to find that Tennyson in the portrayal of his characters relied upon hints rather than upon extended descriptions. And this is just what we find, his individualizing details being expressed in most beautiful poetic language, each word being weighted with suggestive associations.

In "The Princess" (published in 1847) he thus pictures his hero:

A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
With length of yellow ringlet, like a girl.

Here the reader is not satisfied with the blue eyes, the light complexion, and the long yellow hair; he immediately and almost unconsciously fills in the features, the figure, the clothing, and in an instant sees a full-length portrait, life size. The especially suggestive hint is, of course, "length of yellow ringlet." This at once enchains the imagination, which surrenders instantly to the striking and unusual, and

the details that are always present, the boots, trousers, silver buckles, waistcoat, frills, slip into place without appreciable jar and almost without mental effort. Of course we all do not see the same picture, but each of us sees a picture that is clear and satisfactory for his own purposes, and that is exactly what the author wishes.

It should be noted that it is the unusual, either in respect to its surroundings or in respect to our ideas, that makes a picture hint especially powerful. The person with a striking peculiarity of dress or feature can most easily be portrayed in a phrase.

Further on in "The Princess" Lady Psyche's babe is thus presented to the imagination:

At her left, a child
In shining draperies, headed like a star.

Here the effective hint is "headed like a star," its power being due as much to the way the fact is expressed as to the fact itself. At first its meaning is elusive; then the radiance of a star flashes before one and the golden-haired tot in snow-white silk stands forth as though painted with a brush dipped in sunshine.

In the fourth canto of the same poem is a stern-lined portrait in black and white of the soured and jealous Lady Blanche:

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.

The second line is bad enough; but "stretch'd a vulture throat"! To transfer to a woman the wrinkled, discolored neck of this carrion bird, and even to stretch it forth,—the picture is too horrible to look at, it is so clear in its hideousness. With it, too, comes not a little of the woman's character, so powerful is the hint.

Turning to prose, we find the brief description, the picture hint, no less effective, although here it is usually presented in plain fact words. Scott, although favorable to the long description, sometimes uses the hint, particularly in his later work. In "Ivanhoe" are found the following picture hints:

The Jew, as he bent his withered form and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire.

Reuben, a dark-browed and black-bearded Israelite.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long gray beard and the shaggy gray eyebrows, overhanging eyes of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire.

Although published but a year later than "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" contains both more numerous and more effective picture hints:

A withered, thin, elderly gentleman, with a cheek like a winter apple and his gray hair partly concealed by a small high hat shaped like a can.

A black-thumbed, leather-aproned, swart-faced knave.

Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his bandy legs.

In George Eliot's "Silas Marner" (1861) are found the following:

Silas, a pallid young man, with prominent short-sighted brown eyes.

It was the once hopeful Godfrey, who was standing, with his hands in his side pockets and his back to the fire, in the dark wainscoted parlor.

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man.

Solomon Macey, a small, hale old man, with an abundant crop of long white hair reaching nearly to his shoulders.

Eppie, with the rippling radiance of her hair and the whiteness of her rounded chin and throat set off by the dark-blue cotton gown, laughing merrily.

Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head.

In authors of about the same period these are found:

A square and sturdy little urchin . . . with cheeks as red as an apple.—*Hawthorne*.

Esmond was especially amused with the talk of one long fellow, with a great curling red mustache and blue eyes, that was half a dozen inches taller than his swarthy little comrades on the French side of the stream.—*Thackeray*.

Mr. Creakle, a stout gentleman with a bunch of watch-chain and seals, in an arm-chair, with a tumbler and bottle beside him.—*Dickens*.

He was a limp, delicate-looking gentleman, with a good deal of nose, and a way of carrying his head on one side, as if it were a little too heavy for him.—*Ibid*.

Some illustrations from strictly present-day writers perhaps show improvement over even the best of the above:

An old man with a cane in his hand and his mouth hanging open.—*W. D. Howells*.

Captain Seth, a middle-aged little man with ear-rings.—*Heman White Chaplin*.

Mr. Isaacs walking to and fro behind the counter, and briskly rubbing his hands.—*Ibid*.

Mr. Noyes assumed a listener's attitude, and stroked his thin yellow beard.—*Ibid*.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.—*T. B. Aldrich*.

A slight, slim-built boy about fifteen, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth.—*Kipling*.

His glasses were tipped forward at an angle so that he had to elevate his chin to focus them, and he did not even see his friends as he strode up between the rows of desks [in the reporters' room].—*Jesse Lynch Williams*.

Said the man with the high collar.—*Ibid*.

Here an old fellow in a butternut suit, with a half-moon of white whiskers tied under his chin, leaned forward in rapt attention.—*F. Hopkinson Smith*.

A thinly constructed military gentleman, all sword and mustache.—*Ibid*.

Then it whirled around before me, backed to the sidewalk, and unloaded half a dozen pairs of black eyes, some mantillas, fans, and red-heeled slippers.—*Ibid.*

He was a little ragged street-arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow hair.—*François Coppée.*

Through the twilight were seen approaching the clerical garments of the priest.—*Second Year High School Work.*

The Frenchman, in highly polished boots, bent over the small, delicate, bejewelled hand.—*Ibid.*

A little old woman with dirty white hair and with dried tobacco juice in the corners of her mouth was smoking her pipe at the door of the shanty-boat.—*Ibid.*

The nurse stood on the porch, a white cap on her dark curly hair.—*Ibid.*

Before the furnace was a man wearing a sleeveless flannel shirt open at the chest.—*Ibid.*

Exercise.

Consider carefully the preceding hints and determine the especially suggestive element in each. In how many of them is this factor something strange or unusual? Are the ones in which this is true, more or less powerful than the others? Deduce a principle to be kept in mind when picturing people. Bring in hints picturing half a dozen people whom you have seen and who are especially adapted to this kind of portraiture.

By means of hints portray several of your friends so accurately that other friends will at once recognize them.

Portray by means of hints the characters in all the exercises that you wrote upon subjects suggested in Chapter I., including Captain Joe.

Bring in a picture hint in which color is the especially suggestive element. One in which form plays the most prominent part. So with dress, ornament, deformity, expression, gait, pose, motion, peculiarity of feature, something carried.

Use hints to portray several of the persons shown in the pictures in this book.

II

The picture hints thus far considered, appeal to the sight, but it is possible to use hints appealing to hearing and smell, and even to taste and touch. In a recent story is found the hint, "Here Aunt Rachel flopped in—her slippers,

I mean; the sound was distinctly audible." If one has ever seen and heard the real southern darkey in a rambling colonial mansion that has come down from "before the war," the word "flopped," appealing solely to the ear, will bring with it a picture without a line wanting; and the portrait is hardly less clear to a person relying wholly on the imagination.

Balzac has "When the rustle of her silk skirt announced the baroness," in which the suggestion in "rustle" is of course helped by "baroness." In a story by Jesse Lynch Williams occurs this hint: "A few minutes later the door opened and Mrs. Wells came out of the court-room, unaccompanied, and started for the stairs, her skirts swishing sympathetically," while Hall Caine has, "And Captain Ross went striding away, his saber clanking at his heels with each step he took." Both of these give clear and definite pictures, although the latter is no doubt somewhat helped by "striding," addressed to the eye, and by "Captain."

The following quotations contain hints that have an added power because of their appeal to some other sense than that of sight:

With my pease—table d'hôte pease are always a separate dish in this part of the world—came the rustle of silk and the bubble of talk, broken by little gurgles of laughter as the expected guests appeared.—*F. Hopkinson Smith.*

Then he moved to the door, took down an oilskin from a peg, and saying that he would get the boat ready, went out into the night, shutting the door behind him, his bare feet flapping like wet fish as he walked.—*Ibid.*

I heard the patter, patter, patter of little feet coming down the stairs, and a sweet baby voice lisping a song.—*Second Year High School Work.*

A shuffling footstep was heard, and the door opened to admit an old woman with a clay pipe in her mouth.—*Ibid.*

There was a merry whistle, the door opened and then shut with a loud bang, a pile of books slammed on the table, and a cheery voice cried, "Where 's mamma?"—*Ibid.*

I loathe the smell of onions, and, ugh! I happened to get into a seat with a woman who simply reeked with garlic.—*Ibid.*

The man had rough, red hands and smelled of fish.—*Ibid.*

As she entered the car I noticed a faint odor of violets.—*Student Work.*

Exercise.

To what sense do the last three quotations appeal? Is the picture suggested by the last of a girl, of a young woman, or of a matron? Why your answer?

Bring in picture hints appealing to each of the senses.

Make use of picture hints in the letters you are writing from time to time to your friends. Hand copies of these word portraits to the instructor.

Can picture hints be used to advantage in daily conversation?

III

The thousand-word description of a century and a half ago was cast aside simply because it failed to paint a vivid picture on the reader's imagination. In the earlier examples the details were often indefinite and general, and a hundred of them, extolling every possible point of beauty in the heroine, although they leave the reader with a hazy impression that she must be very beautiful, fail utterly to leave a clear-cut portrait. The imagination cannot grasp and retain the bewildering number of details, and consequently it has nothing concrete with which to work.

Later examples, Scott's description of Gurth, for instance, contain many definite and effective details, almost any one of which, used alone, would kindle the imagination to a vivid picture. But taken together they, too, confuse and bewilder, simply overwhelming the reader with the mass of material. The description of Gurth is a favorite passage with many readers. They feel that it is a brilliant, effective, entertaining bit of writing, as it undoubtedly is. But even these readers come from this description, picturing Gurth in the

"primeval vestment" and the strange collar; they have lost the innumerable other details. These two have clung, and the imagination has used them in making a clear-cut picture.

An examination of the examples quoted from present-day authors will show that the modern picture hint of greatest worth is a single highly suggestive concrete detail. This is the spark that kindles the imagination to a clear and satisfying portrait.

The secret, then, is the power to see, the power to select and to use the individualizing detail that sets each person apart from all others.

IV

A brief quotation from an essay on Rembrandt in the volume "Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters,"¹ seems a fitting close for this chapter:

He [Rembrandt] seems to have been the very first artist who could draw a part of the form, leaving all the rest in absolute blackness, and yet give the impression to the casual onlooker that he sees the figure complete. Plain people with no interest in the technique of art will look upon a "Rembrandt" and go away and describe things in the picture that are not there. They will declare to you that they saw them—those obvious things which one fills in at once with his inward eye. For instance, there is a portrait of a soldier, by Rembrandt, in the Louvre, and above the soldier's head you will see a tall cockade. You assume at once that this cockade is in the soldier's hat, but no hat is shown—not the semblance or the outline of a hat. There is a slight line that might be the rim of a hat or it might not. But not one person out of a thousand, looking upon the picture, but would go away and describe the hat, and be affronted if you should tell them there is no hat in the picture. Given a cockade, we assume a hat.

By the use of shadows Rembrandt threw the faces into relief; he showed the things he wished to show and emphasized one thing by leaving all the rest out. The success of art depends upon what you omit from your canvas.

¹ G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Exercise.

In a brief paragraph write what you would tell a policeman about the appearance of the man who snatched your pocketbook.

Write a letter¹ to your brother in New York. Ask him to meet your friend, whom he has never seen, at the Pennsylvania station at 8.30, Saturday morning. Describe your friend by means of picture hints.

Write a telegram to your brother saying that your friend cannot go to New York.

Write to the nearest public library, asking the librarian whether he will lend your class the volumes necessary to make an investigation of the development of the picture hint.

In a letter tell a friend of the character and appearance of a person you have recently become acquainted with. Use character and picture hints.

¹ See Chapter IV., page 74.

CHAPTER III

MOOD HINTS

I

WHAT a man is, under ordinary circumstances, what his general feeling is toward nature, toward his fellow men, and toward the various ideals that govern life,—this is made known by the **character hint**. What a man's momentary feeling is, or what his particular attitude toward a given person is, is made known by the **mood hint**. Both kinds of hints are direct results, or effects, and it is the duty of the imagination to determine their causes. In one the cause is found to be the character of the person performing the act under consideration; in the other the cause is found to be his mood, or emotion.

For example, the fact that Jonathan gathers nuts and piles them near the chipmunks' tree (page 29) has as its cause the character of the man. We know at once his love of nature, his kindness to all animals, his considerateness and thoughtfulness for his fellows. But the fact that he flattens his dog George on the ground with his big, heavy hands because it has burrowed into the chipmunks' nest, is not due directly to character. In fact, his character prompts him to perfect kindness to animals rather than to harshness with them. He flattens the dog because of his mood. He is annoyed that his pets should be disturbed, and he adopts this method of preventing a recurrence of the intrusion. His momentary impatience causes the act.

Mood may be told directly, that is, declared, or it may be

made known by means of a hint. To say, "As the boy left his mother's room he was very angry" is to declare mood; to say, "As the boy stamped out of his mother's room his face was flushed, and he slammed the door till the bric-a-brac rattled," is to make known mood by means of three hints. The former statement in no way appeals to the imagination of the reader, since, by telling everything, it leaves nothing for the imagination to do. The latter statement, however, tells one thing with the evident purpose of making something else known, and to determine what that something else is, is left to the imagination. This having been determined, the imagination, thus kindled, at once strives to obtain other details connected with the boy's action and character. And in this fact lies the superiority of the hint over the declaration. The trained reader is satisfied only when his imagination is given something to do, when he himself is permitted to write part of the book, so to speak; and the same is in a less degree true of the entirely untrained reader, the newsboy with his well-thumbed "dime novel." Both the mood hint and the character hint help to supply this inborn and widespread craving for mental exercise.

Influenced by the principle that art is always suggestive, the reader has already concluded, no doubt, that among trained writers the mood hint rather than the mood declaration is the favored form. Merely a cursory examination of the literary masters will show the truth of this. So true is it, indeed, that it may be stated that a writer is seldom at his best when he declares mood. Even the most eminent authors, it must be acknowledged, at times use the mood declaration, but most readers will agree that such use generally results in a loss of power.

The mood hint is much more frequent than the character hint; in fact, by every mind it is continually seen and under-

stood. Every smile, every frown, many tones of the voice, many sudden motions and acts, the shrugging of the shoulders, the biting of the lips, a wave of the hand,—all manifest moods of greater or less importance.

But concrete illustrations are better than explanation:

In a high school a paper of interest to a class was removed from the teacher's desk, supposedly by a pupil. While the principal was trying to make clear the odium of the act, one girl slowly lowered her head, and then blushed until even her neck and ears were a burning crimson.

A young man sat reading a morocco-bound volume of Shakespeare. He was handed a telegram, which he opened and read. Instantly leaping to his feet, he hurled the volume to the opposite side of the room.

At a breakfast table a young woman went into ecstasies over a great bunch of roses. When handed the card that accompanied them and told that they had been left for her, she compressed her lips and, although a delightful talker, ate her meal in unbroken silence. When urged by a little girl to smell the beautiful flowers, she replied, "I do not care to smell them."

A lady opened the morning paper, read a moment, and dropping her paper, buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

A gentleman in a Madrid hotel was handed a packet of letters. Running them over, he selected one and began to read it. A moment later he dropped his head on his arm at the table at which he was sitting. He soon rose, and, leaving the untouched letters, started toward his room, his eyes full of tears, the open letter still in his hand. His Spanish guide, noticing him, hurried to him, and, taking both his hands in his own, looked into his face silently for a moment and then said, "I received a letter in England that way once."

From each of the above incidents a definite mood may be read as clearly as though it had been declared, and the exact degree of the feeling is more keenly appreciated than it would be from any general statement about guilt, or anger, or annoyance, or grief, or sympathy. In life such declarations, though often made, are generally useless; in books they are as a rule unnecessary. The artistic writer can make his character do something that will show his mood.

Exercises.

Ex. I. In a sentence or two write an explanation of each of the above hints; that is, declare all that is made known but not said. Tell of several mood hints you have witnessed, giving a paragraph to each.

Describe a real or an imaginary scene at the theatre, on the street, in the home, or at church, in which mood hints play a prominent part.

"Jonathan" (page 25) is an excellent illustration of what is known in literature as a character sketch. An analysis of it will show that it is composed almost wholly of character and mood hints united in an artistic manner. Make such an analysis, and then, using the same literary elements, sketch the character of an acquaintance, presenting his portrait by a picture hint.

In similar manner sketch the character of an imaginary person.

Ex. II. Turn to the Frontispiece, the picture called "Awaiting the Absent." Who are the absent ones? What is their business? What in the picture suggests the reason for their absence? What is the mood of these women? In what different ways is this mood shown? Why is one woman pointing, another shading her eyes, and a third using a telescope? Why is one standing here with her child on her arm? Why has one seated herself? What is the general effect produced upon you by the picture?

Ex. III. In a paragraph show by means of hints the mood of at least three of the women in the picture.

Write an account of a fishing experience at sea or along a stream or lake.

Write an account of an experience you have had in a storm, using mood hints.

Write an account of an experience you have had waiting for some one who was long in coming, showing your feelings by means of hints.

II

The mood hint may be so powerful as to reveal character as well as mood. In such cases it should first be considered and understood as a mood hint and then as a character hint.

As illustrations consider two incidents from life:

For some weeks Mr. A had been having trouble with the family housekeeper. He wished her to follow certain prescribed plans, while she preferred her own plans. One morning, after some special insistence on her part, Mr. A pushed her out the kitchen door with such force as to break down a section of the porch railing.

By accident a little girl overturned a table containing valuable china. Without a moment's hesitation, the mother, as a punishment, thrust the child's hand into the flame of a gas stove, and, before she realized what she was doing, had so burned two fingers that they had to be amputated.

At first thought the latter incident seems impossible and the former highly improbable. Knowing, however, that they are true, we must try to account for them. We cannot believe that a mother could deliberately punish her child in so barbarous a manner; we feel that such punishment can be due only to an overpowering mood. She didn't think. But what of the character that permits such moods? It surely cannot be the considerate, thoughtful, humane character that a mother should have. It is impossible to believe that this woman is really kind, lovable, and noble. And the same may be said of a man who so far forgets the respect due to women as to push the housekeeper out of the door. Of course he would not have done it if he had stopped

to think; but the fact that he did not stop to think clearly shows a fatal flaw in his character.

These illustrations have been selected from the fact that in them the character and the mood are both very evident. Many cases will be found in life and in literature which must be considered and explained, but in which the character is not so openly shown, although perhaps it may be made known just as fully. For example, Jonathan's punishing the dog for disturbing the chipmunks, although due directly to his mood, also makes us know his character, and in like manner the tender-hearted considerateness of the Spanish guide, as well as his temporary sympathy, is made known in the incident given earlier. In all study of hints the greatest care must be used, as some of the most important traits and moods thus made known by an artistic writer are exceedingly elusive. In an essay entitled "The Art of Seeing Things" Mr. John Burroughs says:

During some great fête in Paris, the Empress Eugénie and Queen Victoria were both present. A reporter noticed that when the royal personages came to sit down Eugénie looked behind her before doing so, to see that the chair was really there, but Victoria seated herself without the backward glance, knowing there must be a seat ready for her: there always had been and there always would be. The correspondent inferred that the incident showed the difference between born royalty and hastily made royalty. I wonder how many persons in that vast assembly made this observation; probably very few. It denoted a gift for seeing things.

No better illustration of the elusiveness of some very suggestive character hints could be given. Mr. Burroughs is surely correct in his conclusion that very few understood at all the meaning of the incident.

Exercise.

Tell of several mood hints which you have seen and which are of sufficient power to show character as well as mood, devoting a paragraph to each. Make one a letter to a friend.

Is mood shown in the picture "Lincoln's School Hours," page 38?

III

As has been said earlier, in life mood hints are more frequent than character hints. The same is true in literature.

As the first illustration of their use in literature let us turn again to the incident in "Captains Courageous" referred to in the chapter on character hints. The German has given Harvey the "Wheeling stogie," and the lad has "lit the unlovely thing with a flourish:"

"You like my cigar, eh?" the German asked, for Harvey's eyes were full of tears.

"Fine, full flavor," he answered through shut teeth.

Here "eyes full of tears" and "shut teeth" are mood hints that make known the suffering of the lad more fully than a paragraph of abstract statements could make it known, while "with a flourish" shows not only something of the lad's feeling of perfect confidence, but also not a little of his accustomed haughtiness and superiority (character).

Later when he is declaring to Captain Troop that 'the sooner he takes him back to New York the better it will pay him,' Troop says:

"Meanin'—haow?"

"Dollars and cents," said Harvey, . . . "Cold dollars and cents." He thrust a hand into a pocket, and threw out his stomach a little.

The Captain is not much impressed and suggests to the boy that 'he take a reef in his stummick as it is filled with *his vittles*,' and "Harvey heard a chuckle from Dan, . . . and the blood rushed to his face."

Here the "chuckle" and the "rush of blood" are typical mood hints, while "the hand in a pocket" and "the thrown

out stomach" give us not only mood but also a dash of character. What moods and what character are here shown?

In the sixth scene of the first act of "Macbeth" we find King Duncan and his retinue welcomed to the castle of Macbeth, not by the host, but by his wife, and this in spite of the fact that the king has told Macbeth that he will visit him. Surprised not to find him at the gate, Duncan specifically inquires for him, thus calling our attention definitely to the fact that he is not there. When we are thus called upon to notice his absence, we begin to wonder about the cause of it. We soon remember Macbeth's plot to murder the king, of which we have learned in the preceding scene, and we conclude that Macbeth simply cannot play the part of host for fear of betraying himself. His absence thus becomes a mood hint to make us know the terribly disturbed state of his mind, a feeling at which we do not at all wonder.

Later in the play, in the banquet scene, Act iii., scene 4, occurs one of the strongest mood hints in all literature. The purpose of the scene is to make known the mental agony of Macbeth and to measure the degree of that agony. And what must be the torture that causes a murderer so far to forget his caution as to tell to the world the secret of his awful crime, as Macbeth here does? Remorse of this kind can be revealed only by means of hints. No possible declaration can make a reader appreciate such suffering.

In the chapter entitled "Through the Flood" in the volume "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" the author makes Dr. Maclure take Tammas Mitchell to the stable, put a flail into his hands, and order him to stay there and work for an hour while Sir George, the Queen's own surgeon, makes a final effort to save the life of Annie, Tammas's wife.

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened.

What a measure of the man's heart-breaking anxiety! Then Dr. Maclure comes and tells him that the operation is over, and Tammias says:

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'll live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that 's the gude o' bein' a clean-bluided, weel-livin'—

"Preserve ye, man, what 's wrang wi' ye? It 's a mercy a' keppit ye [held you up], or we wud hev hed anither job for Sir George.

"Ye 're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A 'll come back in a whilie, an' ye 'll see Annie juist for a meenut, but ye maunna say a word."

Here the joy comes in such sudden and unexpected waves that it is almost too much for even this sturdy son of the fields. His feeling, however, is made known to us, not by a declaration, but by the Doctor's words telling us that Tammias almost falls.

IV

Before any exercises are given for the study of mood hints, it will be well to emphasize the difference between the hint and the declaration. Besides these two there is really a third form combining them, which may be called "the declared mood hint," and which is practically as inartistic as the simple declaration.

To say "She was very indignant," is to declare mood; to say with its context "The very nape of her white neck was rosed," is to make known by means of a hint that she is indignant; while to say, as Tennyson says in "The Princess," "The very nape of her white neck was rosed with indignation," is to use a most excellent mood hint, and then, losing confidence in the reader, to declare its meaning, to make of it "a declared mood hint." The last two words of course spoil it as a hint. The imagination is not called

upon to determine the cause of these blushes, for the cause is declared; and, as has already been said, every hint must set the imagination to work to discover a cause. As in the declaration nothing more is made known than is said, and as the same is almost equally true of the declared hint, it should be remembered as a principle of composition that the use of either of these forms is as a rule more or less inartistic and unsatisfactory.

Exercise.

Determine which of the following quotations are hints, which are declared hints, and which are declarations. Substitute hints of your own for all declarations and declared hints, and as far as is possible without the context determine the exact meaning of each hint:

- a. And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
Gama said:—*Tennyson*.
- b. My father heard [of my hurt] and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaia.—*Ibid*.
- c. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd
Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell
Delivering sealed dispatches which the Head
Took half-amazed.—*Ibid*.
- d. Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage.—*Ruskin*.
- e. Gluck was very sorry and cried all night.—*Ibid*.
- f. Black Scipio answered the summons in a prodigious hurry,
but showed the whites of his eyes in amazement, on beholding
only the carpenter.—*Hawthorne*.
- g. Then she fled into the inner parlor, threw herself into the
ancestral elbow chair, and wept.—*Ibid*.
- h. Suddenly she was startled by the tinkling alarm . . . of a
little bell.—*Ibid*.
- i. He asked for a paper of tobacco; and as she had neglected
to provide herself with the article, her brutal customer dashed
down his newly-bought pipe, and left the shop, muttering some

unintelligible words, which had the tone and bitterness of a curse.
—*Ibid.*

j. But if she were a long while absent, he became pettish and nervously restless, pacing the room to and fro . . . ; or else would sit broodingly in his great chair, resting his head on his hands, and evincing life only by an electric sparkle of ill-humor whenever Hepzibah endeavored to arouse him.—*Ibid.*

k. Throughout this preparation, there had been a constant tremor in Hepzibah's frame,—an agitation so powerful that Phœbe could see the quivering of the gaunt shadow, as thrown by the fire-light on the kitchen wall, or by the sunshine on the parlor floor.—*Ibid.*

l. Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long

He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed.—*Matthew Arnold.*

m. And with a cry [Rustum] sprang up . . . and greeted Gudurz with both hands.—*Ibid.*

n. I am no girl, to be made pale with words.—*Ibid.*

o. His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage.—*Ibid.*

p. He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud.—*Ibid.*

q. The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.—*Coleridge.*

r. "Me stole your money!" said Jem, angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' my stealing your money."—*George Eliot.*

s. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let the candle fall, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else? . . . Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth.—*Ibid.*

t. He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin . . . his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it

was a sleeping child. . . . Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream? . . . Silas sank into his chair powerless.—*Ibid.*

u. On a couch she lies, no food
Receiving, her whole frame subdued by grief;
And since she marked the treachery of her lord,
Melts into tears incessant, from the ground
Her eyes she never raises, never turns
Her face aside.—*Euripides in "Medea."*

v. Why those downcast eyes, that wasted form?—*Ibid.*

w. Why with fresh tears do you thus keep
Those eyelids moist? From your averted cheeks
Why is the color fled, or why these words
Receive you not with a complacent ear?—*Ibid.*

x. A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to his work on board the "Reliance."

In the meantime the Off-Shore Wrecking Company had presented a bill to the ferry-company for salvage, claiming that the safety of the ferryboat was due to one of the employees of the Wrecking Company. Payment had been refused, resulting in legal proceedings, which had already begun. The morning following this action Captain Joe was called into the president's office.

"Captain," said that official, "we're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The captain took the paper to the window and read it through without a comment, then laid it back on the president's desk, picked up his hat, and moved to the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No; and I ain't a-goin' to."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ain't so durned mean as you be. Look at this arm. Do you think I'd got into that hell-hole if it had n't 'a' been for them women cryin', and the babies a-hollerin'? And you want 'em to pay for it. If your head wuz n't white, I'd mash it."

Then he walked straight to the cashier, demanded his week's pay, waited until the money was counted out, slammed the office door behind him, and walked out, cursing like a pirate.—*F. Hopkinson Smith.* (Connect above with extract on page 20.)

y. he started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snowed it down, and rent
The wonder of the loom through warp and woof
From skirt to skirt.—*Tennyson.*

z. "Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy Order of the Temple of Zion!"—*Scott*.

Exercise.

THE MOTHER ¹

In the following selection from "Military Life in Italy," from the Italian of Edmondo de Amicis, determine and tell the full meaning of all mood and character hints. The questions following the selection do not aim to bring out all important points:

(Three pages describing very effectively the street scenes of a great city on a perfect evening of early spring are omitted.)

1. It was upon such an evening as this that my regiment, which had arrived that morning in one of the largest cities of Italy, was scattered through the streets waiting for the barracks we were to occupy to be emptied and for the *retreat* to sound.

2. The soldiers were still in full marching equipment, the gaiters buttoned over the trousers, the cartridge-box at the belt, the flasks and knapsacks on the shoulder-straps. Weary from the march, their clothes and hair white with dust, they stood still in groups on the corners, their backs against the walls, their arms crossed on the breast, one leg resting over the other, or motionless before the jewellers' establishments, contemplating, open-mouthed, those show-windows filled with medals and crosses of every form and color, at which old employés and well-advanced majors cast longing glances and sighs as they pass. Many of them were seated in hostleries reviving themselves with a swallow of wine; others, less exhausted, wandered through the streets. All, or nearly all, however, had serious faces, were silent, or talked in a low tone with an effort; a little from their extreme fatigue and sleepiness, and a little from that confusion one generally feels in finding himself for the first time in an unknown and noisy city.

3. In the midst of the grave silence reigning in a small group of soldiers who were seated on the steps of a church near the barracks, was all the more noticeable the restless gaiety and incessant chatter of one of them, short of stature, of slender build, with beardless face, made most attractive by two great blue eyes, who continually ran up and down the steps, jumping about like a boy.

¹ G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Now he would stop near one, now beside another, and fill their ears with gossip. Then he would pull the hem of this one's coat, now take off the tassel from another's fatigue cap and place it on his knee, or pass his hands over the eyes of a third, crying out as he did so: "Guess who it is!" It seemed as if he were made of quicksilver. In passing before the church I noticed him; I stopped on the other side of the street and stood looking at him for some moments, wondering what could be the reason of such strange gaiety. The frank and pleasing face of that soldier was fixed upon my mind. I moved off.

4. The following day I learned, by the merest chance, what I had asked myself the evening before. That soldier had been four years in the service, and by a series of accidents which it is not necessary to relate, from the day of his departure until that time he had never been able to obtain leave, not even for the shortest time, in order to return home and see his family. Four years! . . . In his hours of freedom, while his comrades lounged around in the public gardens to bestow hairy caresses on the children under the care of pretty girls, he used to pace the parade ground in its length and breadth, his chin resting on his chest; or was seated on a stone bench at the end of a solitary avenue, drawing puppets in the sand with the end of his foot. He was always thinking of his relatives, friends, and the places that he had not seen for four years, and above all of his mother, who was a poor, old, infirm peasant, but with a genial and true-loving nature and the heart of an angel. . . . He wrote, or had some one write frequently; and his letters, read and re-read, kissed and re-kissed, then placed in her bosom like the relic of a saint, mitigated much of the bitterness of their separation. . . . The son, who left a little district in northern Italy, had been taken, with his regiment, to Sicily, and detained there two years (in Sicily, poor woman, with all that water between them); from Sicily he had passed into Calabria, and spent a year there, and then a year in central Italy. Finally, one fine day, the rumor of departure spread through the regiment. "Where are we going?" asked our soldier of the sergeant of the squad, and he waited with bated breath for the reply. "Into northern Italy," was the answer. His heart gave a bound. "Where?" he asked again, growing pale; the sergeant named the city; it was the one nearest his home. "Ah!" he cried, and a little more and he would have kissed the sergeant and been put into prison. That same night, when he found time to do so, he wrote home. This was the reason of his gaiety that evening; that city was within a few miles of his native village.

5. Now, with what I afterward learned, with what I saw, and with what I could not help imagining, but which must have taken

place, I will tell you a story that may perhaps rouse in you the desire to kiss your own mother more fervently.

6. Two days had elapsed since the return. Our soldier was still talking about asking a few days' leave in order to fly home, when, one fair evening, the quarter-master looks him up in the dormitory of the company, and on finding him, says, while handing him a letter: "Come nearer." He had hardly taken it before its seal was broken, and it was unfolded in the light of a lantern in a corner of the room, by two trembling hands, and under two dilated eyes, which were glistening with two big tears. He read the letter very rapidly, accompanying the movements of his eyes with a motion of his head, and muttering the words quite hastily. When it was read he pressed it in his hands, and let his arms drop, raising his great eyes to heaven; and the two drops, after trembling uncertain on the lids, fell, ran down his cheeks without breaking, and dropped quite warm upon his hands. The letter was from his mother, and said: "To-morrow I shall come to town on foot. It is four years since I have seen you. Oh, my son, I can contain myself no longer, and I must throw my arms around your neck!"

7. That night he could not close his eyes. He dashed about restlessly under the counterpane, and found no peace; and therefore nothing but twist and turn, now upon one side, now upon the other, now on his back, now on his face; always quite in vain, for the coverlid seemed so heavy, and he felt in such a feverish state,—a great weight on his chest, a restlessness, a desire for motion, and a tormenting desire for fresh air. Every moment he seized the hem of the coverlid and pushed it down to his knees, sighing and gasping as if he had been in front of a furnace. From time to time he sat up in bed and looked around at his comrades who were all sleeping quietly and soundly as one is accustomed to sleep in spring. Then he looked at the bit of starry sky, which appeared through the small window on the other side, and thought: "Oh, if I were in the country to breathe that air!" He glanced at the lantern placed in a distant corner, which gave a tremulous light that appeared and disappeared in turn, and it seemed to him that that light increased his anxiety and made time longer. Then he stretched himself out in bed again, and began thinking of the morrow, shutting his eyes and remaining immovable to try and fall asleep with that sweet thought, but always in vain. Still that sweet thought did not bring him peace; his body was motionless, his eyes closed, but his heart kept on beating as if to say: "You shall not sleep; you shall not sleep!" so that after a short time he was obliged to open his eyes and look around again. So, many long hours passed. Finally weariness conquered; the heart was silent, and the busy fancy still. He slept; dreamed of the morrow;

dreamed of his mother. He seemed to see her there, erect and smiling beside his pillow; he seemed to feel her pass her hand over his brow, and he dreamed that he seized and placed his lips upon it. Then, suddenly, he felt that he had become a child again, at home; and, one by one, there came to his mind a hundred little scenes from his early life, and in those scenes his mother was always comforting him when weeping, or defending him when threatened by his father, or nursing him if hurt by a fall, taking care of him when ill; and always full of pity and solicitude, always loving, always the mother! Then he dreamed he was grown up; recalled the day of his departure; his mother's tears, the long embraces, words of farewell and comfort given and received; and he felt his heart-strings tighten just as they did that day; he felt around his waist the arms of his mother who would not let him go; tried to free himself, could not do so, uttered a groan, and awoke. He looked around, thought, came to himself, and that was a moment of joy which can be better imagined than expressed.

8. Down in the court-yard of the barracks a noisy sound of drums broke out. All dashed from their beds. He dressed in haste, and with the others performed all the duties of the morning cheerfully and with a calm face, but with a burning fever and agitated heart. He tapped the pavement with his feet, bit his lips, passed and repassed his hand over his heated brow, asked all around what the hour was, looked from his head to his feet every moment to see if he was neat and had everything in order. Finally the desired mid-day arrived. Desired, because his mother, in leaving home at nine o'clock as she had said in her letter, ought to arrive in the city between noon and one o'clock, taking into account the distance that she had to come and the slowness with which, poor woman, she could accomplish it. Just at that hour the soldiers had to leave their quarters and go to the single-stick [fencing] school. Our good young fellow, by using his mother's letter, obtained a release from that exercise. The soldiers went out, the dormitories were deserted, he ran up the stairs, flew to his bed, placed his hand upon it, stood still for a moment, for he felt as if his legs refused to hold him, and panted.

9. A little while thereafter he seated himself on the bed, planted his elbows on his knees, rested his face on his hands, fixed his eyes on the floor, and thought: "She is coming; she is coming here to the barracks!" And laughing hysterically he rubbed his forehead with both hands. "It is four years since I have seen her! Four years!" Then he counted four on his fingers. "How long they have been!" And then he went over in his mind all his fits of melancholy, discouragement, and past sufferings. "Oh!" he exclaimed in a low tone full of loving pity, clasping his hands,

shaking his head gently, with his eyes fixed upon a point on the wall, as if to say: "Poor mother!" and "Poor mother!" he did say in fact. "So you are coming from such a distance to see me, quite alone too and on foot; you have to walk so many miles in the sun; you will arrive in this great city, among all these people, without knowing where I am; and you will have to ask where my barracks are; then be on your feet for so long a time, alone, old, ill, and exhausted; and perhaps you will lose your way and wander about, worrying that you cannot find me. Ah, poor old woman!" He kept his hands clasped and his eyes fixed upon the wall, biting one lip and then the other, and closing his eyelids to keep back the tears which were ready to fall. Then repeated from time to time: "Poor old woman!"

10. After which he passed both hands over his face, shook his head, gave a sigh, sprang to his feet, and paced the room with the hurried steps of a traveller. After a little he suddenly stopped. "It must be time for her now!" He ran to the window on the street, leaned out, looked to the right and left, once, twice, thrice, but no one was to be seen. The blood rushed to his head. "Let me think of something else!" he said to himself; and so tried to drive the image of his mother from his mind in order to pass this season of anxious expectation. Drive away that image! Poor fellow! It was out of the question, so he abandoned the idea.

11. "Look, mother," he said aloud, shaking his two open hands before his face, "I love you so well, so well." He looked around; there was no one; he continued: "More than anything else in the world!" And letting his clasped hands fall upon the bed, he continued to shake his head gently as if to signify more clearly by act the meaning of his last words. "More than anything in the world." Then suddenly he roused himself: "It must be time now!" he said, and again he went to the window, then stopped suddenly, and turned his back: "No," saying to himself as he did so, "you must not look." He tapped the floor with his foot as if to repeat, No. But smiled, and the smile meant: "Ah, I cannot help it!" and in fact, a moment later he again went to the window and looked out. Still no one in sight.

12. He returned to the bedside, and tried to invent some method for passing time. He bent one arm, with his forefinger against his chin, raised the elbow of that arm with the palm of the other, and, fastening his eyes upon the bed while resting a knee on the edge, he ran homeward in his mind, saw his mother make up a bundle of shirts and handkerchiefs to bring him, saw her take leave of the family and start, then accompanied her along the road in his mind's eye, that long, long, road! under the burning sun, in the midst of clouds of dust raised by carts and carriages which were

passing rapidly. He saw those carts graze the poor woman's skirts, touch her, shake her. . . . "Ah, move out of the way!" the son exclaims above his breath; making, without being aware of it, a motion with his hand as if to seize her by the arm and drag her to one side. He pointed out the curbings she was to avoid, and the bits of the road filled with stones, and the edges of the ditches. After much walking he seemed to see the poor old woman totter, bent under the weight of her bundle, quite exhausted, thirsty, and he was worried, groaned, and said to himself: "Oh, poor woman, give me that bundle; let me carry it for you; take my arm." He moved his right elbow and seemed to feel between his arm and body a trembling arm, and with his left hand, keeping his eyes quite motionless all the time, he felt the air to the right, as high as his side, in search of his mother's hand.

13. Then he came to himself; the thought that within a few moments he would embrace his mother returned clearly to his mind, and he felt, as at first, all its sweetness; his eyes brightened, his lips trembled, all his features gleamed with joy. A slight smile, then a broad one, then came a convulsive laugh; his chest and shoulders rose and fell as after a breathless race; and finally he threw himself upon the bed with his face in his hands and gave way to a mixture of tears and laughter, still shaking his head as if to say: "Poor mother!"

14. "Are you going mad?" shouted the corporal while crossing the dormitory and stopping at the door-way through which he was to pass out.

15. The soldier started, rose to his feet, turned, and looked at him with his eyes full of tears, his lips parted with a smile; he had not understood him. The corporal disappeared, murmuring: "He is mad; he is mad!"

16. When left alone, he stood meditatively for a moment; then struck by a sudden thought, seized his knapsack leaning against the bread-shelf, drew it down on to the bed, opened it after having played for a time with the buckles of the straps, dove into it with both hands, and drew out hurriedly brushes, combs, boxes, and rags; placed them all on the coverlid, seized a brush, put his foot on the edge of one of the bed slats, leaned over, and began to polish his boots with all his might, stopping from time to time to see if they were shining well.

17. "I must be clean," he said to himself with a serious face, continuing his work with the brush; "I wish to shine like a mirror; I wish to make a fair soldier of myself, for I want to please her." When the boots were polished he seized his clothes brush, then the comb, then dove into the knapsack again, drew out a little round glass, opened it, and looked at himself. When the soul is deeply

moved by a strong and lovely affection, and the mind quite full of sunny thoughts and fancies, the eyes and smile assume such an impress of the sweetness of that affection and the serenity of those thoughts, that even the plainest face, at such a moment, is lighted up by a ray of beauty; so the good soldier, in looking in the glass and seeing his soul shining on his face, smiled with satisfaction.

18. At that instant he heard a quick step on the stair; listened attentively; the sound was approaching; it was the corporal of the guard; he entered, looked about, saw our young man. "See here," he exclaimed, in catching sight of him, and calling him by name, "there is a woman at the door who is looking for you!"

19. "My mother!" shouted the son, running rapidly through the dormitories; he dashed down the stairs, across the court, into the vestibule; caught a glimpse of the woman, sprang toward her. She opened her arms, he fell on her breast, and both of them uttered a cry. The son placed his hands on his mother's temples, passed them through her gray hair, bent back her head, looked into her eyes, then pressed that dear head against his shoulder, covered it with his arms, and fastened his lips upon her hair, from which the handkerchief had fallen. The good woman stifled her sobs against the shoulder of her son, and seizing him around the waist, passed her thin hands over the rough jacket, which for her, at that moment, was worth a hundred times more than the most beautiful kingly mantle. The soldiers of the guard grouped respectfully on one side, looked motionless and silently upon that holy embrace, and I looked too, as I was on guard duty that day, and stood near, in the door of my room.

20. "Come, compose yourself, mother; be brave; don't cry so. My God! why should you weep?" the son kept saying in a caressing tone, as he pushed back behind her ears with both hands the hair which had been scattered over the forehead in the impulse of the first embrace. The old woman continued to sob hard, without weeping or without words; until, raising her eyes to her son's face, she smiled, drew a long breath, as if lifting a weight from her heart, and murmuring, "My son!" embraced him again. "Are you tired?" asked the soldier anxiously, tearing himself from her arms. "A little," replied the woman, smiling. She glanced around in search of a place where she could lay down the great bundle which she had brought with her. "Come in here," I said, throwing open the door of my room. "Oh, the officer!" she said, turning toward me, and making a courtesy; "thank you, sir." The soldier was a trifle confused. "Come in," I repeated; "come in." They both entered timidly, and approached the little table; the old woman laid her bundle on it, and I moved to one side.

21. "Let me see you, my son; turn around; let me look at you," the woman began to say. The soldier, smiling, turned to show himself on every side. And the mother, drawing back, glancing at him from head to foot, and clasping her hands, exclaimed affectionately: "How handsome you are, dressed like this!" And the poor old woman felt herself rejuvenated, and was almost seized with the desire to dance around him. She approached him, then moved off, returned to his side, and devoured him with her eyes. She placed her hands on his shoulders, and let them fall down the arm until they reached his hands; put her face close to his breast in order to see the buttons; then noticing that she had dulled the cross on his belt with her breath, she rubbed it with the hem of her apron; finally, after having looked and looked again at him for some time, she threw her arms around him once more, calling him lovingly by name as she did so. Then she suddenly let go of him and asked anxiously: "And the war?" The son smiled. She repeated: "And the war? Tell me, my son, when you are going to war?" "Oh, heavens! who has been talking to you about the war, good woman that you are?" "Oh, there is n't any war, then?" she asked, quite content. "You will never go to war, will you? Never again?" "I can't say never again, my dear." "Oh, then, you are going! tell me the truth, my son." "My good mother, what do you suppose we soldiers know about it?" "But if you who go don't know," the mother replied in that tone of profound persuasion, "who can, then?"

22. Having said which, she stood still awaiting his reply with such a curious expression of face and form, with such a charmingly pleasing smile on her lips, and a certain ineffable light in her eyes, that her son, smiling too, was almost entranced in looking at her; and she pleased him so much at that moment, he felt such a new and strong impulse drawing him to her in his heart, that he sprang toward her with one bound, pressed her head between his hands, kissed her, shook her playfully as they do children, and placing his lips on her forehead, murmured smiling: "My poor, dear old mother!"

23. And I, standing there with my back against the wall and my arms crossed on my breast, thought:

"Here is a man who adores his mother! He cannot help being a good, respectful, well-disciplined soldier, full of *amour propre* and courage. Yes, courage too, because the souls which feel deeply and strongly can never be cowardly. That soldier there, taken on to the battle-field, would allow himself to be killed without fear, and he would die with the name of his mother upon his lips. Teach him what his country is; make him understand that the country is a hundred thousand mothers and a hundred thousand families

like his own, and he will love his country with enthusiasm. But one must begin with the mother. Oh! if he could discover the germ of all the lovely affections and all the honest and generous actions of which we are proud, we should almost always discover them in the heart of our mothers. How many medals of military valor ought to gleam on the breasts of the mothers instead of the sons! and how many wreaths of laurel ought to rest upon an old, bald head instead of upon the brown one of youth! Oh, mothers, you should never die! You should remain at the side of your sons, and accompany them to the end of the journey of life. Before you, even when we are old, we would always be children, and love you ever with the same love. Instead, you leave us alone . . . oh, no! no! not alone; your sweet memory remains with us, your dear image is always before our eyes, your loving counsels are ever present to the spirit, and this is enough. Every time that a weariness of life assails us, and some hard disillusion raises in our hearts a feeling of hatred and aversion for men, we will call up your holy, benign, and peace-giving image; we shall feel that we hear your dear voice, which chided us when children, calling us by name; and we will bend our knees irresistibly and clasp our hands before your image, asking your pardon!"

24. At that moment the major comes grumbling into the barracks: "Where is the officer of the guard?" he asks of some one outside the door. I here started to go out, and planting myself pale before him, with my hand at my cap, and cry: "Present!"

25. He looks at me fixedly and makes a sort of face, as if to say: "What the devil is the matter with you?"

Questions on "The Mother"

(Figures refer to paragraphs as numbered)

2. Why "open-mouthed"? What is "longing glances"? Why "sighs"? At what point might this paragraph be closed more artistically? Give full reason for your answer.

3. Is there any cause not before suggested for this "grave silence"? All the actions of this young soldier are indicative of what?

4. Why "bated breath"? Why "a bound"? Why "pale"? "Kissed the sergeant;" why? Is this typical of Italian nature? Of Teutonic?

6. Why "trembling"? "dilated"? "tears"? Why "raising his great eyes to heaven"? What here measures the degree of the mother's mood?

7. The whole paragraph is what? Any hints here that tell the character of the mother? Do the mood hints, thus far, make known anything about the character of the son?

8. Why "looked from his head . . . had everything in order"? Why "panted"?

9. Just what mood causes him "to rest his face on his hands"? Why does he count four on his fingers? What mood in the latter half of this paragraph?

10. In this paragraph and the next what is the predominating mood? It is shown by what hints?

12. For what purpose do people assume the attitude described in the second sentence? "Ah, move out of the way!" measures the degree of what? What does it make known about this man's character?

13. "All his features gleamed with joy;" make a hint of this.

14-15. Has the corporal any right to take from these hints the meaning he takes from them? What is "he had not understood him"?

16-17. Why these actions?

18. What mood in "listened attentively"?

19. Why "silently"?

20. Any character hints here? Why "timidly"?

21. Why "You will never go to war, will you?"

23. As a hint interpret the thoughts of the officer.

24. Why "pale"?

25. What causes this emotion in the major?

Exercises.

Ex. 1. In a paragraph write a description of a number of boys at an athletic field, a crowd waiting for a train, or of a party at a picnic, using mood hints and suggestive details as they are used in paragraph 2 in the selection above.

Write in the form of a soliloquy the thoughts of this soldier when he learned that his regiment was to go to the city near his home; when he arrived in the city; when he learned that his mother was coming to see him.

In a short original story give by means of character hints something of the home life of this soldier before he enlisted.

Recall good illustrations of mood manifestation from "Ivanhoe," "Silas Marner," Tennyson's "Elaine," or other books you have read in class or at home. Write a sketch suggested by one of these illustrations, trying somewhat to imitate its style.



Courtesy of McClure's Magazine
AFTER THE SURRENDER

Ex. II. Write the letter that this young soldier wrote his mother.

You have been from home for months. Your employer sends you to a city a few miles from your home, but you will not have time to go home. Write your mother to come there to see you.

Write a letter to your employer explaining that you are to be near your home. You have not seen your mother, who is an invalid, for a long time (be definite), and ask whether you may have a day to visit her. Write his reply.

While in this city on your employer's business, you meet some unexpected conditions. Write him about them.

TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—In the study of the college entrance requirements, as well as of other literature, emphasis should be placed on the discovery and explanation of hints of all kinds. If time permits, the study for hints of some piece of standard fiction or of several good short stories will prove profitable.

AFTER THE SURRENDER

For a week the army of Northern Virginia had been fighting and retreating on parched corn, 57,000 pursued by 125,000. They had done their best, but now, on April 9th, they . . . were surrounded by the Federals. It was not their hunger or weariness which occupied their thoughts at this moment, however; it was the dismal fact that off there a little distance their commander, General Lee, was surrendering to General Grant. Had he asked them to cut their way out, battered and starved as they were, they would have tried to do it; but to submit, to surrender—that was harder. Yet when, a few hours later, the terms of the surrender arranged, the General, grave and pale, rode the length of their lines, they crowded about him as he went, their eyes wet with tears, their voices choked with sobs, struggling to kiss his hands, even to touch his horse—to show in some way that . . . there was in them nothing but love and honor for him.—Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine for April, 1901.

Ex. I. Which is the central figure in this picture? Whom does it represent? What is his mood? How do you know? Note every detail that indicates it. What is the mood of the men crowding about him? What is their feeling about the surrender? What feeling, however, is overmastering even this? What in the picture suggests the character of General Lee? Of the men?

In a brief paragraph describe General Lee's feelings, using mood hints. Also the feelings of the men about him.

Portray General Lee by means of a picture hint.

Write a brief character sketch of General Lee, using historical or imaginary hints to show why he was the idol of his soldiers.

CHAPTER IV

LETTER-WRITING

I

Letters are of two general classes, **business** and **social**. For business letters custom prescribes a definite form. Every item and every punctuation mark in that form is deemed necessary, and with it all young people should become thoroughly familiar. Its common adaptations to places, to individuals, and to business organizations are shown below: ¹

Brockway, St. Clair Co., Mich.,
March 14, 1905.
Manning Insurance Co.,
York, Neb.

Gentlemen:

In my report of the 28th ult., I
submitted to you . . .

Very respectfully yours,
J. P. Marlett.

180 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.,
March 14, 1905.

Mr. James McKaig,
Rogers,
Burke Co., Ga.

My dear Sir:

In reply to yours of the 11th inst.
relating to the matter of discounts . .

We are,
Yours most respectfully,
Home Hardware Company.

¹ The part of a letter showing where and when it is written is called **The Heading**; the part showing to whom it is written and giving his address, is called **The Address**; the introductory and closing expressions are called, respectively, **The Word (or Phrase) of Salutation** and **The Closing Phrase**. **The Superscription** is the name of the person to whom the letter is written and his address, as found on the envelope. It should correspond exactly with the address.

All of these parts are essential in business letters and in other important letters. The letter itself, apart from the envelope, should show **where, when, to whom, and by whom** it has been written.

R. F. D. 44,
Shreve, Wayne Co., O.,
May 4, 1905.

Messrs. Park & Queen,
49 Pearl St.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:¹

We are sending you this day by
fast freight. . .

Yours very respectfully,
Pollock & Rahn.

P. O. Box 769,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
Aug. 3, 1904.

President H. A. Tyner,
Rural Free Delivery 37,
Upson, Ashland Co., Wis.

My dear Sir:

During your vacation will it not be
possible for you to prepare for "The
Uplift" . . .

Very sincerely yours,²
F. A. Kelly.
(Editor).

The **superscription**, or address on the envelope, should be identical with the address at the beginning of the letter. It should be placed on the envelope in a manner pleasing to the eye. The stamp should always be placed on the upper right corner. The government cancelling machines cancel only such stamps as are thus placed, and it is only courtesy to postal clerks to be thoughtful of them in this matter. In the upper left corner of envelopes containing letters of value, should be placed a return request, consisting of the name, street address, or post office box of the writer, followed by the city and state. This prevents undelivered letters from going to the dead-letter office.

The common forms of superscription, as well as the return request, with its location, are suggested by the form given at the top of the following page:

¹ Notice that the letter proper begins on the line below the word or phrase of salutation, this word or phrase being followed by a colon only, not by a colon and dash. The use of the comma or of the comma and dash after the word or phrase of salutation, although common, seems hardly warranted by the canons of punctuation.

Be careful not to use *Dear Sir* when writing to a firm, or *Gentlemen* when writing to an individual.

² The use of the closing phrases *Yours sincerely* and *Yours truly* seems hardly warranted in a business letter to a firm or to an unknown individual. This use of them, however, is not uncommon. It is of course without special regard for their meaning.

| | |
|--|--|
| <div data-bbox="472 177 519 228" style="text-align: right;"><input type="checkbox"/></div> <div data-bbox="268 277 491 355" style="text-align: center;"> <p>Mr. James McKaig, Rogers, Burk Co., Ga.</p> </div> | <div data-bbox="565 169 766 215" style="text-align: left;"> <p>After 5 days return to Drawer 77, York, Neb.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="914 177 961 228" style="text-align: right;"><input type="checkbox"/></div> <div data-bbox="587 277 922 355" style="text-align: center;"> <p>Messrs. Pollock & Rahn, Shreve, R. F. D. 44. Wayne Co., O.</p> </div> |
| <div data-bbox="129 395 285 438" style="text-align: left;"> <p>M. L. Dawson, Lancaster, Wis.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="472 403 519 454" style="text-align: right;"><input type="checkbox"/></div> <div data-bbox="193 489 525 568" style="text-align: center;"> <p>Joseph W. McNabb, D. D., 231 West 78th St., New York, N. Y.</p> </div> | <div data-bbox="914 403 961 454" style="text-align: right;"><input type="checkbox"/></div> <div data-bbox="636 483 980 561" style="text-align: center;"> <p>American Electric Company, Morgantown, W. Va.</p> </div> |

A letter to an unmarried woman should be addressed to *Miss Emma Nicholson*; to a married woman *Mrs. Henry W. Nettleton* (using her husband's name or initials). A letter to a widow should be addressed in the name of her late husband; as, *Mrs. Thomas E. Pollock*.

In signing a letter *to a business house* or *to a stranger* an unmarried woman puts *Miss* in parentheses before her name; as (*Miss*) *Emma Nicholson*. A married woman signs her name and places immediately under it, in parentheses, her husband's name preceded by *Mrs.*; as

Margaret Webb Nettleton.
(*Mrs. Henry W. Nettleton.*)

II

A **business letter** should be as brief as perfect clearness will permit. An order to a business house should tell exactly what is wanted, how it is to be sent, to whom, and to what address. It should make known who the writer is, and what is enclosed. A report should make known to an employer exactly what the writer has accomplished, what he is going to do next, and what matters he wishes advice

about. An application should make known the qualifications, experience, and references of the applicant.

The business letter deals with facts, and should be written in the language of facts. No business man wishes an employee to carry literary forms and fancies into correspondence about iron ore, crude rubber, or plate glass.

In seeking brevity, a writer should not omit necessary words, nor should he use abbreviations. The name of a city should not be abbreviated in the heading or in the superscription. Such indications of haste neither look well nor show respectful consideration.

Exercise.

Order a newspaper or a magazine from its publishers. Outline an envelope, and address it in proper form.

Write to the owner of a bookstore who has advertised for a boy or girl as clerk.

Answer an advertisement offering to exchange curiosities from Colorado for curiosities from your vicinity or from the seashore, or for any other curiosities suitable for a general collection.

Write an application for a position as assistant in a library.

Write an application for a position as teacher of a country school.

Write a request for a catalogue of the college you hope to attend.

Write a letter to the editor of your home paper, correcting a misstatement concerning a game of football your team has played with the eleven from a neighboring town.

Write a letter ordering several different articles from a large department store. Be definite. Tell exactly what you want. Do not order 16 yards of silk and 3 bolts of ribbon. What kind of silk? What kind, color, and width of ribbon?

III

Social letters are either **formal** or **informal**.

Formal letters include notes of invitation, notes of acceptance, and notes of declination, cast in the third person. Such notes are illustrated on p. 78.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Hallock requests the pleasure of Mrs. Lamont's company at dinner, on Thursday, April twenty-fifth, at six o'clock.

2741 Woodward Avenue,
Detroit.

Mrs. Lamont accepts with pleasure Mrs. Hallock's kind invitation for Thursday evening, April twenty-fifth, at six o'clock.

2464 Fifth Avenue,
Detroit,
April nineteenth.

Mrs. Lamont regrets that a previous engagement prevents her accepting Mrs. Hallock's kind invitation for Thursday evening, April twenty-fifth.

2464 Fifth Avenue, Detroit,
April nineteenth.

Notice that in the acceptance and declination the street address, city, and date are at the lower left corner, and that the date is in letters, not figures. Why is the date omitted from the invitation? In writing formal notes in the third person, never use the pronoun *I*.

Exercise.

Write a formal invitation to a friend for a theatre party; for a dinner party; for a luncheon.

Write acceptances and declinations for the above.

IV

In form, **friendly letters** of importance should observe the rules for business letters. Ordinary friendly letters may omit part of the heading, all of the address, and a portion of the signature, if the writer cares to be so informal. *At the beginning* of every letter, however, no matter how informal, should be placed the date of writing. While reading a letter one wishes to know just when it was penned, for often that

knowledge is necessary to an understanding of statements made in the letter. Many correspondents put the date of writing at the end of the letter; it is much more satisfactory to find the date at the top of the first page.

A social letter should be just as free and chatty as the writer would be if he were talking to his friend instead of writing to him. It seems almost unnecessary to say that stilted introductory sentences are entirely out of place. There are still, however, some young people who begin "I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well, and we hope that you are the same." A conversation never begins in such manner; no more should a letter. Make a letter an echo of a real conversation, a reflection of the writer's mind, an epitome of the fact and fancy and pleasure and sorrow and experiences that have entered life since the last letter or conversation. Sonorous sentences, perfectly rounded periods, and rhetorically faultless paragraphs are not the primary aim in friendly correspondence. Let the pen run as the tongue would run, and the letter will have vim and dash and spirit, and will make life more sunshiny for the recipient.

Mary Russell Mitford wrote concerning Elizabeth Barrett, afterward Mrs. Browning, "Her letters being just what letters ought to be—her own talk put upon paper."

Exercise.

Write two or three letters, making them as full of life and reality as possible. Hand copies to the instructor, sending the originals to the persons addressed

Write an informal note asking your friend George or Sarah to dine with you at 6 o'clock and to go with you later to hear the Pittsburg orchestra.

Write a somewhat more formal note to a young person you have recently met, asking him to spend the evening at your home to meet some other young people. The person addressed has just

moved to your town from a distant town, where he was acquainted with a close friend of yours.

Write an appropriate note to a dear friend whose father or mother has recently died.

Write a note of congratulation to a friend who has secured a very desirable position, or who has had some especial honor bestowed upon him.

Write a note introducing one of your friends to another friend in a distant city. (Such a letter should always be left unsealed.)

V

Postal cards are occasionally a great convenience. They may be used for brief messages to close friends or for brief business messages to newspapers, postmasters, publishers, etc. They are open to the public eye, however, and so should never contain matter of a personal nature. They are frequently inappropriate, and at times are hardly less than an insult. Therefore if any doubt arises about the propriety of using a postal card, it is wisdom to write a letter.

The superscription on a postal card should be exactly as on an envelope. No return request is necessary, nor is one permitted by the postal laws. On the message side of the card the heading must be inserted as for a letter, but the address may be omitted: it is given in full on the other side. As a rule the lines of writing are parallel with the long side of the card, not with the short side.

Exercise.

Cut tag-board or heavy paper into cards about $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and use them for postal cards.

Write a postal card to the publishers of a magazine asking them to change your address from your home to the school building. Give both old and new address.

Ask the postmaster to forward your mail to a summer address.

Tell your mother that you have arrived safe at the place where you are to spend your vacation.

Tell a friend that you will pass through her home town on a certain train, and ask her to be at the station.

Write a card announcing a meeting of your scientific society. This card is to go to the printer as "copy" for a hundred that are to be printed.

Ask the publishers of a daily paper to have a copy left at your home each morning.

Ask your mother to send you a book that you need at once in your college work.

VI

Telegrams often take the place of letters for messages requiring speedy transmission. The cost of a telegram depends upon the distance it is sent. Ten words, not including the date, address, and signature, are permitted at a prescribed rate; each additional word adds to the cost.

A telegram includes the date, the address, the message, and the signature. The phrase of salutation and the closing phrase used in a letter should never be included. The blank provided by the telegraph company often has its lines divided into spaces to facilitate the counting of the words. When this is the case a word should be written in each space. Numbers must be expressed in words, not figures. A message ready to be handed to the operator would read thus:

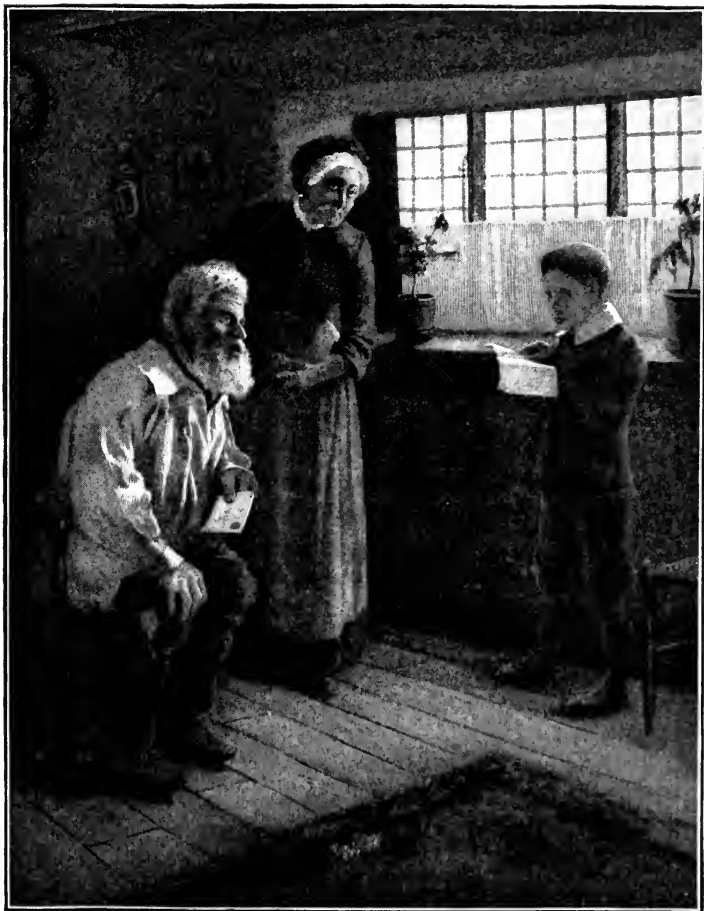
April 15, 1905.

American Book Company,
100 Washington Square,
New York, N. Y.

| | | | | |
|----------|-------|--------|-------|-------|
| Send | fifty | copies | Steps | in |
| English | Book | Two | by | Adams |
| Express. | | | | |

N. D. Pendleton.

Care should be taken to include in a telegram every item of importance that the message calls for. The wording should be as brief as perfect clearness permits. Never sacrifice clearness to brevity.



Courtesy of Fashions Publishing Company
NEWS OF THE FAR AWAY SON

Exercise.

Your father is from home. Telegraph him of the illness of your uncle; of the burning of your house; of the destruction of a mill by flood; of a business crisis that calls for advice from him.

Write his reply to each of these messages.

You are from home and the train you expected to travel on is wrecked. Telegraph your mother.

You cannot keep an appointment. Telegraph the person whom you were to meet.

Telegraph a wholesaler for supplies that you need in your business.

You are away on business for your father. Telegraph him for advice about a matter you are unwilling to decide.

Merchandise you have ordered has not arrived. You need it. Telegraph inquiry.

You are a real estate agent. Telegraph an owner in New York of an offer you have for a piece of property.

Write his reply, calling for slightly different conditions.

NEWS OF THE FAR AWAY SON

Ex. I. Why is the lad reading this letter? Who is he? What shows the interest of the father and of the mother in the news? How does the feeling of the one differ from that of the other? What suggests that the lad is having trouble with the writing?

Ex. II. Imagine yourself to be the far away son. Write the letter which is being read in the picture.

Write a story dealing with the far away son.

Describe the persons shown in the picture, using picture hints.

Write a description of this picture.

Write an account of an experience of your own when away from home.

CHAPTER V

VISUALIZATION

By **visualization** is meant the verbal presentation of experiences with so suggestive vividness that they become for the reader practically as real as they were either actually or imaginatively for the writer.

The secret of effective visualization is to be concrete and specific, to omit carefully every statement that even tends toward the abstract and general. The spectator has certain feelings because he sees or smells or hears or touches or tastes certain definite things. To display advantageously the few exact details that are suggestive of the experience will arouse in the reader the same emotions in kind, if not in degree, that they aroused in the spectator.

A student wrote, "As I came into camp the smell of the cooking supper was very pleasant to me." The statement is general; it has no concrete detail to arouse the imagination; it suggests no experience. Asked to be more definite he restated his idea thus: "When I came into camp the pungent fragrance of the coffee and the spicy smell of the sizzling bacon and eggs made my mouth water, and I found myself moistening my lips." His choice of words is far from exact, but the vividness of his expression is increased many fold. The reader really gets something of the experience.

When asked to make more vivid her sentence, "The floor was full of merry dancers," a girl rewrote, "The floor was alive with rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed dancers." The change is certainly for the better. The word *full* as she used it is dull, heavy, dead; it gives no idea of motion; it gives

nothing to see. The abstract idea in *merry*, too, becomes more suggestive and vivid in the adjectives she chose in order to make her experience concrete and real.

In a little story, a high school girl told of a Southern maiden who made a flag for her brother's regiment, and who, disguised as a "mammy," stole through the intervening guard lines of the enemy in order to carry the stars and bars to the soldiers she loved. As first written one paragraph of the story read:

She was very much frightened as she approached the sentry. She was sure some one would guess that she was a sham. But no attention was paid to the negro woman. The sentry gave her a careless glance, but made no effort to stop her.

Her attention was called to the paragraph as affording an excellent opportunity to visualize the feelings of the girl as she passed the lines, and she rewrote with this result:

Her heart went thump! thump! thump! as she approached the line and saw the sentry pacing his beat only a few yards away. Her face paled under the strain, and the great lump in her throat seemed to make it impossible to breathe. Her hands clenched under the gingham apron. Surely some one would guess that she was a sham.

But no attention was paid to the rolling figure of the negro woman. Gradually her courage came back. She forced herself to walk slowly past the sentry, who gave a careless glance at the "mammy" and her basket, but made no effort to stop her.

The revised form is far from perfect visualization, but it is so much more suggestive and potent than the earlier form that it illustrates excellently the value of the specific as opposed to the general.

In the same story occurs this paragraph:

The next morning dawned bright and glorious. Through the rifts in the trees the sunbeams floated down and lay in splashes on the lawn. Everywhere the birds sang around the old house,

and the bees hummed drowsily over the flowers. No hint anywhere of the horrors of war.

This visualization of the day the little heroine carried her flag through the lines is infinitely better than would have been the abstract statement, "The next morning was in every way perfect."

A narrative written by a high school pupil contained the very lifeless statement, "But by this time it was lunch time, and so we unpacked our baskets and ate our lunch." A request to make the middle clause of the sentence as vivid as possible by the use of suggestive details, resulted in the following paragraphs:

When the cover of the first basket was taken off a snowy tablecloth, neatly folded, came into view. It was soon spread over the dark-green carpet of velvety grass. Then brown wooden picnic plates, glistening knives and forks, and dainty china salt-cellars were brought forth.

From another basket came great puffy buns, brown and shiny on top and fringed around the edges with the delicate pink of juicy ham. Then deep-red tomatoes, bottles of prickly pickles and yellow-green olives; boxes of crisp golden potato chips, and two delicious cakes covered with smooth chocolate icing.

Last but not least came the fruit,—juicy yellow pears, blushing peaches, apples with red-brown cheeks, as though they had slept in the sun, and purple grapes like so many "tight little bags of wine."

To visualize is literally to image, to picture for the eye. In its broader meaning it appeals to all the senses, not simply to sight. In selecting suggestive details, therefore, everything that appeals strongly to any of the senses must be carefully considered, and must be used if it has value. Appeals to the sense of smell and to the sense of hearing are often more potent than appeals to the sight, and appeals to taste and touch are not infrequently full of power.

Actions, details of motion, and especially details of color are suggestive to sight. The power of color is illustrated in

the paragraph quoted describing the unpacking of the picnic baskets. Motion may be made valuable in describing, for example, a field of grain, a clump of trees, and living creatures, as well as smoke and clouds and the human expression. Actions are always effective, especially when they not only visualize but also show mood.

The appeal to hearing must be by means of onomatopoeic words, that is, words similar in sound to the sounds they describe; as, Aunt Rachel *flopped* in; the brook *sang* and *bubbled* along; *sizzling* bacon and eggs; in the farmyard was heard the *cooing* of the doves, the *cluck-cluck* of the chickens, the *moo* of the cows, and the *harsh grunt* of the pigs, while from within the barn came the *swish* of the hay thrown from the mow.

Appeals to smell and taste are often accompanied by additional suggestive details which follow the odor or the flavor as effects following causes; as, the pungent fragrance of the coffee and the spicy smell of the sizzling bacon and eggs made *my mouth water*, and I found myself *moistening my lips*. The permanence of impressions made on the organs of taste and smell renders these senses of peculiar value in life, and this same lasting quality makes all taste and smell associations very potent in visualization.

Details that are suggestive because of appeal to the sense of touch are less frequent, and perhaps of less value. They are often combined with appeals to sight, as the touch-quality of most objects may be perceived, at least in part, by the eye; as, *smooth* chocolate icing; *prickly* pickles; his *sandpaper* face against the child's *velvet* cheek made her wince at first; the *slimy chill* of the snake seemed to numb my hand, even my whole arm, during all of the afternoon.

Figures of speech play an important part in visualization. A word carried from one department of thought to another brings with it all the associations and suggestions that it has

when literally used, and as a rule these associations and suggestions become even more powerful because of the unfamiliar surroundings amid which the word finds itself. The word *alive* carries with it far more visualizing power in the sentence "The floor was alive with dancers," than it carries in the sentence "The bird was alive." So too with *splashes* in the sentence "The sunbeams lay in splashes on the lawn;" it is much more powerful than in the sentence "There were splashes of water on the table."

The following statement originally opened a brief exercise:

He had a very small room on the third floor. It was lighted by one large window, which was covered with a vine.

To obtain better visualization the student reworded the idea thus:

His was a tiny coop of a room at the top of the stairs. The sun shone in through one large window, and during the summer a green vine tapped against the pane.

Between the two forms there is certainly a wide difference. Much of the added suggestiveness in the second form comes from the figures of speech, *a tiny coop*, and *tapped against the pane*. In what other way is suggestiveness added?

Other examples of visualizing figures of speech in the quotations already given in the chapter are as follows: *carpet* of *velvety* grass; *fringed* around the edges; *blushing* peaches; red-brown *cheeks*; *slept* in the sun; the brook *sang*; *sandpaper* face against *velvet* cheek. The literal use of any of these words contrasted with the use here given, will at once show for the figurative meaning a power that is not present in the literal.

Nor are figures of speech beyond the ability of young people. All illustrative material used in this chapter is drawn

from high school exercises, and most of it from the work of second-year pupils. The figure of speech should not be looked upon as trimming and ornament; it is very often the only means of effectively expressing an idea, and frequently is the most potent method of visualizing.

Most persons see the distinguishing characteristics of their friends and of people they meet, and recognize men and women by them, but they do not see them exactly enough to make use of them in description. A successful mimic, however, not only sees them, but he sees them so accurately and remembers them so definitely that at will he can reproduce them, and by touching them with exaggeration he is able to make all about him laugh. The reason we are not all good mimics is because we do not see and remember, rather than because we lack sufficient control of our muscles to make them reproduce what we wish to reproduce.

Places have their distinguishing characteristics, just as people have. The power to see the little details and actions that are thoroughly individual, that give life and animation and vivacity, is absolutely essential to one who would succeed in visualization. If one can catch and reproduce such individualizing details and actions he has what may be called the literary touch, and he will be able to make his scenes live for his readers. Some can seize them and portray them naturally; such have at least one of the gifts that are essential to the making of an artist. All, however, have something of the power, and careful cultivation of whatever amount one has will bring forth a bountiful harvest in the form of a vastly increased ability to visualize successfully. Those who would learn to write must habituate themselves to jotting down effective bits of visualization that come to mind, and to determining what the suggestive details are in landscapes, in persons, in buildings, in feelings, in everything that may be visualized in literature.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. Visualize a Christmas or a Thanksgiving dinner table. Color and odor will play a prominent part in this exercise, and figures of speech will be easily effective.

Unpack a picnic basket, avoiding all details made use of in the example given.

Visualize your ideal picnic grove. Have in mind the grove that approximates your ideal, and add to it imaginatively any lacking details. Figures of speech must be used freely. Among other details make use of sunshine and shade, a brook or a lake, the grass, moss, rocks, old logs, wild flowers, ferns, foliage, birds, colors of tree-trunks, etc. Be concrete; avoid abstract statements.

Visualize for the children of the tropics a morning in New England when the mercury is below zero. Make special appeal to hearing and touch, as well as to sight. Motion and action will appear. Determine clearly the details that distinguish such a morning from a morning when the thermometer registers freezing. Abstract statements will be useless, as they will mean nothing to a lad in the tropical zone. Let this morning be one when there is only a trace of snow.

In the same manner visualize a morning with the thermometer at fifteen, when a heavy snowstorm has just ceased.

In the same manner visualize for the Esquimaux an August day with the thermometer at a hundred.

In the same manner visualize the third day of a Nebraska hot wind.

Visualize a sunrise or sunset; a summer shower as it breaks, continues, and passes; a storm on a lake; a storm in the woods; a storm experienced when living in a tent; the coming of spring or of autumn.

Visualize a dog fight; the supreme moment in a ball, football, or basket-ball game; a foot race; the end of a closely contested boat race; a scene around a camp fire; a railroad collision; a street-car accident; a runaway; a political meeting; a church wedding; an elaborate home wedding; Christmas eve; Christmas morning when the children receive their presents.

Examine carefully all previous exercises written and revise for visualization. Change single words, phrases, or whole clauses.

Do you find any visualization in the stories and extracts quoted earlier in this volume? Examine them with this in view. Bring to class a prose selection containing much more suggestive visualization than any you find in these selections. Do the same with a selection of poetry. Will you expect to find better visualization in prose or in poetry? Should a piece of literature abounding in

beautiful visualization be read as rapidly as one consisting of little more than fact statement? Reason for your answer.

As far as possible use only such of the above exercises as are definitely within your experience, and as far as possible write at the time of the experience.

Write at least one of these exercises in the form of a letter to a friend. Composition work in this form often is easier and almost always is more free and natural in expression than it is in a dignified theme.

Ex. II. *Determine the visualizing details and words in the following selection from Tennyson's "The Lotos-Eaters":*

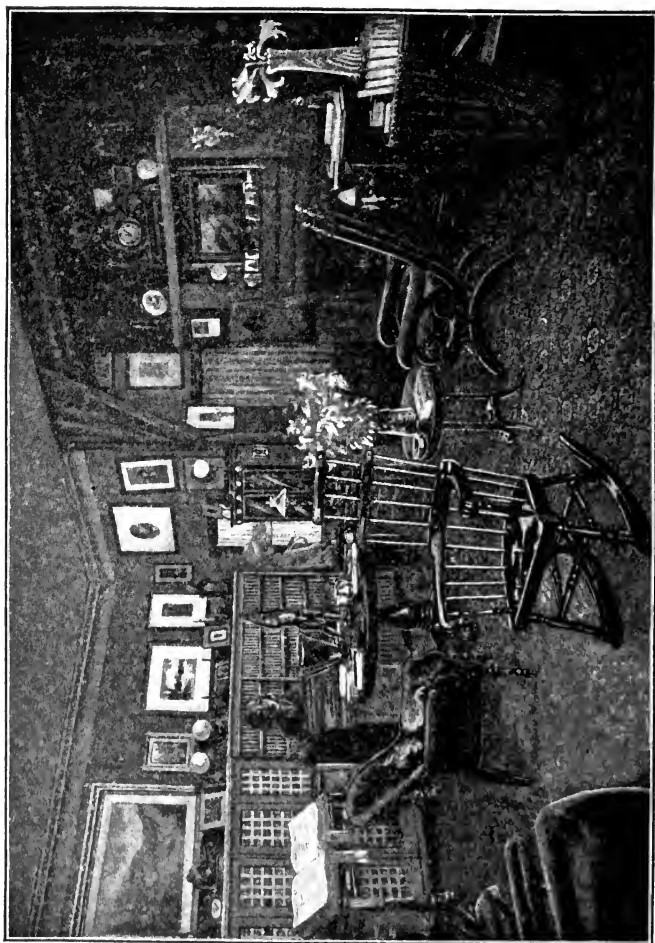
"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of stream! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.
The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale:
A land where all things always seem'd the same!

Ex. III. *Write at least two of the following business communications:*

A postal card to the publishers of a morning paper asking that it be left regularly at your home. (Cut heavy paper or tag-board to the required size, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.)

A letter to a carpenter. Tell him of certain repairs you wish made on your house, and ask him to call and make an estimate on the cost.



From "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks." Copyright E. P. Dutton & Co.
PHILLIPS BROOKS'S STUDY

A letter to the manager of Bellewood Park. Tell him that your school wishes to reserve a date for its annual picnic. State the approximate date you wish and the probable number who will go. Ask what dates are open, what the expense will be, and what conveniences are in his park.

An answer to the last letter.

A letter agreeing to take a certain date, and enclosing a check for twenty dollars to bind the bargain.

A postal card asking the piano tuner to call and attend to your piano. Tell him when you are sure to be at home. Remember that on the message side of a postal card the "address" may be omitted but the "heading" must be present.

Write to the manager of a storage company, asking that a representative call to make an estimate on the cost of packing and storing your furniture.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S STUDY

Exercise.

Examine this picture carefully and discover the furnishings that make it different from any room you have visited, the details that individualize it. Then imagine you have been in the room and try to visualize it for a friend to whom you are writing an account of your visit.

Write an account of a visit you have made to a beautiful home, a well-known building, or a famous person.

Describe the place in which you find yourself able to study to the best advantage.

CHAPTER VI

INCIDENT HINTS

I

As a character hint is an act suggestive of character and a mood hint an act suggestive of mood, so an **incident hint** is an act suggestive of an incident. In each case that which does the suggesting is an effect. Back of an effect there is always a cause, and seeing the effect or hint, the imagination at once becomes active to determine its cause. When this cause lies in neither character nor mood, it must lie in an incident, and the result is the incident hint.

A bicycle twisted and broken at the foot of a precipitous hill will cause the imagination to picture the incident lying back of the fact. Blood-spots on the stones will be still more suggestive. A rapidly increasing crowd at a corner where the steel frame of a 22-story sky-scraper is being completed, together with the clang-clang-clang of its gong as an ambulance hurries to the scene, will kindle the imagination to learn the cause lying behind the effect. A hunting dog rushing home from the woods without his master, pawing at the doors and pulling with his teeth, will hurry off the anxious family to learn the incident back of the actions. So a team of carriage horses dashing into the yard with harness broken will set the mother all a-tremble for the children that an hour before went driving. Every day one sees events of this kind that have their causes in incidents of varying importance.

Of a different nature are hints, or rather, signs, such as smoke leaving a chimney, or a flag at the top of its staff

(showing the direction of the wind); the angle of the smoke or the stiffness of the flag (showing the velocity of the wind); a patter or rattle on a tin roof (showing rain or hail); an overcoat splashed with mud on only one side; a boy's clothes covered with snow; wet hair and shirt wrong side out when a lad comes home late on a summer afternoon; the raised umbrellas of persons passing; furs and heavy overcoats with upturned collars; bells ringing at 8.30 in the morning, etc.

These are effects that have back of them a cause; but the cause is determined more by the intellect than by the imagination. We *know* the cause of such signs rather than *feel* it. They have some suggestive value, to be sure, but hardly enough, as a rule, to set the imagination to work, and consequently they should not be given so much weight as a true incident hint.

Partaking somewhat of the characteristics of both the incident hint and the sign are the rapid pulse, the furred tongue, the aching back and limbs, the loss of appetite, and the other symptoms that enable a physician to determine approximately the cause of an illness. At times the physician is compelled to depend upon his imagination in making a diagnosis; more often his intellect at once tells him the trouble; while occasionally both intellect and imagination are called into requisition. For the mother whose child has developed any acute symptoms of disease, such symptoms are often incident hints of serious suggestive power. Effects of this kind should always be judged by their effectiveness. If they arouse the imagination they are true incident hints.

Exercise.

In a paragraph tell of an incident hint that has come under your observation.

Make a list of all the signs that you see during a day. Try to make use of such signs in future exercises. Often they are concrete suggestive details, and therefore valuable in visualization.

Tell of incident hints that you have met in your reading.

II

Both in life and in literature incident hints are less frequent and less important than character and mood hints. Yet the artistic writer is by no means neglectful of this tool. He finds it useful in enchainning the reader's attention, in giving his characters opportunity to show their moods or their real selves, in clearing up mysteries, in serving as the foundation of a story, and in many other ways.

For example, Poe's story, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," has as its foundation nothing except the signs that the murderer leaves behind him. Dupin, considering these signs carefully, finds in them a series of hints enabling him to image again the incidents of the murders exactly as they occurred and to discover the murderer. The whole story hinges upon Dupin's (that is, Poe's) power to find by induction the causes suggested by these effects, or hints. No doubt the intellect helps in such a case, but the imagination, the power to put one's self into the place of another, renders far more efficient service.

In "Silas Marner" George Eliot writes:

There were only three hiding places where he had ever heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. Marner's cottage had no thatch; and Dunstan's first act, after a train of thought made rapid by the stimulus of cupidity, was to go up to the bed; but while he did so, his eyes travelled eagerly over the floor, where the bricks, distinct in the fire-light, were discernible under the sprinkling of sand. But not everywhere; for there was one spot, and one only, which was quite covered with sand, and sand showing the marks of fingers, which had apparently been careful to spread it over a given space. . . . In an instant Dunstan darted to the spot.

The sand carefully covering the single spot and plainly lined with finger marks is to Dunstan an incident hint, and he instantly and accurately divines the cause back of the effect. So, later in the story, the skeleton and gold discovered by the draining of the stone pits become an incident hint enabling the villagers to picture to themselves with all accuracy the events that occurred at the robbery of Silas's cottage.

In "Ivanhoe" Scott makes four chapters end with an interruption occasioned by the sound of a horn blown before Front de Boeuf's castle. Each time this winding of the horn is an incident hint, both for the characters in the chapter and for the reader. With the succeeding interruptions we begin to realize that Scott means something tremendous; otherwise he would not have been at so much pains to arouse the imagination over the incident back of the hint. And the incident is of greatest import, for the whole of the story that follows grows out of the sounding of that trumpet.

A paragraph in "Domsie" (in Dr. John Watson's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush") begins, "When George came home for the last time." The imagination at once queries, "Why for the last time?" and recognizing the incident hint intuitively discerns the reason as an illness that can mean only death. In "The Bridge Builders" Mr. Kipling writes, "Findlayson took the cloth-bound stick and smote [the big night-gong] with the rubbing stroke that brings out the full thunder of the metal." To all within hearing the sound is an incident hint meaning calamity, and when a little later "the big gong thunders thrice" they know that the flood is upon them, the flood which they had no reason to fear for two long months.

A most artistic use of the incident hint is the opening of Bret Harte's master story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp":

There was a commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room.

Here the imagination is at once fettered to find the cause of so unusual an effect. It is unable to fathom it, and must go on with the story in order to learn what is back of the hint. Thus in these few lines the author has both captured his reader and with consummate art has opened his story. When used in so telling a manner the incident hint becomes a tool with a keen edge and a matchless power.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. *Determine the incident hint, as well as the character and mood hints in the following selection from Scott's "Ivanhoe":*

"Yield ye, De Bracy," said the Black Champion, stooping over him, and holding against the bars of his helmet the fatal poniard with which the knights dispatched their enemies (and which was called the dagger of mercy), "yield thee, Maurice de Bracy, rescue or no rescue, or thou art but a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy, faintly, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me—it shall never be said that Maurice de Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue," answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of stern and determined obstinacy for one of deep though sullen submission.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first, let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded, and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight,— "prisoner, and perish! The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed. Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "It leads to his apartment. Wilt thou accept my guidance?" he added, in a submissive tone.

"No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

During this combat, and the brief conversation which ensued, Cedric, at the head of a body of men, among whom the friar was conspicuous, had pushed across the bridge, as soon as they saw the postern open, and drove back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some asked quarter, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled toward the court-yard. De Bracy himself rose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He trusts me not," he repeated; "but have I deserved his trust?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barbican, gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

Ex. II. Devote a paragraph to the account of an incident hint that might be introduced into a story, as George Eliot tells of Dunstan's finding Silas Marner's money.

Write an opening paragraph for a short story after the manner of Bret Harte in the opening lines of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Find several good illustrations of the incident hint in the reading done as school work.

Considering it as an incident hint, write of the event pictured in the Frontispiece, "Awaiting the Absent," or of that pictured in "After the Surrender," page 72.

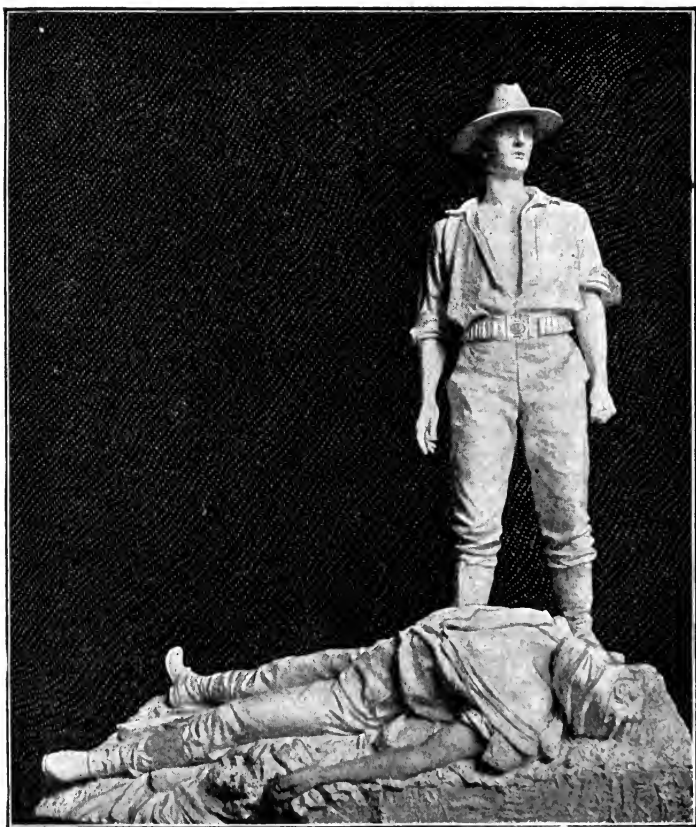
Ex. III. Write a letter to a friend telling of an interesting afternoon or evening that you have recently passed. If possible use in it an incident hint, a mood hint, a picture hint, and a character hint.

Write a letter to a friend asking him to take dinner with you on Tuesday evening, and later to go with you to the concert, the theatre, or the lecture. End the letter with an incident that has aroused your imagination to try to fathom its cause. If necessary, make up one.

Write a letter to a hotel manager at Atlantic City. Tell him that you and your friend expect to spend August there, and ask his rates when two occupy the same room.

Write a letter to a dressmaker. Tell her that you wish her to do your summer sewing, and ask her how soon she can give you the time you will require.

Write a postal card to the postmaster asking him to forward any letters that may come for you during August, to the Hotel Virginia, Atlantic City, N. J.



Courtesy of L. Amateis

AT EL CANEY

AT EL CANEY

After the Group at the Pan-American Exposition by L. Amateis.

Just below the stone fort on the hill I came upon a soldier sitting on the ground, holding in his lap the head of a poor fellow who was literally shot to pieces.

"Don't suppose there's a surgeon about?" he inquired, as I stopped.

I told him there was not now, but would be later.

"Well," he remarked quietly, "don't suppose they could help him. He's 'bout gone, I reckon."

The breathing became weaker, the grayish pallor began to show through the sweat and dirt and blood, and finally, without a tremor, breathing ceased. The soldier held his burden a moment until he saw the end had come, and then laid his handkerchief over the ghastly face and gently let the head down to the ground, and slowly got up.

"Know him?" I asked

"My brother," he calmly said. And then he filled his lungs with one long, deep sigh and gazed off to the hills for a moment with a far-away, thoughtful look, and I could see that he was looking straight into some home and wondering what mother would think.—Condensed from J. F. J. Archibald, war correspondent in Cuba to "Leslie's Weekly."

Ex. I. What is the expression on the face of this soldier? What lines give the face this expression? What is suggested by the poise of the shoulders and head? Why has the sculptor represented him with clasped left hand?

Ex. II. In a paragraph describe as an incident hint the scene here portrayed.

In a paragraph describe, by means of hints, the mood of the soldier when the correspondent first came up to him, and his mood at the moment the sculptor has portrayed.

In a paragraph describe this incident, using it as a hint to suggest the character of the American soldier.

Write an account of an experience of your own when you wondered what mother would say.

CHAPTER VII

WORD-MEANINGS ¹

No piece of composition can be of value unless the words used make known what the author wishes to make known. A word carrying only part of the meaning desired cannot satisfy. It is necessary, then, that a writer be able to determine shades of meaning to a nicety, that he have a discrimination which "rejects the good or the better word for the best." In most persons, both old and young, such ability is all too limited, largely for the reason that it is undeveloped. The purpose of this chapter is to direct attention to the characterizing features of word-meanings, for the purpose of increasing the power of exact discrimination.

I

The all-important fact in any study of words is that almost every word has two meanings, one for the intellect and another for the soul, the imagination, the feelings,—a dictionary meaning and an associational or suggestive meaning.

For example, the dictionary thus defines lily-of-the-valley: "A low, smooth, stemless lilywort with two oblong leaves and an angled scape bearing a one-sided raceme of nodding, fragrant, cup-shaped flowers." This definition is primarily for the intellect, although it has just a touch that appeals to the imagination. With an elementary knowledge of botany one gets from it a meaning, but it is a meaning of only the slightest literary value. The meaning that is of

¹ See "Chapters on the Elements of Literature," by L. A. Sherman.

worth in literature will be found in no dictionary. That meaning can be found only within our own hearts; it is the fruit of our own experience. On it depends practically all of the suggestive power of a word.

Plainly the dictionary meaning is without value in the line of sacred song,

“He’s the Lily-of-the-valley, the bright and morning Star ”
or in Shelley’s lines,

And the Naiad-like lily-of-the-vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of the tremulous bells is seen,
Through their pavilions of tender green.

“A low, smooth, stemless lilywort,” etc., going only to the intellect, has no meaning in lines such as these. What is needed is something for the heart, a meaning that is suggestive, associational, spiritual. The same is true of the word *Star* in the first line quoted. “A luminous celestial body so distant as to appear like a luminous point.” To the line such a definition lends no life nor even semblance of life. It is “apples of ashes.”

Even to one merely thinking of the flower or the star these definitions are inadequate. They do not give at all the meaning of the words. The something that makes the flower and the star pleasant subjects of thought is not mentioned at all, or is but vaguely hinted at. Whatever the something is, it appeals to one’s soul, to all that is appreciative in one. The lily-of-the-valley is a type of purity, perfection, beauty. But that does not sum up all of its power. To those knowing the flower it has a more or less suggestive associational meaning. To one person the flower or even its odor always brings back an old-fashioned garden in a country town. Along with this picture invariably

comes the rolling lawn that surrounded the garden, dotted with its gnarled but generous apple trees; the mellow-tempered and the crabbed apples come too; then the lazy afternoons under the trees and the pleasant hours among the tangle of old-time plants in the geometric beds; but best of all is the prodigal lavishness of the flowers along the straggling, unpainted picket fence,—the tropical luxuriance of the emerald leaves, hidden within which, in memory, are still nodding the delicate fairy bells, so fragrant, so pure, so modest, so divinely fair. If not such associations, one must have some others, if one would be touched with the real meaning the writer wishes to convey when using the word. It is all in the combination of letters, but the dictionary cannot give it. It is of the soul, while shape and size and in part color are of the intellect, of the dictionary.

To illustrate in another way: In "Maud" Tennyson says,

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky.

Almost every word is surcharged with satisfying associations and suggestions. But express the same thought, the same dictionary meaning, in a paraphrase:

For the morning wind now blows,
And the planet Venus is high,
But is becoming dim in the light of the sun,
On a space of yellow sky.

Here the facts are expressed as clearly as in Tennyson's master verses, and certainly more directly. True, in the words used there is yet some suggestion, but the abundance of it is lessened. The thought, at least, is expressed. Now, that is just what Tennyson did not care to express; he cared

not a fig to convey information; he was not writing as a scientist. He wished, rather, to kindle the reader to an experience of the early morning, to put him into the garden with the speaker. The paraphrase is absurdly unfitted to do this, for its words are far less rich in suggestion. It is powerless. But the poet is successful in his wish because he selects words of the widest possible associational and suggestive meaning. Feeling that facts cannot make literature, the artist, consciously or unconsciously, is satisfied only with words overflowing with suggestion.

For all readers there are many words that cannot have associations made vital by experience. For example, how is the prairie-born youth or maiden to find stirring suggestions in the words *ocean* and *mountain* in the following lines?

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.—*Shakespeare*.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.—*Byron*.

Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.—*Ibid*.

Am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs.—*Rogers in "Italy."*

Besides the words mentioned, will the same youths and maidens be at a loss to appreciate *fleets*, *monarch*, *crowned*, *throne*, *diadem*, and *chaos*, simply because they have had no personal experience with these as realities? The dictionary meanings can hardly be of particular worth. "The great

body of salt water," etc., and "A lofty elevation of rock, or earth and rock," etc., will help little to stir them as they read. Yet these young people will be moved as they read these words, many of them deeply moved. For them the words have a flood of associations which the dictionary maker cannot put between the covers of his book. The words have become aglow with suggestion through reading, listening, and conversing, or perhaps only through fancying, day-dreaming, imagining.

Does the announcement that cholera has broken out in San Francisco carry with it nothing more than "An acute epidemic disease, due to a bacillus"? But you and I have had no experience with cholera.

Yet, despite the power of thousands of such words, there is real truth in what Charles Frederick Goss says:

After all, experience is the only exhaustive dictionary, and the definitions it contains are the only ones which really burn themselves into the mind or fully interpret the significances of life.

To every man language is a kind of fossil poetry, until experience makes those dry bones live! Words are mere faded metaphors, pressed like dried flowers in old and musty volumes, until a blow upon our heads, a pang in our hearts, a strain on our nerves, the whisper of a maid, the voice of a little child, turns them into living blossoms of odorous beauty.

Exercise.

Which of the following words have especial suggestive power for you? Star; mountain; ocean; cholera; house; brick; mother; city; pipe; ripple; chair; woods; pencil.

Put into writing as fully as possible all that one of these words suggests for you.

II

As has already been said, we *know* in two ways, through the intellect, or head, and through the feelings, or heart.

To illustrate, only a little study of algebra makes every boy and girl know for life that the square of $x+y$ is $x^2+2xy+y^2$. It seems that nothing can be more absolutely known. Yet every boy knows equally well, even better, that he loves his mother. The one he knows through his head, the other through his heart. The one he can learn and appreciate with his intellect; the other he can never learn and of course can never appreciate in that way.

In order to have a rounded knowledge of the meaning of most words it is necessary to make use of both these faculties. The dictionary meaning is apprehended as the algebraic truth is, but the meaning really powerful in literature is purely a matter for the feelings, for the heart.

A few words seem to be all feeling; as, *ouch! alas! oh! pshaw!* Others, such as conjunctions, prepositions, and words like *brick, nail, gaspipe, cobblestone*, seem to have nothing for the feelings. Yet for many even these have powerful associational meanings. A nail in the foot, or a blow on the head with a brick, a gaspipe, or a cobblestone is an experience that for the person concerned will ever give the word a meaning that goes directly to the emotions. So with most words that seem at first to be without suggestive power. A careful study of them will reveal more or less of an associational element. The great majority of words will be found to carry both a fact and a feeling meaning, and the power quickly and unerringly to determine the suggestion in a word is the power that makes an appreciative reader and an inspiring writer.

A small class of words, such as *o'er, wast, thy, murther*, have a suggestiveness due wholly to their form. Such words belong to the "solemn style" of the Scriptures, so elevated, so majestic, so sonorous, or to the old-time vocabulary of the poet. In a way, all the aroma of the days of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth comes down to us with these archaic

word-forms. Infrequently and skilfully used these words add no small amount of suggestiveness.

The suggestive element present in the meaning of most words is in literature the particularly valuable element. This being true, both in conversation and in literature a word carrying a large suggestive element is to be chosen rather than a word with equal fact meaning but less suggestion.

In strict scientific statement, however, the word with exact fact meaning may be preferable.

Exercises.

EX. I. *In the following list select the words of wide associational or suggestive meaning and tell as clearly as you can what these associations and suggestions are for you :*

Violet, clock, brook, bride, glade, chariot, honor, whisper, sting, regal, pompousness, pencil, prince, sacrifice, match, sorrow, moss, oak, shoe, shady, bloom, blood, share, snare, fancy, butterfly, herald, tack, sullen, dazzle, sunny, desk, glen, carpet, fountain, splashing, cavern, government, fortune, advice, gentle, sky, voice, ecstasy, roof, dictionary.

EX. II. In the above list determine which words you understand because you have had an experience with the meaning they carry, and which you understand through reading, conversation, etc., without personal experience.

EX. III. *In the following groups of so-called synonyms determine the difference in associational and suggestive meaning as well as in dictionary or fact meaning :*

Crowd, throng, mob; weakness, frailty, fault; loud, clamorous, noisy, sonorous; neglect, slight, disregard; pray, supplicate, ask, conjure.

EX. IV. Examine carefully each of the pictures you have so far studied and determine a number of words that would have different associations and suggestions for you if you had had the experience interpreted in each.

Ex. v. Determine the suggestive words in the following stanza from Wordsworth, giving the associations carried by each:

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,—
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Exercises.

Ex. i. Write a letter to a teacher of vocal or instrumental music from whom you wish to take lessons. Ask about prices and hours, and state what progress you have made in music.

Write a letter to a competent musician asking him whether he will be willing to take charge of your high-school band or orchestra. State how often and for how long a time you would wish his services weekly. Ask what his charges would be.

Write his answer to your letter of inquiry.

Write him accepting his terms, or asking for certain modifications of them.

Ex. ii. Write a telegram to the publishers of this book ordering twenty copies.

Telegraph congratulations to a friend who has won signal success in college sports or contest.

Telegraph your uncle that you will reach New York on a certain train by a certain railroad.

Write a telegram of fifty or seventy-five words to a New York newspaper telling of the Thanksgiving game or of some important happening in your home town.

Telegraph your father concerning the serious injury of your brother, who is in preparatory school with you.

CHAPTER VIII

ENVIRONMENT

Environment means surroundings.

What a man surrounds himself with, what he deliberately has about him, must tell not a little concerning his character. For in his office, his room, his home, a man will as far as possible have the things that interest him, the things that typify what he is living for.

Furnishings and fittings do show character; they are in a way character hints. Books, pictures, papers, magazines, ornaments, hangings, bric-a-brac, casts, collections, pets,—all are results of choice, and help to make known a man's tastes and to tell the inner workings of his mind.

To find on the walls of an office photographs of sailboats, of birchbark canoes, of a great "war canoe," of strings of fish, of a prostrate stag, of a club house, of many parties of campers, while from one corner a gun peeps forth and from another a bundle of rods, and from over a door the antlered head of a big moose looks down,—to see all these things is to know without thought much of the character of the owner of the office. In like manner another enthusiast is known by his several cameras, his unnumbered blue-prints, platinotypes, albums, bromide prints, and photographic magazines and literature. So with the lover of athletics: his home is littered with foils, masks, boxing-gloves, punching-bags, dumb bells, Indian clubs, baseball guides, exercising machines, golf sticks, and everything else of like nature that his purse is long enough to buy.

The same holds true with the musician, the *littérateur*, the painter, the theologian, the inventor, the politician; each surrounds himself with the things he loves.

Of course one's income will often not permit what the heart is hungering and thirsting to have. But a master passion will assert itself. An eminent scholar takes home to dine with him a famous foreigner. They sit down to potatoes, with salt, and a loaf of bread, the host explaining that in order to maintain his unrivaled library he is forced to forego all but the sternest necessities of life. It may be only a trifle, but a man will have about him whatever he can afford that satisfies the cravings of his soul. How well do I remember my friend's enraptured expression when, in his bare room in a cheap part of London, he uncovered for me a picture, the work of one of the masters of the long ago. Many a meal he had done without in order that it might hang in his half-furnished room. In like manner do I recall the student friend, dependent upon his own resources, who came home from Europe with an uncut first edition of John Donne's poems under his arm, a volume that had cost him thirty guineas in a London bookshop. He could not resist it; he wore his old clothes and came home second-cabin that he might own it. So do I remember the gentleman with whom I talked in the railway car. Our train had stopped so that we were just opposite a tumble-down house in the open country. I asked him how he would like to live in such a place. He replied:

"I would n't live in such a place."

"But misfortune might compel you."

"No, sir; it could n't. No circumstances could force me to live in such a place. I'd borrow a hammer and pick up nails enough to fix those tottering steps and to put that gate in order. I'd beg some morning-glory seed and cover that weather-beaten porch; I'd have some old-fashioned flowers

in that garden. I'd pick up those tin cans and broken bottles and untidy market baskets. No, sir; you could n't keep me in any such place as that. I'd have some blossoms such as my mother had and some grass, if I could n't have anything else. I spent my boyhood in a house that cost no more than that one, and my mother had very little money; but our house did n't look like that."

In his own home are just the furnishings one would expect to find.

Who has not learned something of what a girl really is by a glance through an open door into her room? I remember one in which I saw the mirror encircled with pictures of actors of both sexes,—the disgusting little pictures that come in cigarette packages. And so with a boy's den. Much is told by the pictures on the walls, the books on the shelves, the papers on the table, together with the countless odds and ends scattered about corners, mantelpiece, and floor, to say nothing about the order or lack of order in which they are found.

So universal a principle of course has not been overlooked by the literary artist. Often he takes his readers into the homes of his men and women in order that he may thus make known the character of those men and women. An effective illustration may be quoted from "The Antiquary," by Sir Walter Scott:

It was some time before Lovel could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. It was a lofty room of middling size, obscurely lighted by high, narrow, latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two or three files deep, while numberless others littered the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armor, swords, dirks, helmets, and Highland targets. Behind Mr. Oldbuck's seat (which was an ancient leathern-covered easy chair, worn smooth by con-

stant use), was a huge oaken cabinet decorated at each corner with Dutch cherubs, having their little duck-wings displayed, and great jolter-headed visages placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with busts and Roman lamps and pateræ, intermingled with one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry. . . . The rest of the room was panelled, or wainscoted, with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armor, . . . and as many in tie-wigs and laced coats. . . . A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, nondescript trinkets and gewgaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them besides rust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of ancient books and utensils, . . . sat a large black cat, . . . the tutelar demon of the apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was overflowed by the same . . . miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wanted, as to put it to any use when discovered.

Amid this medley it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And, when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered, with a careful hand, of engravings . . . and of antique spurs and buckles.

Other illustrations, each effective in its way, will give the student such an understanding of the principle involved as will enable him to portray with considerable skill either real or imaginary characters:

And the happy father, keeping his hat on his head and carrying his little girl, showed me all over his establishment—the dining-room brightened by light bits of faience, the study abounding in books, with its window opening out on the green turf, so that a puff of wind had strewn with rose-leaves the printer's proofs which were scattered on the table.—*François Coppée in "A Voluntary Death."*¹

In furtherance of my design [to achieve a novel], and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was in the rear of the house the most delightful little nook of a study that ever afforded its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson

¹ In "Tales by Coppée," Harper & Brothers, New York.

wrote "Nature"; for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or at least like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the Devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint and golden-tinted paper-hangings lighted up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow-tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice; for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne in "Mosses from an Old Manse."*

It is a cozy little den, and rests you to sit in it. The walls are lined with shelves, laden with books. The tables are covered with French, English, and German magazines, pamphlets and papers. A student's lamp, a few rare etchings, some choice bits of porcelain, and three or four easy chairs complete the interior.—*F. Hopkinson Smith in "A Water-Logged Town in Holland."*

We passed eventually through a dark hall into a room which struck me at once as the ideal I had dreamed but failed to find. None of your feminine fripperies here! None of your chair-backs and tidies! This man, it was seen, groaned under no aunts. Stout volumes in calf and vellum lined three sides; books sprawled or hunched themselves on chairs and tables; books diffused the pleasant odor of printer's ink and bindings; . . . And in one corner, book-piled like the rest of the furniture, stood a piano.

This I hailed with a squeal of delight. "Want to strum?" inquired my friend, as if it was the most natural wish in the world—his eyes were already straying towards another corner, where bits of writing-table peeped out from under a sort of Alpine system of book and foolscap.

"Oh, but may I?" I asked in doubt. "At home I'm not allowed to—only beastly exercises!"

"Well, you can strum here, at all events," he replied; and . . . he made his way, mechanically guided as it seemed, to the

irresistible writing-table. In ten seconds he was out of sight and call. A great book open on his knee, another propped up in front, a score or so disposed within easy reach, he read and jotted with an absorption almost passionate.—*Kenneth Grahame in "The Golden Age."*¹

Along the walls of his study are many bookcases, containing books of every description, especially German and French texts. There is one case in particular, containing the famous works of Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, and Holmes. In one corner are three pictures of Bismarck, representing him in his uniform, and under one of these pictures is a splendid photograph of the Kaiser's family.

On the mantel-piece are busts of Liszt, Wagner, and Goethe, and above the shelf are two large portraits, one of Liszt and one of Wagner. The library table is adorned with pipes of every description, from the long student pipe of Germany, to a tiny pipe of American make covered with silver rings.

An air of coziness is lent to the room by the numerous cushions on the lounge, and by a large German ivy and a beautiful fern. A glimpse of the piano can be seen in the adjoining room, over which are portraits of Beethoven and Mozart, and on which is a violin.—*Second Year High-School Work.*

Exercise.

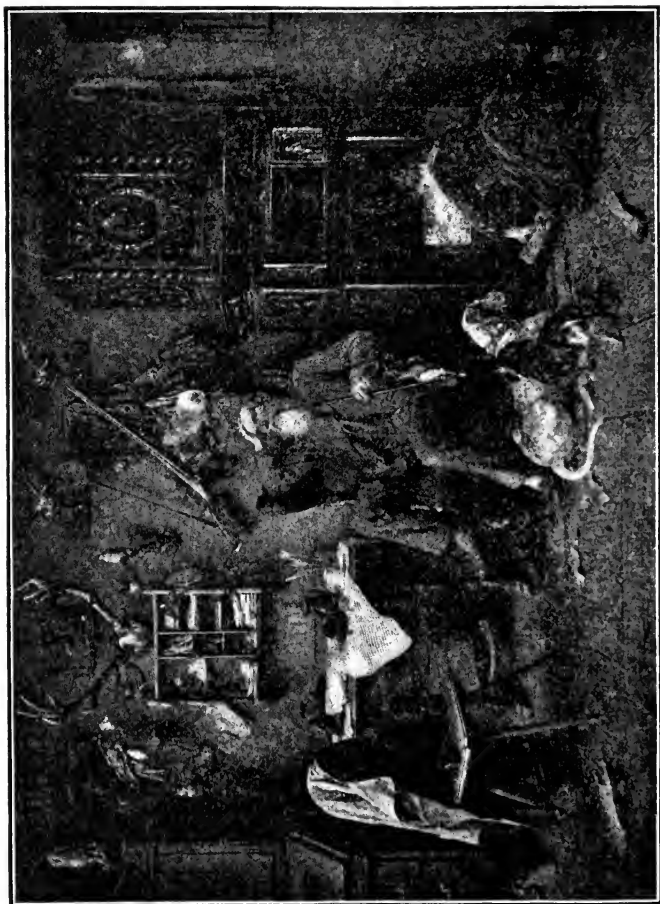
Examine carefully each of the passages quoted. In the revealing details made use of are there any that could as well be omitted, that add nothing to the suggestiveness? Do all details mentioned help to give character? Are some introduced, perhaps, only for the purpose of visualization, that is, to make us feel that we are really in the room seeing with our own eyes? Which ones? In each of these rooms must have been many things that are not mentioned; what are they? Deduce from this a principle. What kinds of details are introduced for visualization? Deduce a principle. Are there any really inartistic statements?

From his room or home sketch the character of a person you know.

In a letter to a friend make known by an environment sketch the character of a person with whom you have recently become acquainted.

Write an imaginary environment sketch to bring out an unusual character.

¹ John Lane, New York.



After the Painting by Ludwig Knaus

EIN FÖRSTERHEIM

By environment show the character of a person without education or judgment who has become enormously wealthy by the discovery of oil on his farm.

By means of a series of environment sketches showing the same room at different times, try to tell a story without introducing at all the persons of the story.

Write a letter ordering from a large department store six or eight articles that you would like to place in your room.

One of these articles is delivered in an imperfect condition. Write the necessary letter of complaint.

Write to a news-dealer ordering three papers or magazines that you would like to read regularly.

EIN FÖRSTERHEIM

After the Painting by Ludwig Knaus

Ex. I. In this picture point out every item suggestive of the character and work of the man seated near the centre of the room. What kind of dogs are these? What articles of clothing has the man just removed? Why is he shown in slippers and with pipe? What is his feeling at the present moment? Why do you say so?

What is the huge square affair at the right? What is the woman doing?

Ex. II. Imagine you have called on this man. Write a sketch making known his character by his environment. In it describe the appearance of the man by means of picture hints.

Write an account of a hunting trip you have made, or of a trip to the woods.

Describe the study of Phillips Brooks in such a manner as to make clear the man's character. Of course you will use only the details shown in the picture.

CHAPTER IX

SUBORDINATION

I

Read the following selections, and in each determine with whom your sympathies are enlisted:

A neatly dressed lady carrying a heavy baby entered the car. Every seat was taken, and no one offered her a place. All the men seemed very much interested in their papers. The woman patiently stood, hanging to a strap.

Suddenly she felt a light tap on the shoulder, and heard a cheery voice saying, "Take my seat, please, madam." She thanked the rosy-cheeked lad, and gratefully dropped into the place he had vacated, just beside a tall business man who had been hidden by his paper.

"Why, Walter!" she exclaimed.

He raised his eyes from his paper and glanced at her. It was his wife!—*Second Year High-School Work.*

On one occasion a still more audacious petitioner, introduced by a strong letter from a senator of the United States, so far forgot himself as to break out with profane language in the presence of Lincoln. The president, when the offence was repeated the second time, rose with great dignity, opened the door of the audience chamber, and said: "I thought that Senator —— had sent me a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. There is the door, sir. Good-evening."—*Noah Brooks in "Abraham Lincoln."*

So serious did Lincoln consider his task [the debates with Douglass] that he departed from his custom and indulged in few pleasantries; yet occasionally his sense of the humorous led him to make some sharp hits against his opponent. In his speech at Galesburg Douglass remarked, with a sneer, that "honest Abe" had once been a liquor-seller. Lincoln replied that, when a young man, he had been compelled by poverty to work in a store where

one of his duties was to retail liquor; "but," said he, "the difference between Judge Douglass and myself is just this, that while I was behind the bar he was in front of it."—*Charles Wallace French in "Abraham Lincoln."*

After the appearance of the . . . *Merrimac* in 1862, the president was waited upon by fifty gentlemen from New York who informed him that they represented in their own right \$100,000,000 and who . . . requested that a gunboat be detailed for the defense of the city. Mr. Lincoln . . . replied very deliberately:

"Gentlemen, I am by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States; and, as a matter of law, can order anything done that is practicable to be done. But, as a matter of fact, . . . it is impossible for me, in the present condition of things, to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the government is at a very low ebb; greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar; and in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you gentlemen are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the government."—*Ibid.*

Odysseus is being entertained by King Alcinous with athletic sports, and Laodamas, the king's son, asks him if he will not try his skill. Anxious to reach his home, Odysseus excuses himself, saying "Sorrow is far nearer my heart than sport." Euryalus then enters the conversation:

"No, truly, stranger, nor do I think thee at all like one that is skilled in games, whereof there are many among men; rather art thou such an one as comes and goes in a benched ship, a master of sailors that are merchantmen, one with a memory for his freight, or that hath the charge of a cargo homeward bound, and of greedily gotten gains; thou seemest not a man of thy hands."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked fiercely on him and said: "Stranger, thou hast not spoken well; thou art like a man presumptuous. So true it is that the gods do not give every gracious gift to all, neither shapeliness, nor wisdom, nor skilled speech. For one man is feeblar than another in presence; yet the god crowns his words with beauty, and men behold him and rejoice, . . . and as he passes through the town men gaze on him as a god. Another again is like the deathless gods for beauty, but his words have no crown of grace about them; even as thou art in comeliness pre-eminent, nor could a god himself fashion

thee for the better, but in wit thou art a weakling. Yea, thou hast stirred my spirit in my breast by speaking thus amiss. I am not all unversed in sports, as thy words go, but methinks I was among the foremost while as yet I trusted in my youth and my hands, but now am I holden in misery and pains; for I have endured much in passing through the wars of men and the grievous waves of the sea. Yet even so, for all my afflictions, I will essay the games, for thy word hath bitten to the quick, and thou hast roused me with thy saying."

He spake, and clad even as he was in his mantle leaped to his feet and caught up a weight larger than the rest, a huge weight heavier far than those wherewith the Phæacians contended in casting. With one whirl he sent it from his stout hand, and the stone flew hurtling; and the Phæacians of the long oars, those mariners renowned, crouched to earth beneath the rushing of the stone. Beyond all the marks it flew, so lightly it sped from his hand. . . .

Then with a lighter heart he spake amid the Phæacians: "Now reach ye this throw, young men, if ye may; and soon, methinks, will I cast another after it, as far or yet further. And whomsoever of the rest his heart and spirit stirreth thereto, hither let him come and try the issue with me, in boxing or in wrestling or even in the foot-race, I care not which, for ye have greatly angered me: let any of all the Phæacians come save Laodamas alone, for he is mine host: Who would strive with one that entreated him kindly? Witless and worthless is the man whoso challengeth his host that receiveth him in a strange land; he doth but maim his own estate."—*From Butcher and Lang's Translation of the "Odyssey."*

James Boswell, telling in his life of Samuel Johnson of the first time he met the great man, says that Mr. Davies mentioned his name and roguishly added, "From Scotland," remembering Johnson's antipathy to that country.

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it. . . ." With that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." . . . He then addressed himself to Davies, "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full,

and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you."—"Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."

In daily life persons assuming, perhaps having, equality or superiority are forced by the word, glance, tone, attitude, or motion of another to feel an inferiority. The feeling, which may be lasting or merely momentary, is largely due to the fact that the smiles and sympathies of the bystander are never with the victim. It is, at the best, a keenly unpleasant embarrassment, to use a word that seems hardly strong enough to describe at least some of the experiences. When a man offers a newsboy two cents for a three-cent paper, or gives a bootblack a nickel for a ten-cent shine; when a boy being offered "some," holds out his hand, and receives the core or the shells; when grandma, after long search, is told by grandson that her spectacles are over her forehead; when ten thousand such incidents occur daily, one person is subordinated to and by another person; is embarrassed, caused to feel an inferiority, made to feel "cheap."

As is shown by the illustrations quoted, this touch from life is freely used by authors for the purpose of raising one character or lowering another in the estimation of yet other persons in the story or in the sympathies of the reader. Its use is so constant and so simple that merely calling attention to it is all that is necessary in order to make it fully understood.

Exercise.

In a paragraph describe some effective subordination you have seen. (In all exercises remember the value of visualization.)

Narrate an incident in which you were subordinated by one much your inferior in age or education; by one your equal; by one your superior.

Write a sketch in which one character is subordinated in the eyes of other characters.

In "News of the Far Away Son," page 82, how are the older people subordinated to the boy?

II

Subordination of another form is made use of by literary masters for the purpose of reversing preconceived and artistically false ideas that readers have, or may have had, about certain characters. For example, when Shakespeare wished to bring before his readers, or rather before his spectators, the historical Julius Cæsar, it was necessary for him entirely to change the idea about that Roman leader which was held by the masses. To them he was one of the greatest heroes of ancient times. Yet Shakespeare must make them, from an artistic standpoint, sympathize with Brutus and with the other conspirators in their assassination of him, must make them consent to his death.

Such a task is not for a pygmy, but for the giant it is easy. He shows us a Cæsar who, in his very first word, is yearning, longing, for a son and heir. And why this so great desire, thus publicly expressed, if not that he may have a direct descendant to succeed to the hoped-for kingship? Surely Cæsar *is* ambitious. In his very next speech he is urging that they "leave no ceremony out," and in the next he *fails to hear*. Fearing, however, that the hint is not strong enough in this speech, Shakespeare only a little further on makes Cæsar say to Antony, "Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf." The purpose here seems to be to make the reader, the spectator, feel that the man has outlived his heroic period and with on-coming years is losing his powers. That this is really true is shown by a

number of hints given earlier, as well as by the very potent one presented later, when we learn that he has epilepsy and that he falls in its clutches even in the most public places on festal days! This is enough. He surely is not fit to be the head of a great nation. A man with such physical weakness has no right to so great ambition.

The theatre audience of Shakespeare's day—to-day it is not different—felt that a king and his oldest son were on a plane much higher than any petty officer of the army. Yet in "Macbeth" it is dramatically necessary that the spectator feel just the opposite. Let us turn to the opening lines of the second scene of the first act. The curtain rises on a camp, showing King Duncan, his sons Malcolm and Donaldbain, Lord Lennox, and attendants. As they enter on one side, a bleeding sergeant comes in from the other side:

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Malcolm. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

In these few lines the purpose is accomplished. King Duncan at the very time he should be leading his people, when the battle is at its height, is pleased to remain in camp, unoccupied, dressed in his spotless regalia. Malcolm, the prince, has been in the battle, but has been unable to care for himself, and would have become a prisoner had not this good and hardy sergeant rescued him. After his deliverance he has apparently returned to camp, evidently unharmed, while the petty officer has continued in the battle until his "gashes cry for help." Of course we can

only subordinate the king to Malcolm, and Malcolm to the sergeant. A reading of the lines that follow will show how all these and all others in the army are subordinated to the brave Macbeth. And this of course is what Shakespeare is aiming at. For before we see Macbeth we must feel irresistibly his superiority as a leader over Duncan, who is gracious and sympathetic, but hardly kingly. Our sympathy must be thus strong at the beginning, because it must dramatically be with him not only during the murder, but until long after that traitorous act.¹

No other author, probably, has equalled Shakespeare in this method of subordination. It is made use of, however, by almost all authors of power, and its availability in school work is so frequent that time spent in striving after skill in it is well spent.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. Write a sketch in which an historical character is subordinated for the benefit of the reader.²

Write a scene for a drama in which by imaginary or historical incidents you aim to change the preconceived opinion of the reader for some well known character,—Lincoln, Washington, Benedict Arnold, Paul Jones, Aguinaldo, Admiral Dewey, etc.²

Follow this with a scene in which you again change the feelings of the reader, bringing him back to his original conviction.²

Who is subordinated and by what means, in the brief quotations from Mr. Kipling on page 56?

Who is subordinated and how in the quotation marked *x* on page 61. Write a paragraph showing a similar subordination.

Which of the persons portrayed in the picture on page 82 is subordinated to another?

¹ For a full treatment of this and other art points in "Macbeth" see Chapter V. of "What Is Shakespeare?" by L. A. Sherman.

² To do this make use of character hints showing only the phase of character you wish to emphasize. In the life of almost every man are incidents which, taken by themselves, seem to show a man just the opposite of the man idolized or despised by those who know him or who read about him. Such work is of course unjust, but it may be dramatically powerful. Was Shakespeare just to Julius Cæsar?

By what means has the artist accomplished this?

Who is subordinated in the selection from Scott on page 98, and by what means?

Ex. II. Write a letter to your mother telling her of your embarrassment because your country (or city) cousin, whom you are visiting, can do many things that you cannot do.

Write a letter thanking a friend for remembering you on your birthday or at Christmas.

Write a letter congratulating a friend on his graduation from high school, or on winning a prize in a contest.

Write a letter to a good singer in your vicinity, who is a friend of yours. Ask her whether she will sing some afternoon for your literary society.

Write a letter to a piano dealer. Ask him what it will cost the pupils of your class to rent a piano for use in the schoolroom.

Write the answer of the piano dealer.

Write him, accepting his terms and asking him to send a piano at a certain time.

Write a letter to a friend in a distant state, telling him of matters of interest in your own neighborhood.¹

¹ TO THE INSTRUCTOR. Interest in letter-writing has been increased by the teachers in one high school arranging with the teachers in another high school in a different part of the country for the pupils of their classes to correspond, describing for one another their schools, towns, places of interest, etc.

CHAPTER X

CONTRAST

IN "An Unfinished Story," ¹ by Richard Harding Davis, one character, complaining that art is not true, says to a painter and a novelist, "You don't write and paint everyday things as they are. You introduce something for a contrast or for an effect; a red coat in the landscape for the bit of color you want, when in real life the red coat would not be within miles; or you have a band of music playing a popular air in the street when a murder is going on inside the house. You do it because it is effective; but it isn't true."

It is a fact that many things are introduced into art work that are not literally true. Their presence, however, leaves an impression of truth that without them could not be obtained. As will be emphasized in the chapter on Description, perfect painting is not reproducing things as they are; if it were, the photographer would be the most perfect artist. Perfect painting is rather selecting and reproducing such characteristic details as will suggest an impression similar to that made by nature. It is making the spectator feel as he feels when looking at nature.

In order to accomplish this it is necessary to introduce in a more or less exaggerated way whatever is especially suggestive of the desired emotion. In painting, a touch of color will often do it; or it may be a bit of shade. How to proportion with exactness the light and the shade is one of the difficulties the painter is always meeting. It is the

¹ In "Van Bibber and Others," Harper & Brothers, New York.

same in writing. To make the reader realize the horror of the murder, the band must play the popular air just without the window; for black always seems blacker when the background is white.

The critic in Mr. Davis's story is both right and wrong. Often the writer introduces an imaginary contrast because it is effective; but more often, probably, he finds an even better one ready at his hand; not infrequently the popular air is an accompaniment of the murder. To seize such an accompaniment, or to introduce it if it is not present, is one of the duties of the author. He must make his readers feel, and for the accomplishment of this end contrast often proves a serviceable tool.

It is difficult to find any literature in which contrast is not present. In "Macbeth" the beautiful repose of the sixth scene, where King Duncan and his retinue converse in so perfect an idyl before the entrance of Macbeth's castle, is in sharpest contrast with the stormy scenes that precede and with the cowardly murder that so soon follows. A little later, too, Macbeth's dreadful terror and dire remorse are interrupted by the knocking that causes the drunken porter's ribald jests. In "Hamlet" the revelation of the Ghost, made in the chill and gloom of the night, has as its background the brilliantly lighted windows of the palace. The spirit of the murdered King that "to sulphurous and tormenting flames must render up itself," stands within hearing of the pleasures and revelries of the murderer King. And later the Clown sings as he digs the grave, and his song is immediately followed by the solemn funeral procession.

In "The Luck of Roaring Camp" the author uses keen but brief contrasts to set off the characters of his men:

The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blonde hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and

intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. . . . The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

In Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's volume, "In Kedar's Tents," we hear of General Vincente as one of the most bloodthirsty of the Spanish Queen's adherents. When we first meet him, however, we see a small man, with a smile at once sympathetic and humorous, with manners most apologetic, with hands dainty and white, with voice admirably attuned to a lady's drawing-room, and with a laugh soft and musical. When he draws his handkerchief from his sleeve a faint scent perfumes the morning breeze. When Conyngham inquires about "the other fellow," a traveler who came in with him the evening before, the General mildly replies, "He died this morning at six o'clock," and smilingly adds, "Of the same complaint," meaning that he has been shot by his orders. And throughout the story these contrasted sides of the General's character are consistently portrayed.

In "A Child of Nature" Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie uses this pleasing contrast:

When daisies were afield he was more active, but frozen rivulets and drifts of snow found him hardly less happy.

In "English Traits" Emerson speaks thus in contrast, when telling of the nation that gives the book its name:

They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse; not good in jewelry or mosaics, but the best iron-masters, colliers, wool-combers, and tanners in Europe.

In "Compensation," an essay by the same author, occurs this fine contrast:

Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen,—a morose ruffian with a dash of the pirate in him; nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters, who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooth his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and the feldspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

Macaulay in "The History of England" makes vivid and real by means of a contrast the meaning of the lifting of a siege:

Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man [in Londonderry]. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the supper of that evening.

By means of contrast Hawthorne, in "The House of the Seven Gables," enables the reader to see and hear Phoebe and the old lady with whom she is bargaining:

It was worth while to hear the croaking and hollow tones of the old lady and the pleasant voice of Phoebe, mingling in one twisted thread of talk; and still better, to contrast their figures,—so light and bloomy—so decrepit and dusky. . . . As for the bargain, it was wrinkled slyness and craft pitted against native truth and sagacity.

In Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Main-Travelled Roads" is a story called "A Day's Pleasure." In it Mrs. Markham goes with her husband from the sordid, comfortless farmhouse for a day in the straggling prairie town. She rides on top of the bags of wheat, a tattered quilt about the baby and herself. The husband goes to the elevators to sell the wheat. She sits in the grocery till she is ashamed to sit longer; she walks the streets till her arms are ready to drop

the child; she goes into the drug store, but she cannot stay, for the soda water makes her so thirsty and she has no money to buy; she returns to the grocery and eats the dry lunch; then she walks the streets again with the baby.

The scene changes. In a cottage near the grocery two men and a woman are finishing a dainty luncheon, the woman clad in cool, white garments. Mr. Hall is telling his eastern guest of his strange clients; but Mr. Otis is not interested. He sees through the window a forlorn, weary woman. He tells his hosts that he has seen her twice before during the day, and cannot get her disappointed face out of his mind. They go to the sitting room and light their cigars, when all at once Mr. Otis exclaims, "That woman came to town to-day to get a change, to have a little play spell, and she's wandering around like a starved and weary cat. I wonder if there is a woman in this town with sympathy enough and courage enough to go out and help that woman? The saloon-keepers, the politicians, and the grocers make it pleasant for the man—so pleasant that he forgets his wife. But the wife is left without a word."

Mrs. Hall drops her work and takes up her hat. The men go for a walk. "You look tired, Mrs. Markham; won't you come in a little while? I'm Mrs. Hall." And Mrs. Markham finally consents. Mrs. Hall takes the babe despite dirt and dust, they go into "the little sitting room, so dainty and lovely to the farmer's wife, and as she sinks into an easy chair she becomes faint and drowsy with the pleasure of it." The ache passes out of her back and the hot head ceases to throb. And there is some tea, and her eyes are soothed with the speckless housekeeping, the baby is shown so many, many pretty things, and catchy love-songs and simple melodies follow the opening of the piano; before they know it the sun is at the horizon and they are startled by the rattle of a stopping wagon, and the baby

is carried to the wagon, and Mr. Markham is urged to bring his wife in oftener, and Mrs. Hall calls "Good-night, dear," as the wagon clatters off.

The whole story rests upon a foundation of contrast. François Coppée's story "My Friend Meurtrier" is constructed on a similar plan. The narrator tells of Meurtrier as he knows him in the government office: fierce, tall, hairy-handed, boasting ever of his tremendous feats, outrowing the champions, overthrowing half a dozen bullies in a street mêlée, jumping the farthest, running the fastest, drinking the deepest, always overflowing with bluff and bluster and bravado, brimful of stories of broken teeth, blackened eyes, ugly falls, whacks below the belt.

But the narrator walks into the suburbs on a Sunday afternoon. As evening falls he glances through an open window and is enraptured with the picture presented by a happy, peaceful old lady sitting in her armchair. As he watches, entranced, he feels sure that some dutiful daughter has so carefully arranged the pillow and the footstool. But in the midst of his reverie who steps into the room but the formidable Meurtrier, a tiny silver coffee-pot in his terrible hairy hand, a poodle at his heels. He hears him speak: "Mamma, here is your coffee. I am sure you will find it nice to-night. The water was boiling well, and I poured it on drop by drop." The tone is ineffably tender. And he serves the saintly mother and comforts her as a dutiful daughter might have done.

The next morning, asked how he spent the evening before, Meurtrier tells a thrilling story of how he knocked down a terrible street rough with a single blow of his fist!

Guy de Maupassant's "Diamond Necklace" (in "The Odd Number"¹) is another story made up of contrasts. Mme. Loisel is the wife of a minor government clerk. She

¹ Harper & Brothers, New York.

is supremely unhappy. Her birth has compelled so modest a marriage, but her beauty and her nature call for the luxuries, the retinue, and the society that a wealthy marriage would have made possible. She dreams of these things, and of nothing else.

Her husband one evening brings an invitation to a magnificent government ball. It only adds to her despair. She has nothing to wear. His little savings will furnish a new gown. But she has no jewels. She borrows the diamond necklace of an old school friend.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavored to be introduced. . . . She was remarked by the minister himself.

But it ends. She sadly climbs the home stairway. She takes one last look into the mirror to see her glory. She screams! The necklace is gone!

It cannot be found. At a jeweller's one just like it is discovered. It costs 36,000 francs. The sum is borrowed and begged. The necklace is bought, and the owner knows nothing of the loss.

Then for ten years Mme. Loisel toils and drudges and slaves. Now she knows the meaning of need. She looks old, and her hands are red. Finally the debt is paid, and on a Sunday she takes a walk. She meets the old friend, Mme. Forestier. She speaks to her, but she is not recognized. She makes herself known, and tells her story.

"You say you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it then! They were very like!" And she smiled with a joy that was proud and naïve at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most five hundred francs!"

The final illustration is a selection from the "Medea" of Euripides, as translated by Michael Wodhull. In it the awful suffering of Jason's bride is made the more terrible by contrast with the superlative joy in which she is portrayed only a moment before.

Medea has been put aside by her husband, Jason, in order that he may marry the daughter of King Creon, and with her sons she has been ordered into banishment. Determined upon vengeance, she sends to the royal maiden by her sons a gorgeous vestment and a golden crown, ornaments made most deadly by her drugs, and begs that the lads be set free from the decree of exile. A messenger comes and tells the results:

"Soon as the princess saw
Thy glittering ornaments, she could resist
No longer, but to all her lord's requests
Assented, and before thy sons were gone
Far from the regal mansion with their sire,
The vest, resplendent with a thousand dyes,
Put on; and o'er her loosely floating hair
Placing the golden crown, before the mirror
Her tresses braided, and with smiles surveyed
Th' inanimated semblance of her charms:
Then rising from her seat, across the palace
Walked with a delicate and graceful step,
In the rich gifts exulting, and oft turned
Enraptured eyes on her own stately neck,
Reflected to her view.

"But now a scene
Of horror followed; her complexion changed,
And she reeled backward, trembling every limb;
Scarce did her chair receive her, as she sunk,
In time to save her falling to the ground.
One of her menial train, an aged dame,
Possessed with an idea that the wrath
Either of Pan or of some god unknown
Her mistress had invaded, in shrill tone
Poured forth a vow to Heaven, till from her mouth

She saw foam issue, in their sockets roll
Her wildly glaring eyeballs, and the blood
Leave her whole frame; a shriek, that differed far
From her first complaints, then gave she.

“In an instant
This to her father’s house, and that to tell
The bridgeroom the mischance which had befallen
His consort, rushed impetuous; through the dome
The frequent steps of those who to and fro
Ran in confusion did resound. But soon
As the fleet courser at the goal arrives,
She who was silent, and had closed her eyes,
Roused from her swoon, and burst forth into groans
Most dreadful, for ’gainst her two evils warred:
Placed on her head, the golden crown poured forth
A wondrous torrent of devouring flame,
And the embroidered robes, thy children’s gifts,
Preyed on the hapless virgin’s tender flesh;
Covered with fire she started from her seat
Shaking her hair, and from her head the crown
With violence attempting to remove,
But still more firmly did the heated gold
Adhere, and the fanned blaze with double lustre
Burst forth as she her streaming tresses shook;
Subdued by fate, at length she to the ground
Fell prostrate: scarce could anyone have known her
Except her father; for . . . that majestic face
Its wonted features lost, and blood with fire
Ran down her head in intermingled streams . . .

“ ’Twas a sight
Most horrible: all feared to touch the corpse,
For her disastrous end had taught us caution.”

In life, as has been said, such contrasts do appear. In the theatre a woman weeps inconsolably at the misery pictured on the stage. As she passes to the car, her escort stops to give a coin and a kind word to a shivering, wrinkled, beggar woman. His companion pulls him away. “Oh, come on, come on! I don’t see how you can bear to stand near such a miserably filthy creature, let alone speak to

her." Byron's mother at one moment throws a fire shovel at the head of her son, and the next is caressing the lad and weeping over him. A high school boy has too much "night work" to do to read to mother, but goes to skate at the "Gardens" with his chum without the least hesitation. A Decoration Day speaker, a minister of unusual powers, uses as his own an address printed in a volume by a famous orator.

In a land where biographies are printed under such titles as "From Rail-Splitter to President," or "From Canal Path to White House" it is useless to multiply illustrations. Contrasts are seen daily by all who have eyes to see. Contrast is a part of life, and is properly one of the tools of the writer. It may be used to show different sides of a person's character, may be used to set up against one another the characters of different persons, may be used to set up nature's mood in contrast with man's mood or actions, may set the acts of one class in opposition to the acts of another class, may in any manner set up black to be a foil for white, or *vice versa*. Its uses are too numerous to be catalogued. The young writer, however, should remember its power, and make frequent use of it.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. Write a sketch contrasting the different sides of a person's character.

Write a sketch contrasting the characters of two persons.

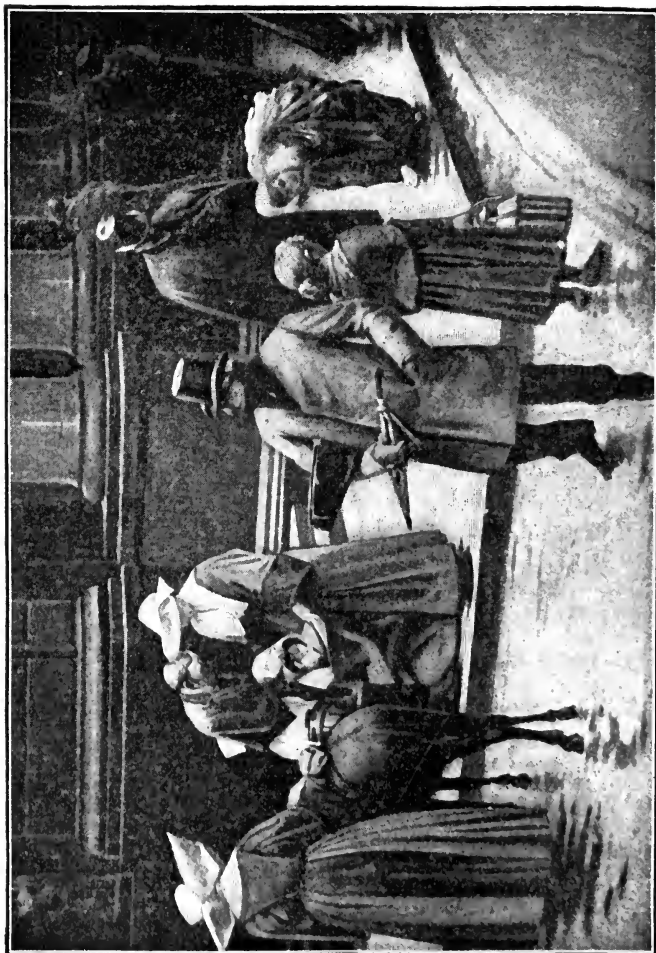
Write a sketch describing some contrast actually seen.

Bring in good illustrations of contrast from your reading. Find examples showing uses different from any shown in this chapter.

Bring in good illustrations of contrasts found in life.

Make a list of nature's moods, and suggest actions due to contrasted moods in man.

In two paragraphs contrast the Lincoln shown in the picture on page 38 with the Lincoln of 1861.



After the Picture by Rogent Lorenzale

AFTER THE BALL

Ex. II. You have had a letter from a friend. In it he says he does not see how you can be so intimate with Blank, whom he does not know but whom he has seen do something that seems very discreditable. Write to your friend, aiming to convince him that he is mistaken. Use several incidents—character hints—intended to change his feeling.

Write to a lecturer asking him what he will charge for a lecture to be given for the benefit of the reading room of your school, and asking what dates he has open during the month of March.

Write his reply.

Write a letter to a person who has failed to pay a bill you have sent him three times. Be so tactful that he cannot take offense, and yet so forceful that he will feel that he should pay the bill.

Write a postal card to a carpet-cleaning company asking them to send a wagon to your home. State time, number of carpets and rugs to be cleaned, and date by which they must be returned.

Write a postal to a department store asking for a catalogue of sporting goods or for samples of certain kinds of dress goods.

AFTER THE BALL

After the Picture by Rogent Lorenzale

Ex. I. Which persons here pictured have been guests at the ball? What is under the arm of the man in the centre? What is his business? Where has he been? Who are the women at the left, judging from their dress? What is the butler, or waiter, pouring into their bag? What will they do with these remnants? Why have they the donkey? What is the little girl with the pail doing on the street? To what social class does she belong? What different classes of society are here represented? What time is it? What kind of night has it been? Why your answer? Which person seems least influenced by the surroundings?

Ex. II. In a brief composition contrast the girl and the society belle; the musician and the gallant; the sisters of charity and the guests.

Write an account of an experience you have had in the night, or of an experience at a party.

Contrast the characters of the men living in the rooms pictured on pages 92 and 116.

CHAPTER XI

FORMS OF EXPRESSION

I

ALL ideas may be expressed in two general ways, in a way that appeals primarily to the mind, or intellect, and in a way that appeals primarily to the imagination, or feelings. The former may be called the Fact form of expression, or **Fact writing**, and the latter may be called the Feeling or Interpretative form of expression, or **Feeling or Interpretative writing**. In the illustrations that immediately follow the same idea is expressed, first, in the Fact form, and, second, in the Interpretative form:

I. I have many troubles.

II. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!—*Shakespeare in "Macbeth."*

I. It is full moon, and a clear, quiet night.

II. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, etc.—*Shakespeare in "Merchant of Venice."*

I. Burns's life was brief.

II. And this [Burns's life], too, alas, was but a fragment ! The plan of a mighty edifice had been sketched; some columns, porticoes, firm masses of building, stand completed; the rest more or less clearly indicated; with many a far-stretching tendency, which only studious and friendly eyes can now trace toward the purposed termination. For the work is broken off in the middle, almost in the beginning; and rises among us, beautiful and sad, at once unfinished and a ruin!—*Carlyle in "Essay on Burns."*

I. It was June.

II. The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
 In the pool drownsd the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees.—*Lowell*.

I. I did not change the language [of the old document.]

II. I did not dare to rub off a particle of the venerable rust that rather adorns and preserves, than destroys, the metal. It would be a profanation to touch with a tool the stones which construct the sacred altar of peace. I would not violate with modern polish the ingenuousness and noble roughness of these truly constitutional materials.—*Burke in "Speech on Conciliation."*

I. It was in early June.

II. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfuls of fragrant milk.—*George Eliot in "Silas Marner."*

The illustrations given, clearly show the advantage that the Interpretative form has over the Fact form as a medium for literary expression. They also show that the Interpretative form is used in the drama, in poetry, and in different kinds of prose. In fact, as has already been said, the Fact form, in itself, is almost valueless in literature.

By writing that appeals primarily to the intellect is meant simple fact statements, statements in which the thoughts to be conveyed from one mind to another are put in the most direct prose possible; as, *It is dark; It is autumn; I am going to New York; When I was in New York I met my friend Clark*. Such statements are intended merely to convey information. The writer has no wish to arouse the feelings. The aim is only to make known the fact for whatever value it may have in itself. If the feelings are in any way moved, it is only after the fact is understood;

it is a result of the fact, and not a result of the way in which the fact is stated.

In Feeling or Interpretative writing the purpose is just the opposite. The writer wishes the reader to feel his meaning and then, perhaps, to know it. This being the aim, he strives for some manner of expression that will kindle the feelings and attune them to his own feelings, realizing that if he can do this the facts will take care of themselves. Strange as the statement may at first seem, a fact may be made known both more accurately and more effectively by the Feeling form than by the Fact form. In conversation we are continually making fact statements, and then, perceiving that they have been ineffective, immediately repeating the same idea in the feeling manner; as, "*He is the wealthiest man in town; why, he has barrels of money;*" "*She is very ill; her life is hanging by a thread;*" "*The people crowded in; they seemed to swarm through the doorways;*" "*I was very sleepy; each of my eyelids weighed a ton;*" "*She's a happy girl; she is bubbling over with merriment all the time.*"

Other examples of a similar nature can be recalled without number by every observant person. Nor is it necessary to call attention to the fact that the second form is more suggestive than the first.

Every statement made in the Fact form can be made also in the Feeling form, and can be made in countless ways. It is this fact that renders it possible to make pleasing literature out of seemingly commonplace events. Although we naturally crave new experiences rather than familiar ones, the men of genius who in imagination have lived through all experiences and who are consequently able to satisfy our craving, are but few in number. But every human being looks at each experience through which he passes from an individual point of view, and if he is able

by vivid interpretation to put his readers into his own point of view, if he can express his commonplace experiences uniquely, he does something almost as good as that which is done by the genius. Every writer, every person young and old, has plenty of experience to interpret; whether he can make literature depends entirely on whether he can clothe these experiences, by means of feeling language, with suggestions and associations a little different from those in which they are ordinarily clothed. Some do this naturally; others acquire the power to do it; but the majority plod through life with very much less ability of this kind than is warranted by their other attainments.

Feeling or Interpretative writing, then, is a tool with which the learner should become consciously familiar. Nor is it something new and strange. We have all used it more or less ever since in babyhood we called the snow "cotton," or a fern dish and its contents "a pot of green feathers," or in more advanced years have declared that we were "nearly frozen" or "tired to death." A thousand times daily we unconsciously use interpretative expressions; to use them consciously will only make our power the greater, as we shall then know what sort of expressions to seek. As was said earlier in the book, all the work in visualization is a striving after the Feeling form of expression. So the purpose of this chapter is not to introduce the young writer to a stranger, but rather to make him better acquainted with an old friend.

II

An examination of the illustrations quoted at the beginning of this chapter will show that Interpretative writing is of two kinds. The sentences from the "Essay on

Burns," from the "Speech on Conciliation," and from "Macbeth" appeal to the feelings by means of potent figures of speech; while the sentences from Lowell and from "Silas Marner" show clearly the power to be obtained from the use of well chosen details that will be suggestive to the imagination. The lines from "The Merchant of Venice" combine the figure of speech and the suggestive detail, while in the Lowell verse and the "Silas Marner" passages the figurative expression is called in to render yet more suggestive the kindling details. In our study of Interpretative or Feeling writing, therefore, we shall consider it under the two general divisions, **Figurative writing** and **Detail writing**, a classification that will prove helpful and practical, even though not so accurate as a classification founded upon the author's purpose when choosing the form he employs.

As has been said earlier, a statement can be made more accurately and more effectively by means of Interpretative writing than by means of Fact writing. When in literature an author wishes to state a fact so as to make it known by way of the imagination or feelings he uses a figure of speech. The same thing is done continually in daily conversation. For example, when it is raining our acquaintances do not care to state the fact to us in the Fact way, as that is too profitless even for "small talk;" so, striving after the Figurative form, they tell us that "the bung must have come out," or "the heavens are leaking," or "Mother Nature is using her sprinkling can;" when it is hot "the mercury is climbing out of the tube," or "the furnaces are doing good work;" when it is cold "Jack Frost is making a visit," or "cold storage is now inexpensive," or "it is a harvest for the coal man;" when a business man fails "he is on financial rocks," while another is "swept on by a wave of fortune;" the politician "must have his finger in every pie" or "must

be shaking the plum tree;" the student is "a bookworm" or is "wrapped up in his books." So, "That simply breaks my heart," "He has fire in his eye," "My memory is short," "The music is sweet," "He has polished manners," "The sermon was dry," "It was a slip of the tongue," "He is running for office," and a thousand other sentences of the Figurative form are units of conversation used by all. Of course they have not the effectiveness of a figurative expression just from the mint, but they are more satisfactory than their corresponding Fact expressions.

With these homely illustrations in mind the student will readily see that **the Figurative form, the figure of speech, is always literally false**, or, to say it more strongly, is always an untruth if taken as a statement of fact. Men do not "run" for office; there is no "fire" in his eye; the music is not "sweet."

The Figurative form, the figure of speech, is chosen, however, not for its literal falsity, but for **its spiritual truth**.

When one man says to another "Viper!" it is not because the person addressed has any of the physical characteristics of a viper, but because he has the soul of a viper; he is spiritually a viper, and he would be true to his innermost nature if he had the body of a viper. The speaker, finding the same ideals outraged by the actions of such a man as are characteristically outraged by a viper, spiritually discerns the real character prompting such actions, and instinctively he cries out "Viper!"

A mother, affectionately calling her babe "a darling little kitten," in no way attributes to the child the physical nature of the kitten. She finds her ideals of cuddling helplessness, pleasing warmth, and cunning playfulness far more fully satisfied by the little one than by the kitten, but for lack of a more perfect interpretative term of endearment she uses

this one. The likeness is in spirit, and is spiritually discerned by the mother. Her statement is literally false but spiritually true.

A stretch of country without springs, wells, streams, or rain is in every way repellent. When a sermon brings about a similar impression, failing similarly to satisfy certain ideals (ideals are spiritual), we call it "dry." In a foot race every contestant, as he runs, is straining each muscle and nerve to the utmost in order that he may reach the tape first; when a man is straining similarly in order to attain an elective position we say that "he is running for office." As we watch him we spiritually discern that he and the runner are spiritually doing the same thing.¹ Therefore we say that a figure of speech, although literally false, is spiritually true.

Enough has already been said to show that the Figurative form is not a bit of lace or a frill, as some authors teach, which is attached to conversation or literature simply for the purpose of ornamentation. A special statement, however, will show more clearly its deep significance.

The particular characteristic that is spiritually discerned is a dominating characteristic. When a kitten is mentioned we must think of its cunning playfulness; when a viper is mentioned we must think of its venomousness. So the Figurative form really does something more, much more, than merely arouse the feelings by its suggestiveness: It bases upon a final principle the fact which it is presenting to the feelings; it shows a fact in its relation to an ultimate truth (see Chapter XVIII). As the viper is ever fatally venomous, so the man with its spiritual characteristics is ever deadly; as the kitten is ever playful, so the babe is ever full of sunshine; as the runner ever strives mightily,

¹ In a similar manner find the spiritual truth in each of the other Figurative form statements given so far in this chapter.

so with the office-seeker. The seemingly transient facts are thus linked to eternal truths.

The imagination is immediately touched by a truth, but only secondarily, if at all, by a fact. The fact statement "I am sad" does not appeal to the imagination, but the Figurative form "I am broken-hearted" links the fact with a truth and thus makes it slightly suggestive. So long as bitter sorrow is in the world it will manifest itself in the great nerves that centre about the heart, and "broken-hearted" will be suggestive and concrete, while "sad" is merely abstract and powerless. In like manner because sorrow is unpleasant we link the fact with its eternal truth by means of the word "bitter," as is done in the preceding sentence. So the qualities in iron are such that "an iron will" is splendidly interpretative, and when we say "Her eyes fairly danced" we find our feelings moved by the expression in somewhat the same manner that they are moved by a joyous dance.

Nor are these figures the only ones that might be used to raise to a higher plane the facts that they interpret. In each case a dozen or a hundred others will be no less effective. The mind that is fertile in discovering and using new interpretative expressions is the mind to which the reading and speaking world is forever indebted. Shakespeare had such a mind, and consequently myriads of his phrases have become world-wide units of expression. Such a mind, too, of greater or less degree, has every author had who has climbed to any fame.

As additional guides the following Figurative form sentences are quoted from Rudyard Kipling, and are changed into their corresponding Fact form:

"The day is new."—It is early in the day.

"I have seen the land from Delhi south awash with blood."—I have seen many battles in the country south of Delhi.

"A madness ate into all the army, and they turned against their officers."—The soldiers became angry and attacked their officers.

"All earth knew, and trembled."—The people generally knew of it and were alarmed.

"My cousin's blood is wet on my sabre."—I have killed my cousin.

"Our curses have the knack of biting home."—Our curses are always very unpleasant.

"But to none has my heart gone out as it has to thee."—But I have loved no other so well as thee.

Exercises.

Ex. I. *Change the following sentences from the Figurative to the Fact form. Also analyze each figure and determine the final principle with which it links the fact it interprets. Are the Fact statements more or less forcible than the Figurative? More or less pleasing?*

1. I am broken-hearted.
2. His name is on every tongue.
3. He has an iron will.
4. She flew down the street.
5. The people streamed in for an hour.
6. Her eyes fairly danced.
7. My heart was in my mouth all day.
8. The storm soon broke upon us.
9. The question chased the sleep from my eyes.
10. The wind swept all before it.

Ex. II. Bring in a list of at least ten Figurative form expressions that you hear in conversation, and reduce them to Fact form.

Ex. III. Examine some of the earlier selections in this book and change all Figurative form expressions into Fact form. Do the same with a page or more of "The Princess;" of Carlyle's "Essay on Burns;" of "The Vision of Sir Launfal;" of "The Merchant of Venice;" of "Silas Marner."

EX. IV. *Put the following Fact statements into Figurative form statements, giving especial attention to the italicized words:*¹

1. He reached the *fertile* plains of Italy.
2. The buildings are *decorated* with bunting.
3. His poetry *pleases* us.
4. I *refuse* your offer.
5. You have the *more logical* arguments.
6. Speak one *kind* word.
7. He is *brave*.
8. Ida was *weak*.
9. *Persuade* him.
10. A smile *was on* her face.
11. Her cheek was *red* with shame.
12. They listened *attentively*.
13. Come quick, while I *am* sorry.
14. The marble *was carved* into a statue.
15. It would *add to the* pleasure of his life.
16. This is the home *I was so* sorry to leave.
17. They made their lives *unpleasant with slavery*.
18. The primroses *are reflected* in the bright pool.
19. In the meadows *are* many cattle.
20. He *listened to* every word that she *spoke*.
21. When you say such things I *am much* excited.
22. Her eyes were *very* bright.
23. It is snowing.
24. It is autumn.
25. I am busy all day.

III

An examination of the following quotation from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables" will show that its power to make the reader see and hear and almost shiver, lies in its multitude of details, each of which, by its suggestiveness, helps to arouse the imaginary experience desired by the author:

Glistening sidewalks, with little pools of rain here and there along their unequal surface; umbrellas displayed ostentatiously

¹ See footnote on p. 162.

in the shop windows, as if the life of trade had concentrated itself in that one article; wet leaves of the horse-chestnut or elm trees, torn off untimely by the blast and scattered along the public way; an unsightly accumulation of mud in the middle of the street, which perversely grew the more unclean for its long and laborious washing;—these were the more definable points of a very somber picture. In the way of movement and human life, there was the hasty rattle of a cab or coach, its driver protected by a waterproof cap over his head and shoulders; the forlorn figure of an old man, who seemed to have crept out of some subterranean sewer, and was stooping along the kennel, and poking the wet rubbish with a stick, in quest of rusty nails; a merchant or two at the door of the post-office, together with an editor, and a miscellaneous politician, awaiting a dilatory mail; a few visages of retired sea-captains at the window of an insurance office, looking out vacantly at the vacant street, blaspheming at the weather, and fretting at the dearth as well of public news as local gossip.

In the first of the following selections the reader is made by means of details, to see a Roman street on a beautiful spring morning, while in the second he is enabled to experience a storm on the edge of an English forest:

To-day our journey to Subiaco properly begins. The jocund morning had called the beggars to their street-corners, and the women to the windows; the players of *morra* (a game probably as old as the invention of fingers), of chuck-farthing, and of bowls, had cheerfully begun the labors of the day; the plaintive cries of the chair-seaters, frog-venders, and certain other peripatetic merchants, the meaning of whose vocal advertisements I could never penetrate, quaver at regular intervals, now near and now far away; a solitary Jew with a sack over his shoulder, and who is never seen to stop, slouches along . . . ; men are bargaining for lettuce and endive; the slimy Triton [fountain] in the Piazza Barberini spatters himself with vanishing diamonds; a peasant leads an ass on which sits the mother with the babe in her arms,—a living flight into Egypt; in short, the beautiful spring day had awakened all of Rome that can awaken yet (for the ideal Rome waits for another morning), when we rattled along in our *carrettella* on the way to Palestrina.—*J. R. Lowell in "Fireside Travels."*

It thunders, and the great oak trembles; the heavy rain drops through the treble roof of oak and hawthorn and fern. Under

the arched branches the lightning plays along, swiftly to and fro, or seems to, like the swish of a whip, a yellowish-red against the green; a boom, a crackle as if a tree fell from the sky. The thick grasses are bowed, the white florets of the wild parsley are beaten down, the rain hurls itself, and suddenly a fierce blast tears the green oak leaves and whirls them out into the fields; but the bumble-bee's home, under moss and matted fibers, remains uninjured.—*Richard Jefferies in "The Pageant of Summer."*

Such writing as this, writing that gives us moving experiences by the use of details, is what is meant by Detail writing.¹

Writing of the Fact form makes the reader know first and feel afterwards, if it makes him feel at all. To say "There is a famine in India" makes the fact known primarily, and secondarily, if the reader keeps the fact in mind and ponders over it, may result in some feeling, as the realization of what a famine means comes over one. Writing of the Figurative and of the Detail Forms, however, reverses the order, making the reader feel first and know afterwards. We feel the street, the ride through the city, and the storm, and get the fact secondarily, if we think it worth while to get it all; the emotion kindled is far better than any fact.

As has been brought forward, the Figurative form makes known its fact in its relation to some principle that is eternally true. The Detail form makes known its fact chiefly in relation to the feelings, the sympathies, the imagination. The one purpose of Detail writing is to make the reader sympathetically live through the experience that the author is interpreting. Its aim is to make the reader feel as the author feels. A passage in Tolstoi's "What Is Art?" states it well:

A boy, experiencing, let us say, fear from meeting a wolf, relates this encounter, and in order to call up in others the feeling

¹ Determine every detail in each of the three selections quoted. Note whether any of the details are given an added suggestiveness by being expressed in figurative language.

experienced by him, depicts himself, his condition before the encounter, the circumstances, the wood, his unconcern, and afterwards the look of the wolf, its movements, the distance between him and the wolf, and so forth. [Notice that to do this the boy must use suggestive details.] All this, if the boy in telling it lives over again the feelings he experienced, affects the hearers, and makes them live through everything which the narrator lived through—all this is art. If the boy did not see a wolf, but was afraid of one, and, wishing to call forth in others the feeling experienced by him, invented the meeting with the wolf, and told it in such a way as to call up the same feeling in his hearers by the narrative, as he himself experienced in imagining the wolf—then this is also art.

The writing by means of which the boy makes his readers or hearers feel as he himself felt is writing of the Detail form.

In the heart of a writer are feelings that are crying out for expression, and if he is successful in so voicing them that the heart of the reader is kindled to an experience of them, he must use the Detail form, for a feeling cannot be told; it can only be suggested by the associations carried by potent details. By appealing to the imagination through any one or through all of the senses the author strives so to visualize the experience that the reader will participate in it. The aim, then, of the Detail form is to electrify one soul with the feelings, emotions, passions, sorrows, delights, of another soul.

With the Detail form the artist skilled in words paints pictures more brilliant than any that brush can spread on canvas. He supplies his reader with wings that carry him to the Nile of Cleopatra, to the Elsinore of Hamlet, to the Kenilworth Castle of Leicester, to the Edinburgh of Burns, to the England of Sir Roger or of Silas Marner, to the Rome of Brutus, so visualizing these far-away times and places that they are of the to-day and of the forever rather than of the long ago. In like manner he visualizes love so that

the heart of the reader thrills and melts; anger so that his brow clouds and his fingers clench; self-sacrifice and loyalty so that his pulses throb and his eyes are misty; wonder, sorrow, hate, ambition, avarice,—whatever emotion the writer touches the reader undergoes.

But it is not necessary to go into the exalted realm of literature in order to find the Detail form in current use. Whenever a reporter strives to make the reader feel as those felt who were present at a football game, a regatta, a national nominating convention, a fire, a tilt in Congress, a capture of criminals, a wreck, a wedding, a reception, he struggles after the Detail form; and if a reporter hopes to make a success at his work he must at least to a degree master whatever secrets lie at the bottom of effective writing of this form. And the main secret, of course, is the suggestive power that is ever present with concrete details. Given a hint, the imagination pictures the whole. With some ability to select the details that will suggest, and with an undaunted determination to use these details in such manner as will make them effective with the reader, a writer will attain to no small degree of success. And both these essentials can be acquired by the young person who will consciously and persistently strive to acquire them.

The Detail form of expression is also the secret of good conversation. Without the power to make one's hearers imaginatively live through the experiences talked about, one can never attain a reputation as a ready and interesting conversationalist. One can almost hear Irving as he tells of a visit to Sleepy Hollow:

I entered the hollow with a beating heart. Contrary to my apprehension, I found it but little changed. . . . There were the same little farms and farm-houses, with their old hats for the house-keeping wren; their stone walls, moss-covered buckets, and long balancing-poles. There were the same little rills, whimpering

down to pay their tribute to the Pocantico; while that wizard stream still kept on its course as of old, through solemn woodlands and fresh green meadows; nor were there wanting joyous holiday boys to loiter along its banks as I had done, throw their pinhooks in the stream, or launch their mimic barks.

IV

It was stated earlier that every statement made in the Fact form can also be made in the Feeling or Interpretative form. The statement may now be made even more definite: Every statement made in the Fact form can also be made in both the Figurative and in the Detail form. Some sentences written by high-school pupils make possible a simple and fairly satisfactory comparison of the three forms. The sentences given are the first constructive work of the kind done by pupils who, for several lessons, had been examining "The Princess" for the different forms:

Fact. It is cold.

Figurative. The mercury is retreating into the bulb.

The air is biting.

Jack Frost has stolen in and decorated the windows.

Detail. The snow crunched under my feet.

They came in with rosy red cheeks and tingling fingers.

Merely to touch the frosty pump handle sent the chills chasing each other up and down my back.

Fact. I am going to New York.

Figurative. To-morrow the metropolis will welcome me within her gates.

Detail. A night in a stuffy sleeper, and then the bustle and clang and din and crowds of Broadway.

Fact. It is winter.

Figurative. Jack Frost is making his yearly visit.

Mother Earth has wrapped herself in her soft white blanket.

Detail. Softly, silently, flake by flake, the snow piles up against the window pane.

The tinkle of bells, the ring of skates, the shouts of whizzing coasters, all came to me as I crunched my way through the snow.

The black, leafless trees stand silent in the forest, as though mourning the loss of the restful song no longer murmured by the now ice-bound brook.

Fact. It is dark.

Figurative. The lamp of day has gone out.

Detail. I bump my head on an open door, knock a chair over, run into a table so hard that the china jingles, rattles, and then crashes, and finally reach the mantel and get my hand on a match.

Fact. I met my friend Clark in New York.

Figurative. In the metropolis I stumbled upon my friend Clark.

Detail. Homesick and tired, I was climbing the steps to the Third Avenue Elevated, when all at once a slap on the shoulder, a cheery "Hello, there!" a warm hand around mine, and the smiling face of dear old Clark shone down on me.

Fact. I am weary.

Figurative. This never-ending day has completely sapped me.

For me everything looks gray this evening.

For once my batteries are just about dead.

Detail. I nodded all the way home in the car, I went to sleep while eating my supper, and now that I have stumbled up the stairs I don't believe I can get my clothes off to go to bed.

My feet are heavy, my limbs are stiff, my shoulders ache, I am continually yawning, and my eye-lids seem weighted with lead.

Eleven miles and back on horseback, a three-mile tramp through the woods, in the water seven hours casting for trout, and not a scale to show for it all,—well, that's just the way I feel.

A much more satisfactory comparison becomes possible by bringing together brief quotations from well known authors:

Fact. It is snowing.—*John Burroughs.*

Figurative. The storm . . . became a wild conflagration of wind and snow.—*John Burroughs.*

Detail. Out of doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out, near-by objects are hidden; there are white curtains above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm. Your friend leaves your door, and he is wrapped away in white obscurity, caught up in a cloud, and his footsteps are obliterated. Travelers meet on the road, and

do not see or hear each other till they are face to face. The passing train, half a mile away, gives forth a mere wraith of sound. The whistle is deadened as in a dense wood.—*John Burroughs in "A Snow-Storm."*

Fact. It was a pleasant day.—*Washington Irving.*

Figurative. It was a genial day as I approached that fated region.—*Washington Irving.*

Detail. The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foliage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple, and the sloops, with drooping sails, slept on its glassy bosom. Columns of smoke from burning brushwood rose lazily from the folds of the hills on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid-air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noontide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate, rather than to disturb, the drowsy quiet of the scene.—*Washington Irving in "Sleepy Hollow."*

Fact. The night was very cold.

Figurative. A night as keen as ever England felt.—*R. D. Blackmore.*

Detail. That night such a frost ensued as we had never dreamed of. . . . The kettle by the fire froze, and the crock upon the hearth-checks; many men were killed, and cattle rigid in their head-ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound which never I had heard before, neither since have heard (except during that same winter), the sharp yet solemn sound of trees burst open by the frost-blow. Our great walnut lost three branches. . . . And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many score of ash-trees. But why should I tell all this? The people who have not seen it (as I have) will only make faces and disbelieve, till such another frost comes, which perhaps may never be.—*D. R. Blackmore in "Lorna Doone."*

Fact. The crowds were delighted at the rescue.

Figurative. The spectators now went crazy with delight.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

Detail. Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop and drove away, yelling like a Comanche, to

relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.—*Jacob A. Riis in "Heroes who Fight Fire."*

Fact. It was April.

Figurative. This wintry purgatory wore away.—*Francis Parkman.*

Detail. The icy stalactites that hung from the cliffs fell crashing to the earth; the clamor of the wild geese was heard; the bluebirds appeared in the naked woods; the water-willows were covered with their soft caterpillar-like blossoms; the twigs of the swamp-maple were flushed with ruddy bloom; the ash hung out its black tufts; the shad-bush seemed a wreath of snow; the white stars of the blood-root gleamed among dank, fallen leaves; and in the young grass of the wet meadows the marsh-marigolds shone like spots of gold.—*Francis Parkman in "The Pioneers of France in the New World."*¹

V

An examination of the Detail form writing quoted thus far will show many sentences that look like Fact form. Indeed, when beginning the examination of literature in order to determine the different forms of writing, not infrequently pupils call Detail form sentences, Fact form. The sentences contain no figures of speech and are statements of fact; why are they Detail form rather than Fact form? In each instance it will be found that such sentences state their facts, not for the sake of the facts themselves, but for the sake of some suggestion that resides in the facts; for the sake of the associations that go with the facts; for the sake of the experiences of which the facts are potential.

Or, to make the explanation in another way, sentences always carry with them something of the spirit that gives

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them birth. When that spirit is simply a desire to state a fact, the resulting sentence will be of the Fact form; when it is a spirit of "high seriousness," a desire to link a fact to some eternal principle, a wish to state a fact in as effective and suggestive a manner as possible, the resulting sentence will be of the Figurative form; but when it is a spirit of inspiration and delight accompanied by a wish to share the feeling, the result will be Detail form sentences. Consequently in all reading the first aim must be to determine the spirit of the author in the passage under consideration. Authors are not at all times prompted by the same spirit. As a rule Emerson is under the spell of "high seriousness," but in his writings are found some of the most beautiful Detail form passages in all literature. Of Hawthorne just the opposite is true; as a rule he longs to share with his reader an experience of inspiration and delight, but occasionally this gives way to a spirit that would deal with the eternal verities. The power quickly to come into touch with the spirit of an author is the power to read with appreciation.

But concrete illustration is far better than theory. Let us turn to the work of some authors skilful with the Detail form. In the Fact form the practical mind would say, "It has rained every day for a week." But let Hawthorne visualize a week's rain by means of suggestive details:

The great willow tree had caught and retained among its leaves a whole cataract of water, to be shaken down at intervals by the frequent gusts of wind. All day long, and for a week together, the rain was drip-drip-dripping and splash-splash-splashing from the eaves and bubbling and foaming into the tubs beneath the spout. The old, unpainted shingles of the house and outbuildings were black with moisture and the mosses of ancient growth upon the walls looked green and fresh, as if they were the newest things and afterthought of time. The usually mirrored surface of the river was blurred by an infinity of rain-drops; the whole landscape had a completely water-soaked appearance, conveying

the impression that the earth was wet through like a sponge; while the summit of a wooded hill, about a mile distant, was enveloped in a dense mist, where the demon of the tempest seemed to have his abiding-place and to be plotting still direr inclemencies.

But this master needs no score of lines to suggest such an experience. When he says "a long spell of sulky rain," his one detail being expressed by a figurative word, he is almost as magical in arousing the feelings as he is in the longer passage; and the same is true in the words, "Not a twig of foliage there but would dash a little shower into our faces." Here he visualizes through the sense of touch; through what senses does he make his suggestions in the other passages?

To make known the fact, the unimaginative mind would declare, "The sun rose," while the mind dominated by "high seriousness" might say, "Day broke from under ground." Tennyson, however, caring nothing for the fact, but being enraptured with the beauty of the scene and wishing to kindle in the reader something of his own joy, to set his pulses a-tingling and his soul a-singing, bursts forth in "The Princess,"

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold,

and in "Maud,"

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

Mr. Kipling in "William the Conqueror" is primarily aiming to make his reader feel how the Government cares for the famine sufferers in India, but occasionally in a tell-

ing line he makes the reader realize emotionally what a famine means. For example:

She woke refreshed to feed loathsome black children, scores of them, wastrels picked up by the wayside, their bones almost breaking their skin, terrible and covered with sores;

and again:

There had been many little burials along his route—one cannot burn a dead baby—many mothers who had wept when they did not find again the children they had trusted to the care of the Government.”

In the following from Mr. Smith’s “The Lady of Lucerne” there is no possibility of mistaking the author’s intention. He wishes us to feel, not to know. No communication of fact is ever couched in language of this kind. Many of the details used are of so elusive a nature that they can be caught and made concrete and effective only by figures of speech; consequently the figures of speech are really Detail form and not Figurative form. A passage so full of suggestive details must of course go to the feelings. The scene is the old church at Lucerne at the dusk of evening, when the grand organ is being played:

Suddenly I was aware that the stillness [that had thus far dominated the church] was broken by a sound faint as a sigh, delicate as the first breath of a storm. Then came a great sweep growing louder, the sweep of deep thunder tone with the roar of the tempest, the rush of the mighty rain, the fury of the avalanche, the voices of the birds singing in the sunlight, the gurgle of the brooks, and the soft cadence of the angelus calling the peasants to prayers. Then, a pause and another burst of melody, ending in profound silence, as if the door of heaven had been opened and as quickly shut. Then a clear voice springing into life, singing like a lark, rising, swelling—up—up—filling the church—the roof—the sky! Then the heavenly door thrown wide, and the melody pouring out in a torrent, drowning the voice. Then above it all, while I sat quivering, there soared like a bird in the air, singing as it flew,

one great, superb, vibrating, resolute note, pure, clear, full, sensuous, untrammelled, dominating the heavens: not human, not divine; like no woman's, like no man's, like no angel's ever dreamed of,—the vox humana.

And what is the effect of this music? See its suggestiveness, its power to call from an almost forgotten past the emotions that have thrilled, saddened, aroused, inspired, crushed:

It did not awaken in me any feeling of reverence or religious ecstasy. I only remember that the music took possession of my soul. That beneath and through it all I felt the vibrations of all the tragic things that come to men and women in their lives. Scenes from out an irrelevant past swept across my mind. I heard again the long winding note of the bugle echoing through the pines, the dead in uneven rows, the moon lighting their faces. I caught once more the cry of the girl my friend loved, he who died and never knew. I saw the quick plunge of the strong swimmer, white arms clinging to his neck, and heard once more that joyous shout from a hundred throats. And I could still hear the hoarse voice of the captain with drenched book and flickering lantern, and shivered again as I caught the dull splash of the sheeted body dropped into the sea.

In order to express a sentiment, particularly at the beginning of a composition or of a chapter, the Detail form is often used *without a verb*. For example, Dickens opens a chapter in "The Old Curiosity Shop" thus:

Lighted rooms, lighted fires, cheerful faces, the music of glad voices, words of love and welcome, warm hearts, and tears of happiness—what a change is this!

In describing a castle in "A Tale of Two Cities" the same author writes,

A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions in all directions.

A chapter in the same novel opens after this manner:

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it, but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency towards an appearance of vegetating unwillingly, a dejected disposition to give up and wither away.

A newspaper writer thus begins his description of the opening of Congress:

Washington, December 5, 1904. A hum of conversation in the galleries; occasional bursts of laughter from the floor; Republicans good-naturedly chaffing their unfortunate Democratic colleagues; beautiful women leaning coquettishly over the balustrades, exchanging glances with their friends below; statesmen lounging in the smoking-rooms, swapping stories and campaign experiences—mostly true ones.

Everything aglow with color and life and light. Floral pieces covering desks and aisles, and overflowing into the lobbies; guides eagerly pointing out the celebrities to the sight-seers in their charge; fashionably gowned women and smartly attired men in the private galleries reserved for friends of the President, of the diplomatic corps, of members of Congress.

VI

Besides real interpretative writing, there is a false or counterfeit interpretation. This sometimes consists of nothing except words, long, unusual words, helped out perhaps by the solemn-form pronouns and the *-eth* verb-endings. Such writing is often called bombast, and is resorted to by shallow minds in the hope of giving to unimportant ideas some power and weight. Another form of false interpretation, and one that is often mistaken by young readers and writers for real interpretation, is called euphuism, or "fine writing." In this, also, long words are used, but they are more likely to be florid and poetic, words filled with asso-

ciations and suggestions that are not spiritually true to the subject being considered.

A bank teller, accustomed to handling gold and silver and bank notes, is able invariably to detect a counterfeit coin simply by its "feel," and very often in the same way he detects a counterfeit note. Practically never is he deceived by a counterfeit, no matter how perfect it may be in execution. So it is with the reader who has accustomed himself to the true in Figurative and Detail writing, as it is found in the masters. The moment he reads a line that is counterfeit he detects it, not by any individual fault, but by the general "feel." It is perhaps as impossible to explain how to detect counterfeit interpretation as it is to tell how to recognize counterfeit coins and bills. The power to do each must be developed by means of much handling of the true.

It naturally follows, then, that the young writer should make a careful study of some masters of interpretation in order that he may acquire the power of determining just what is counterfeit, both in what he reads and in what he writes. For young people are very prone to use "fine-writing," so prone in fact that some text-books have endeavored to guide students away from all interpretative writing for fear of developing only a power of making counterfeits. This is no more wise than it would be for the government to stop printing bills and stamping coins because there are those who will counterfeit them. To know the difference between real and counterfeit interpretative writing is to have power over one of the great differences between good literature and bad. So, too, it is to give the ambitious writer a standard by which to compare his own productions with the work of the immortals. Nothing is more effective in convincing the mere rhymster that he is not a poet.

The last words in a discussion of the Interpretative form of expression, therefore, should be a warning against being deceived by "light" coin. In all writing let the experience be real, and the interpretation is more likely to be spiritually true. As a rule young writers should not try to interpret imaginary experiences; they should confine their work to experiences that they have really had, and that are recent or very vivid in the memory. In August to attempt to visualize a snowstorm and a zero day is to invite interpretation that is spiritually false; perhaps, too, that is literally false. Accuracy of judgment for determining what is spiritually false comes only with observant study of the masters.

Exercises.

EX. 1. *The following quotations are of the three different forms. Determine to which class each belongs, and change each statement to the two other forms :¹*

1. Use the short Saxon words.
2. Big words are the tombs in which we bury our ideas.
3. Everybody was happy.
4. A smile played about his lips.
5. The sun kissed the peaches till their cheeks blushed rosy red.
6. The lesson is hard.
7. The tears rained down her cheeks.
8. The truth burned deeper and deeper into his soul.
9. Bright little pansies smiled at us, and the leaves were dancing to the music of the breezes.
10. We had a pleasant voyage.

¹ TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—More or less of a mastery of the Figurative and Detail forms is only a matter of practice. One or two fact statements should be given to the class daily, for a series of weeks or months, to be changed into both the Figurative form and the Detail form. The effect will soon be manifest in an improvement in style. Call attention to the fact that words taken from the human plane will make Figurative form statements about animals and things, and that words from these lower planes become interpretative when raised to the higher plane. Which is done more frequently? Figures of speech are really words taken from one department of thought into another for the purpose of expressing a spiritual meaning.

11. Ever after the small violence done rankled in him and ruffled all his heart.

12. I love more, because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together.

13. Of all that is written I love only that which the writer wrote with his blood.

14. The Conquest laid the bridge by which the culture of the Continent passed over.

15. Then came autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along.

16. "Yes, indeed; my life was sweeter for that honey."

17. On this side the river an obelisk of granite has grown up from the soil that was fertilized with British blood.

18. The revival of classical studies [in the Elizabethan period] . . . suggested Latin and Greek words as the readiest and most malleable metal, or rather as so many ready-made coins requiring only a slight national stamp to prepare them for the proposed augmentation of the currency of the language.

19. A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.

20. But his anger against the captain fairly poisoned his life.

21. These little domestic calamities gave spice to our delightful home life.

22. No other sound was heard.

23. The brook, vocal, with here and there a silence, ran by sallowy rims.

24. Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me.

25. And here the warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth broke from a bower of vine and honey-suckle.

26. And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

27. The winds are dead.

28. The audience was already seated.

29. All at once the anger ran out of John Harkless. He was a hard man for anger to tarry with.

30. It was this poem [Locksley Hall], more than any other, which lifted Tennyson beyond the admiration of a narrow circle and opened to him the heart of the world.

31. Her cheeks had lost the rose.

32. Then, in the boyhood of the year,
 Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere,
 Rode through the coverts of the deer,
 With blissful treble ringing clear.

33. This was five years ago.

34. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, . . .

You changed a wholesome heart to gall.

35. It is difficult for men to believe that the men . . . toiling at their side . . . can be made of finer clay than themselves.

36. The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that gleamed so bright,
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth.—*Lowell*.

37. It is joy to work.

38. It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart.—*Lowell*.

39. An educated man stands in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him!—*Carlyle*.

40. A true poet soul; for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! Tears lie in him [Burns], and consuming fire, as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud.—*Ibid*.

41. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom, many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; and light and heat shed on him from high places would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing might have lived and died with some fewer pangs.—*Ibid*.

42. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa fountain [the poetry of Burns] will also arrest our eye; for this also is of nature's own and most cunning workmanship; bursts from the depths of the earth with a full, gushing current into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters and muse among its rocks and pines!—*Ibid*.

43. So spake the grey-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus, where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast for ever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.—*Butcher and Lang's translation of Homer's "Odyssey."*

44. But Odysseus of many counsels had lifted the great bow and viewed it on every side, and even as when a man that is skilled in the lyre and in minstrelsy, easily stretches a cord about a new peg, after tying at either end the twisted sheep-gut, even so Odysseus straightway bent the great bow, all without effort, and took it in his right hand and proved the bow-string, which rang sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow.—*Ibid.*

45. Come on, sir; here's the place. Stand still.

How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.—*Shakespeare in "King Lear."*

46. So saying, he stepped to the stone basin, in which the waters of the fountain as they fell formed bubbles which danced in the white moonlight, and took so long a draught as if he had meant to exhaust the spring.—*Scott in "Ivanhoe."*

47. But let my due feet never fail

To walk the studious cloister's pale,

And love the high embowed roof,

With antique pillars massy-proof,

And storied windows richly dight,

Casting a dim religious light.—*Milton in "Il Penseroso."*

48. I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary

birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you step but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which, from time to time, are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.—*Addison in "The Coverley Ghost."*

*Ex. II. Raise the following Fact statements to the Figurative and Detail forms:*¹

1. The army attacked the city in the night.
2. It will soon be autumn.
3. The statements were unpleasant to her.
4. The sun shone through the ivy.
5. He is wealthy.
6. The sunshine illuminated the room.
7. She can pack more in a trunk than I can.
8. How is it that you are familiar with so many polysyllabic words?
9. The moon is in sight and then behind a cloud.
10. Crowds of people hurried to the scene of the wreck.
11. Let us get on this car.
12. I passed her without speaking to her.
13. Is n't she lovable?
14. I know the way.
15. She is popular.
16. I was sorry for her.
17. He has cultivated those hills and planted them with orchards.
18. His expression indicated that he was guilty.
19. They insisted that I should not go.
20. I was very sleepy.
21. His face is wrinkled with care.
22. I heard the wind blowing.
23. You had better watch her.
24. She ran in breathing rapidly.

¹ TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—The footnote on page 162 applies again at this exercise. It may be well to have the class re-read Chapter V, in order to impress again the necessity of being absolutely concrete in selecting details, and Chapter VII, on word suggestions and associations.

25. There was moss on the logs.

26. She always remembered those last words.

27. The wind could be heard blowing through the branches of the trees.

EX. III. *Examine several of the themes written earlier and substitute Figurative or Detail form words and expressions for ineffective Fact form expressions.*

EX. IV. *In a paragraph or brief theme use the Detail form to interpret or visualize:¹*

An April shower; an October storm; a winter morning;
Morning or evening at the seashore for one who has not seen the ocean;

The woods after several early autumn frosts;

Your experience in a runaway or street car collision;

Your feelings at hearing a wonderful vocalist, a noted orchestra, or an eminent pianist;

The scene in a rolling mill, a steel mill, or a blast furnace at night;

The view of a great city by day or by night from a near-by hill or mountain;

Your feelings as you stand before a great picture or piece of sculpture;

Your feelings at the wedding of your only brother or sister;

Your feelings when the house was on fire; when you were driven from your home by a flood; when you came home in the winter and found the water pipes burst; when the window curtains took

¹ TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—For a more exact treatment of the three forms of writing see L. A. Sherman's edition of "The Princess." There it is shown that Figurative writing is interpretative of final truth (see Chapter XVIII of this book) and that Detail writing is interpretative of final beauty; and there the names Truth writing and Sympathetic or Beauty writing are given respectively to these forms; or rather to what in a general way is covered by the Figurative and Detail forms. These names are used in this book, as they seem more practical and helpful in constructive work.

After completing this chapter it will be wise to devote some weeks to a careful examination of a part of "The Princess," determining the form of every clause and phrase, and of many individual words. In general Tennyson is under the spell of inspiration and delight, and uses the Detail form. Often a passage that must be considered, as a whole, of the Detail form, will contain words that are manifestly of the Figurative form. Such study will do much toward giving pupils power to appreciate the spirit in which an author writes. A similar examination of a few pages of Hawthorne ("Mosses from an Old Manse"), Lamb (see page 296), Carlyle ("Burns"), and Emerson ("Nature") will give a yet wider power.

Hyperbole. Each of my eyelids weighed a ton.

The mate was as impervious to cold as a polar bear.—
J. R. Lowell.

It has been said that the Figurative form is effective because the imagination is immediately touched by the truth to which the figure links its fact, but is touched only secondarily, if at all, by the fact. This is not an explanation; it is rather another way of saying that we have been so created that we prefer to get hold of facts in this seemingly indirect way; and no further explanation seems possible. As soon as a reader finds his author using a figure of speech, his imagination becomes alert to discover all possible associations and suggestions accompanying the word, in order to find the spiritually true element for which the word is chosen; because, as has been brought out, this single element is the gold, while for this occasion the rest of the meaning is dross.

To say "Behind the boat is an old sunny wall covered with a vine" has some value because of its three details, and imaginatively we get something of a picture of the wall. The alert author, however, knows how much well chosen figures of speech will add, and writes thus:

Behind this boat is a sun-scorched wall of broken brick, caressed all day by a tender old mother of a vine, who winds her arms about it and splashes its hot cheeks with sprays of cool shadow.

This statement, full of words that are literally false, is far more effective with the imagination, for the spiritually true elements in the literally false words are very suggestive and pleasing. The word *scorched* and all that follows the word *brick* is absolutely false; yet its appeal to our experiences is so welcome that we find it very effective. An August day has made us feel the delights of cool shadow; a hot stove or perhaps a fever-flushed cheek has given us

power to appropriate the spiritual element in *scorched*, while a soothing hand has enabled us to appreciate the tender mother caresses, and many a summer or sick-bed experience has vivified *splashes* for us. All these experiences put us into such sympathy with the vine-caressed wall that we feel as though we were in Venice and were sharing the experience thus crystallized.

In "The Princess" Tennyson says that the Prince's father

"started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, *snowed it down*," etc.

Although we know that the italicized word is literally false, it nevertheless goes to the imagination with peculiar power. It forces upon our spiritual sight a snowstorm in which great flakes are not falling,—they are fairly driven down by the anger of the blast; and in an instant we see the polished floor about the king whitened with the snow. If we at all cognize the incident in fact terms, it is only after we have experienced this storm. Tennyson wished to present the fact in a pleasing rather than in a prosaic manner; and that the pleasing way is also the thoroughly strong way becomes at once apparent when we express the fact by saying, "He tore the king's letter into bits and threw them to the floor." Here the meaning is unchanged, but both the beauty and the force are gone.

This statement brings forward once more a fact of so much importance that a repetition is warranted. The figure of speech is not a mere adornment to literature. Some writers go so far as to say that its principal use is to add beauty, just as delicately carved capitals, bosses, and gargoyles add beauty to a cathedral. Such erroneous statements should not go unchallenged. The figure of speech does add beauty, but it should never be used for that purpose alone. When used with no higher purpose the result

must be "fine-writing." If it does not add power at the same time that it adds beauty it is worse than valueless. It is a natural form of speech, and the strongest and most beautiful figures are heard among uneducated people who never think of ornament when they speak. Tennyson in a letter says:

I have known an old fish-wife, who had lost two sons at sea, clench her fist at the advancing tide on a stormy day, and cry out, "Ay! roar, do! how I hates to see thee show thy white teeth!" Now if I had adopted her exclamation and put it into the mouth of some old woman in one of my poems, I daresay the critics would have thought it original enough, but would most likely have advised me to go to Nature for my old woman and not to my own imagination; and indeed it is a strong figure.

The figure of speech is also a necessity. The number of words in any language is so limited that the transfer of meanings accomplished by figures is requisite in order to convey the meanings to be conveyed. Naturally, visible things were first named when the making of language was going on, and when it came to naming the invisible, the unseen, the abstract, of necessity words were again and again transferred from the realm of the seen, and this process is still going on. For example, in this paragraph the words *transfer*, *convey*, *making*, *came*, *realm*, and *going on* are illustrations. These words originally were used to refer only to things seen, and here they are applied to abstract ideas, the invisible. Such figures are of course without particular suggestive power, adding practically no beauty and having nothing of momentum beyond that found in the plainest prose. They have lost the color that distinguished them in their early figurative use, and so are called faded figures; yet once they were as unique as Tennyson's *snowed*, or as the *white teeth* given by the old fish-wife to the waves.

In the treatment of figures of speech in the Introduction to his edition of "The Princess," Professor L. A. Sherman says:

When we are old enough to recognize modesty and shyness in girls and children, so as almost to take these qualities for granted at sight, we begin to discern the same qualities peering out at us in manifestations below the human. So we find ourselves seeing and saying . . . that the lily or the violet is shy, and the poppy bold-faced and brazen. . . . When we discern spiritual qualities first among mankind, we extend our acquaintance with them *downward*, as just illustrated. When we see them first in outside things,—and this happens much more frequently, we extend our acquaintance with them *upward*, as shown by the figures *pure, cold, green, smooth, slippery, stiff, callow, crabbed, crooked, cross, ruffled*, and numberless others.

The average young person, and older person too, perhaps, has an idea that the figure of speech is something exalted and wonderful, the private property of the poet, orator, and famous stylist, something not to be touched by the pen or tongue of the uninitiated. Such an idea, as has been stated, is wrong. Figures are in use in newspaper and conversation to a degree that will surprise one who has given the fact no thought. Nor does this statement refer to faded figures; new, strong, original figures are to be met every day. The picturesque language of the baseball reports supplies them in startling number and in meaning that is Greek to the unlearned. Every reporter is continually striving after them, and every interesting conversationalist is ever using them.

From all this may be deduced the principle already referred to, that figures of speech should be sought, both in conversation and in writing. Nothing gives more piquancy, life, and strength.

The advice never to use figures of speech except when they force themselves upon one, seems to be mistaken. It

is much better to stop and think out a unique, vivid metaphor than to be satisfied with a prosaic, colorless expression. The hours given to such search will yield an ample reward. Nothing is more effective in giving a style vigor and brilliancy. Mr. Kipling's individuality of style comes from a mastery of this phase of the writer's art more, possibly, than from any other one thing. The same, perhaps, may be said of Shakespeare, of Browning, and of other famed literary masters.

Of course the time-worn and trite figures should never be called upon when force is required. By frequent repetition such expressions as "He is as fearless as a lion" and "He is a pillar of the church" have lost whatever originality and power they once had. The strength of a figure is determined by its spiritual truth and by its uniqueness.

Exercises.

Ex. I. Bring in a list of at least fifty faded figures.

Bring in a list of figures used commonly in conversation and newspaper writing, such as attention is called to in the second division of this chapter.

Bring in a list of strong figures that you have met in life. In books. Express the meaning of these figures in literal terms. Do the same with the list called for in the preceding paragraph.

Bring in a list of figures you have used yourself in conversation.

Examine several of your essays, and make a list of all figures you have used. Have you used as many as an effective style seems to require?

Ex. II. Write a paragraph suitable for newspaper publication telling of a half dozen faded figures of speech. Study them out for yourself.

Write a letter to a friend interested in words. Tell him about several new and vivid slang expressions that you have recently heard. Suggest to him your idea of their origin.

Write a letter to an alumnus of your school asking him for money for the athletic association.

Write a letter to a distant friend or relative. Tell about your school work and the studies you especially like and dislike.



After the Picture by C. Wimmer

THE RISING MOON

Ex. III. On a postal card order several things from the grocer.

On a postal card ask a magazine or newspaper publisher to change the address of your paper. Give both the present address and the new address.

Write a postal card asking the president of a college to send you a copy of the current catalogue.

On a postal card notify a member of your club that there will be a meeting on Thursday evening of next week. Be sure to give date.

Write a postal card asking the librarian of the public library to reserve a book you desire, and to notify you when it can be obtained.

On a postal card ask the jeweler to send for a clock that you wish repaired.

THE RISING MOON

After the Picture by C. Wimmer

Ex. I. What have these men been doing all day? What are they doing now? What is on the sled? What makes you feel that it is a very cold evening?

Ex. II. Describe this picture in "fact" terms. Describe it in "figurative" terms. Describe it in "detail" language. Study it carefully for details suitable for this description.

Write an account of a hunting trip or of a visit to the woods in winter.

Write an account of a skating experience.

CHAPTER XII

MEASUREMENTS

THE artistic writer seldom finds it necessary, at least in literature, to declare measures of time, magnitude, distance, etc., in the Fact way. He understands that hours and tons and feet and years mean little or nothing to a reader, and that appeal must be made to the feelings if readers are at all to grasp duration of time, volume of matter, or extent of distance. Therefore when he has facts of this kind to make known he uses the Figurative or the Detail manner of expression; for, as has been shown, these forms make facts known by way of the feelings, by making the reader undergo imaginatively the experience necessary to learn the fact.

Hawthorne, when writing of the width of the Concord river near the Old Manse, might have given its width in feet, a hundred, perhaps; he chose, however, to make the distance felt, and he wrote, "The stream has here about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm,—a space not too wide when bullets were whistling across." So Tennyson, wishing the reader to understand how long the Prince was wandering in the garden, appeals thus, in "The Princess," to the feelings:

And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

One who has watched at all the movement of the constellation known as the Great Bear, or the Dipper, will

appreciate to no small degree the length of time required for it to pass through a "great arc," and will also be forced to realize something of the monotony and weariness of the slow-paced hours.

In "The House of the Seven Gables" Hawthorne uses such suggestive measurement terms as the following:

An elm-tree of wide circumference.

The principal entrance . . . had almost the breadth of a church door.

When Phoebe awoke—which she did with the early twittering of the conjugal couple of robins in the pear-tree—she heard movements below stairs.

It seemed as if for every one of the hundred blossoms there was one of these tiniest fowls of the air, humming-birds; a thumb's bigness of burnished plumage, hovering and vibrating about the bean-poles.

Nor was it out of keeping . . . that the son should be willing to earn an honest penny, or rather a weighty amount of sterling pounds, from the purse of his father's deadly enemy.

Richard Jefferies, in his charming and restful nature pictures in prose, relies continually for measurement upon terms addressed to the feelings. The following suggest the originality of his expressions:

The vast avenues, a rifle-shot across, such as the Avenue de l'Opéra. . . .

It was between the may [hawthorne blossom] and the rose.

Smooth round stems of angelica, big as a gun barrel, hollow and strong, stood on the slope of the mound.

But the "gix," or wild parsnip, . . . would rear its fluted stalk, joint on joint, till it could face a man.

John Fiske, in one of his historical essays, instead of saying four hundred and fifty years, writes of "the deadly Inquisition, working quietly and steadily year after year while fourteen generations lived and died." Another author speaks of "cubes of stone, each as big as two pianos,"

and of derricks which look "in the distance like knitting-needles" but which are in reality "twice the size of one's body."

Even in the most prosaic descriptions, intended primarily to convey facts, one finds that feet and tons and miles are of slight value. In parts of the country where travel may be difficult it is much more accurate to say that a place is so many hours distant than to say it is so many miles. In like manner to say that a great steamship would fill Forbes street from the Schenley Hotel to the Carnegie Library means much more to the Pittsburg reader than to declare its six or seven hundred feet of length. To say that the great Manufactures building at the Columbian Exposition was about 1,700 feet long and 800 feet wide gives no idea of its size. To say that in most cities it would cover a space seven blocks long and three blocks wide means much more. To say that it would seat a hundred times as many people as the largest theatre or hall in the country helps one somewhat to comprehend its magnitude, as it does to tell that to walk around it was to traverse a distance only a few feet less than a mile. While the world was visiting this building, a great firm was advertising that annually it manufactured more tons of chocolate than the building weighed, a statement that almost took a reader's breath.

Such illustrations are of course without literary flavor. A writer, however, should always aim to make his statements so clear that they must be understood by all, and to do this he must ever keep in mind that comparisons with things known are much more effective than exact terms of measurement. Quotations both earlier and later in the present chapter show this.

Additional illustrations in the exercise that immediately follows will show some of the many other ways of making known seemingly stubborn facts by way of the feelings. At

times a suitable expression is difficult to find, but the satisfaction felt when the right phrase is found, and the added power in the result, will repay not a little diligent search. The student should never let a measuring statement in the Fact form stand, especially in a work pretending to literary value.

Exercises.

EX. I. *In the following quotations determine exactly what is measured, reducing if necessary to the Fact form:*

1. She . . .

Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.—*Tennyson*.

2. Although I lingered there till every daisy slept.

3. The primrose was not yet gone, the swallow had not yet come, and the young grass under the feet of the oxen was still small and sweet, when Thorkell's wife took to her bed.—*Hall Caine*.

4. The new Ballamona began to gather a musty odor, and the old Ballamona took the moss on its wall and the lichen on its roof.—*Ibid*.

5. But his father was scarcely cold in his grave, the old sea tub that took his brother across the Channel had hardly grounded at Liverpool, when Thorkell Mylrea offered his heart and wrinkled hand, and the five hundred acres of Ballamona, to a lady twenty years of age.—*Ibid*.

6. He show'd a tent a stone-shot off.—*Tennyson*.

7. Wroth, but all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,
Linger'd that other, staring after him.—*Ibid*.

8. A large part of the Ross is covered with big granite rocks, some of them larger than a two-roomed house, one beside another.—*Stevenson*.

9. "His father, he told me, is a fine man,—a giant, who has trouble in getting through doors."—*De Amicis in "Cuore."*

10. Here is the first snow! Ever since yesterday evening it has been falling in thick flakes as large as gillyflowers.—*Ibid*.

11. Three days and three nights on that wonderful river Parana, in comparison with which our great Po is but a rivulet; and the length of Italy quadrupled does not equal that of its course.—*Ibid*.

12. The Austrians had approached still nearer: their contorted faces were already visible through the smoke.—*Ibid*.

13. It took its name from the great red stain, as big as a blanket, which appeared on the huge boulder in the grove, at the far end of the Red Rock gardens.—*Thomas Nelson Page*.

14. The bones of the legs of this prehistoric freak, now in Carnegie Museum, are big enough to serve as railroad ties.—*Newspaper Paragraph*.

15. The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many things grow irksome by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick.

16. The dining-room was not much favored by the water but it gave upon some green and ever-rustling treetops, that rose to it from a tiny garden-ground, no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief.—*W. D. Howells*.

17. "'Macey, tailor,' 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's head went out on the shillings."—*George Eliot*.

18. In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farm-houses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid, undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race.—*Ibid.*

EX. II. *Change the following fact statements into the Figurative or the Detail form:*

1. He staid till the middle of the afternoon.
2. The tree was four feet in diameter.
3. They walked in the forest until noon.
4. We were in Florida during the winter.
5. His ranch contains 2,560 acres.
6. A body of water a foot in diameter flows from the hillside.
7. We were told to fire when the enemy were within fifty yards of us.
8. Back of the house is a yard 20 by 30, while in front is a plot of grass about 6 by 12.
9. The building is made of granite boulders from one to two feet in diameter.
10. He was as slender as a man could be, and was about six feet four in height.

EX. III. Write an opening paragraph for a story, showing the time of the story to be the Civil War; the Revolutionary War; the gold excitement of '49; bringing in Washington during his trip to the Ohio and Allegheny rivers preceding the French and

Indian War; spring; summer; winter; autumn; the present year in your own home city. In some of this work remember the statement in the last chapter that sentiment is often expressed without words.

Turn to the picture "After the Ball," on page 136. Make known to the feelings the hour of night.

Turn to the picture "The Rising Moon," page 174. Make known to the feelings the time of night and the time of year. Measure to the imagination the distance the men have yet to go in order to reach home; the size of the buck; the spread of his antlers; the intensity of the cold; the depth of the snow.

Ex. iv. A friend has camped in Canada or Northern Michigan, or has spent the summer on the Maine coast. Ask him, in a letter, about the advantages of the place he has visited, about the clothing necessary for a month there, and about the requisites that must be taken if you are thinking of going to camp.

In a letter tell a friend about the size of a park, a forest, or a lake or river in your vicinity.

You are thinking of studying law. A close friend of your father follows that profession. He knows you well. In a letter ask him what he thinks of your purpose. (Make it any profession you wish.)

CHAPTER XIII

DESCRIPTION

I

Description is of two kinds. One may be called scientific or practical, and the other literary. The former has little, if any, value in literature. But every person should know something of it, as throughout life such knowledge is often both useful and necessary. In this land and age of invention every boy may have occasion to explain simply and clearly in words the idea he has already put into material form. Every girl may wish to tell a carpenter just how she desires a cupboard or a cabinet made. Description of this kind is scientific, or practical. In it, of course, definite measurements must be used, plain words chosen, and only facts stated. In such description sentences must be clear and brief.

Writing of this kind seems exceedingly easy; yet a writer with power to make a reader feel whatever he wishes, may fail entirely when he tries to explain to a mechanic certain alterations he desires to have made in his house. He will probably blame the mechanic, when the fault is really his own.

Description practically of this kind is sometimes introduced into literature, as is shown by the following quotation from Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico":

The primitive Aztecs . . . constructed rafts of reeds, rushes, and other fibrous materials, which, tightly knit together, formed a sufficient basis for the sediment that they drew up from the bottom

of the lake. Gradually islands were formed two or three hundred feet in length, and three or four in depth, with a rich stimulated soil, on which the economical Indian raised his vegetables and flowers for the markets of Tenochtitlan.

Exercise.

Write a note to a carpenter asking him to make book-shelves of a certain kind to fill a space in your room; to make a case for your collection of curios and specimens; to make a concealed washstand for use in a library; telling him how to subdivide into drawers and pigeonholes the interior of a desk he is making for you, the inside measurement of the upright part of the desk being 38 by 24 by 12 inches.

Write a letter to a friend for whom you have rented a house, describing the interior arrangement of the house. Make your description so exact that all carpets can be made and all shades ready to hang. Be careful of such details as the number of steps in the stairways and their tread and height, the size of vestibules, the height of windows, etc. If you wish to make known the location and surroundings of the house, will you use practical or literary description?

II

The office of description in literature is not merely to picture accurately, to photograph with words. Perhaps this is really only a secondary purpose. Of course this must be accomplished to a greater or less extent, but, primarily, literary description must visualize so as to make the reader *feel* as though he himself were seeing the place described, were living through the experience recounted. It must vivify for him all that there is of light and shade, of color, of warmth, of nature, rather than merely give a picture in outline. The student has already divined that literary description is nothing except interpretation by means of Figurative or Detail writing, usually by means of the latter.

The painter of landscapes does not paint for the botanist and the geologist, but for the man who sees in order to feel.

He does not paint things as they are, but as they seem. The veining of leaves and the pistils and stamens of flowers even in the immediate foreground he does not put in; even the leaves are seldom individual. The spectator does not see them. The impressionist, going to an extreme, strives for the impression of nature by caring nothing whatever for details and everything for light and shade. He works rapidly, he puts his colors on in splashes, he throws in plenty of yellow for sunshine and makes his shadows with blues and purples; but when done he has air that refreshes and sunshine that warms and clouds that are measureless in depth. Contrast the work of an impressionist with that of a classicist of equal rank, and each time the impressionist will be nearer things as they *seem*.

From the painter the writer must learn to see essentials. To insert every detail is worse than valueless. Art must be suggestive. The reader wants nature as it seems, not as the botanist with his microscope finds that it really is. And to describe things as they seem the writer must omit all unnecessary details, and must insert, along with the general outline, the few significant details that give life and individuality.

The camera cannot lie. It gives a portrait with every feature exact. It tells the truth about every wrinkle and every wart. But it fails to catch the expression; it cannot picture the soul; it falls short of individuality. That is what a master portrait painter like Mr. Sargent is able to put into a picture, and therefore his work is priceless, while photographs are almost given away. For the same reason the landscape or seascape by Winslow Homer is much nearer the truth than a photograph of the same scene; it gives the soul.

Few people are able to tell the color of the eyes of their most intimate friends, and many cannot tell the shade of

hair or even the shape of nose. They know the faces, not in details, but as wholes. So with a landscape or a room that we know thoroughly, as we suppose; we are not able to recall its every particular detail; we know only its salient features combined into an effective whole. Think of a familiar view from an elevated point, of the interior of your church, even of a room in your home, and you find that you recall a combined whole made up of only a few of the numerous details. Analyze this whole, determine its salient outlines and its few individualizing details, and you have the material of a description.

The first requisite of good description, then, is stated in the art principle already considered, namely, to be suggestive, to make known more than is said. The items to be used are the essentials that will suggest to the imagination the combined whole, as it *seems*. Seizing these details, the imagination will easily fill in the less important features of the picture. To mention these unimportant items only burdens the reader with that which is mere weight.

In Chapter II it has been shown that a single picture hint has power to portray a person. It is the same principle that is used in picturing scenes and experiences, in describing. Catch a detail suggestive enough to kindle the imagination, and the picture is made. When asked how a family on whom she had been calling had their home furnished, a woman replied, "Oh, they have beautiful cabinet mantels, and the walls of their library are hidden with the modern patent book-shelves with sliding glass fronts."

The answer at first seems no answer at all; then the hearer begins to feel what the house is like inside, and all at once his imagination fills in carpets, curtains, easy chairs, wall-paper, bric-a-brac, hangings, sideboard, and other comforts in harmony with such mantels and such a library. The answer is really a key to the art of description.

Had the parlor floor been covered with a rag carpet and had the dining room contained only a deal table and machine-made chairs, the contrast would have been so great that it must have been mentioned.

Another similar bit of descriptive art work, but far better, is a sentence used in conversation by a well known literary man. Speaking of his early life he said, "Until I was of age I was accustomed in my Southern home to a silent butler and a mahogany sideboard."

The kind of home it was, its furnishings, its perfect order, even something of the charmingly methodic character of its mistress, are all at once flashed before the enkindled imagination.

Such lightning-like strokes, it is true, are only incidental description, but for ordinary use they are far more suggestive and infinitely more pleasing than long-drawn, elaborate picturing. And they are clearly definitive of the method to be used in all description.

III

A brief quotation from James Russell Lowell's "Fireside Travels" well illustrates the power of three or four effective details to suggest a clear picture:

My first glimpse of Europe was the shore of Spain. Since we got into the Mediterranean, we have been becalmed for some days within easy view of it. All along are fine mountains, brown all day, and with a bloom on them at sunset like that of a ripe plum. Here and there at their feet little white towns are sprinkled along the edge of the water, like the grains of rice dropped by the princess in the story. Sometimes we see larger buildings on the mountain slopes, probably convents. I sit and wonder whether the farther peaks may not be the Sierra Morena (the rusty saw) of Don Quixote. I resolve that they shall be, and am content.

After determining the exact details used by Mr. Lowell, notice how much of the power of the picture depends upon the color terms employed. Color suggestions are among the most powerful that appeal to the eye, and in all constructive work the learner should ever keep their value in mind. The figurative words *bloom* and *sprinkled* also help the suggestiveness of the details not a little, as does the simile drawn from the ever suggestive realm of legend. The resolve of the author to believe that the farther peaks are associated with the charm of Don Quixote, suggests his mood and adds for the reader a flavor of association that helps to bring him into closer sympathy with the author; for both have pleasant memories of hours spent with the knight of La Mancha.

This description shows the use of a few details to picture something seen at a great distance. Here is one showing a village seen from a near-by hill:

Below him lay Keyport Village, built about a rocky half-moon of a harbor, its old wharves piled high with rotting oil barrels and flanked by empty warehouses, behind which crouched low, gray-roofed cabins, squatting in a tangle of streets, with here and there a white church spire tipped with a restless weather-vane. Higher, on the hills, were nestled some old homesteads with sloping roofs and wide porches, and away up on the crest of the heights, overlooking the sea, stood the more costly structures with well-shaved lawns spotted with homesick trees from a warmer clime, their arms stretched appealingly toward the sea.

Here we are given not only the picture, but also the "atmosphere" of the town,—its decay, its poverty, its neglect—by *old wharves*, *rotting oil barrels*, and *empty warehouses*, all telling of a prosperity that vanished with the whale. The one-story cottages and the entire lack of right angles at the corners are pictured by *crouched*, *squatting* and *a tangle of streets*. These kindle the imagination, and through them it sees, it experiences, the whole town; while

sloping roofs and wide porches, well-shaved lawns, and home-sick trees (the adjective is strangely suggestive) give the touches necessary to make real the farmhouses and the summer homes of wealth.

What figurative expressions add to the suggestiveness of the details used in this description?

Mr. Kenneth Grahame in "The Golden Age" tells what a lad saw after tramping through the woods and burrowing under a hedge:

Gone was the brambled waste, gone the flickering tangle of woodland. Instead, terrace after terrace of shaven sward, stone-edged, urn-cornered, stepped delicately down to where the stream, now tamed and educated, passed from one to another marble basin, in which on occasion gleams of red hinted at gold-fish in among the spreading water-lilies. The scene lay silent and slumbrous in the brooding noonday sun; the drowsy peacock squatted humped on the lawn, no fish leapt in the pools, nor bird declared himself from the environing hedges.

Determine what is suggested by each of the following words: *flickering, stepped, tamed and educated, gleams, slumbrous, brooding, drowsy*.

Another description by James Russell Lowell gives, not a scene from a single viewpoint, but a general impression gathered during a ride of several hours:

From Palestrina to Cavi the road winds along a narrow valley, following the course of a stream which rustles rather than roars below. Large chestnut trees lean every way on the steep sides of the hills above us, and at every opening we could see great stretches of Campagna rolling away and away toward the bases of purple mountains streaked with snow. The sides of the road were drifted with heaps of wild hawthorn and honeysuckle in full bloom, and bubbling with innumerable nightingales that sang unseen. Overhead the sunny sky tinkled with larks, as if a frost in the air were breaking up and whirling away on the swollen currents of spring.

Determine the details used here. What figures of speech are present? What expressions designed to make the reader "see with his ears"? Does the author wish to give a picture that the camera could seize, or to give the reader the experience that he himself enjoyed?

By means of a few well chosen hints Francis Parkman in "The Pioneers of France in the New World" reproduces an experience, a general impression, covering a number of weeks rather than only a few hours:

It was on the eighteenth of September [1608] that Pontgrave set sail, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec through the winter. Three weeks later, and shores and hills glowed with gay prognostics of approaching desolation,—the yellow and scarlet of the maples, the deep purple of the ash, the garnet hue of young oaks, the crimson of the tupelo at the water's edge, and the golden plumage of birch saplings in the fissures of the cliff. It was a short-lived beauty. The forest dropped its festal robes. Shrivelled and faded, they rustled to the earth. The crystal air and laughing sun of October passed away, and November sank upon the shivering waste, chill and somber as the tomb.

Here we are made to enjoy the beauty of the autumn, to mourn as it passes away, and to shiver with the coming of winter. What kind of suggestion is employed to accomplish the first of these purposes? What words are especially effective in accomplishing the second and third? Are they literal or figurative words?

The coming on of morning in a small city is portrayed by Nathaniel Hawthorne in "The House of the Seven Gables":

The sunshine might now be seen stealing down the front of the opposite house, from the windows of which came a reflected gleam struggling through the boughs of the elm-tree, and enlightening the interior of the shop more distinctly than heretofore. The town appeared to be wakening up. A baker's cart had already rattled through the street, chasing away the latest vestige of night's sanctity with the jingle-jangle of its dissonant bells. A milkman was distributing the contents of his cans from door to door; and

the harsh peal of a fisherman's conch-shell was heard far off, around the corner.

What shows that the sun is getting higher? What makes the reader see the house opposite? What details show the wakening up of the town? What details make the experience more vivid by appealing to the ear? What word suggests the quiet and repose of the very early morning? What might the author have mentioned that he leaves entirely to the reader's imagination?

A cursory examination of the illustrations thus far given will show that the details made use of are familiar items known to practically every reader. But they are familiar items that are the striking and individualizing features of the picture that is being reproduced. Only the familiar, the usual, can stir the imagination,—often, to be sure, placed in the unusual setting; but a detail that does not belong to the familiar cannot have the associations which must be present in order to appeal feelingly to the great mass of readers.

Even in that which is most unfamiliar, details must be chosen that probably are within the experience of most readers, and these must be so woven together that the suggested whole will stand out clear and complete for the eye of the imagination. Notice how this is done in Mr. Smith's description of Venice in "Gondola Days":

The arcades under the Library are full of people smoking and sipping coffee. How delicious the aroma and the pungent smell of tobacco! In the shadow of the Doges' Palace groups idle and talk—a little denser in spots where some artist has his easel up, or some pretty, dainty child is feeding the pigeons.

A moment more and you are in the Piazza of San Marco; the grand piazza of the Doges, with its thousands of square feet of white pavement blazing in the sun, framed on three sides by marble palaces, dominated by the noblest campanile on the globe, and enriched, glorified, made inexpressibly precious and unique by

that jewel in marble, in porphyry, in verd antique and bronze, that despair of architects of to-day, that delight of the artist of all time—the most sacred, the Church of San Marco.

In and out this great quadrangle whirl the pigeons, the pigeons of Dandolo, up into the soft clouds, the light flashing from their throats; sifting down in showers on gilded cross and rounded dome; clinging to intricate carvings, over and under the gold-crowned heads of saints in stone and bronze; across the baking plaza in flurries of gray and black; resting like a swarm of flies, only to startle, mass, and swirl again.

Here the real appeal to the imagination is made by the familiar appearing under unusual surroundings. In America people do not sit sipping coffee and smoking in the open air in public squares, nor are the easels of artists often seen in the streets and parks of great cities. "The white-paved square framed in marble palaces" and "a jewel in porphyry," are of course the unfamiliar; but pavement and squares and frames and palaces and jewels are known, and with them go associations that enable the imagination to cope with even so unfamiliar a spectacle as the wonderful Square of St. Mark.

The pigeons are surely the known; but how strange flying thus in the most public place in the city! The sense of smell, also, is appealed to, in order to make this picture yet more vivid. The familiar aroma of coffee and the pungent smell of tobacco, both are full of suggestion, but at least one of them in what to us is a strangely unimagined place! And we are made to see the more clearly by an appeal to the sense of touch (the baking plaza). The imagination of the reader is here reached by every possible avenue, in order to compel him to appreciate adequately this wondrous picture.

St. Mark's Church is described, not formally, not in detail, not in many tiresome paragraphs. We are made to feel its beauty by incidental touches, while merely the pigeons seem to be the real subject of comment. Not a

few visitors, indeed, get their most pleasant memories of St. Mark's through associations centered about the pigeons, and receive the most vivid impressions of its appearance while watching their flight. It is just such a confused picture that the traveller carries away with him: marble, and bronze, and mosaic, and pigeons, and gilded crosses, and crowned heads, and carvings!

As one reads any good description, it may perhaps seem an easy matter to select the few details that are suggestive of the whole,—the few items necessary to picture a mountainous shore as seen from a vessel, a seaside village, the garden of a palace, a mountain road, the glory of autumn, the awakening of a village, the most beautiful view of a great city, the individuality of a geologic age. An attempt, however, to pick out, from an elevated viewpoint, the really powerful details necessary to suggest so simple a picture as that of a little village or of a not complicated landscape, will prove that the task is far less easy than it seems. Only many trials and a grim determination to succeed will bring skill in descriptive writing.

Language is adapted to narration, not to description. To use it to paint pictures is to wrench it from its original purpose. It is this fact that makes pure descriptive writing much less easy than pure narration.

The purpose of description is to make the reader, in imagination, see and hear and smell and touch and taste just as the writer does during a particular experience,—to make him live again an experience of the writer. Therefore every possible expedient that will help toward the accomplishment of this purpose must be called into requisition. Sounds and odors are often more potent than things seen. Words of wide associations must be used. Feet and tons, any accurate measurements, are less suggestive than comparisons, as has been pointed out in the last chapter. "Thou-

sands of square feet of white pavement" is much more powerful with the imagination than is "white pavement 192 yards long and 61 yards wide on the east and 90 on the west." So "colossal tree-ferns," "tail as stout as a ship's mast," "unwieldy length," "wings like a schooner's main-sail," and "with heads near the tree-tops" are much more suggestive than any exact terms of measurement could be, when describing the wonders of an age long past.

In like manner shape should be made known by comparison with the familiar. "A rocky *half-moon* of a harbor," "a *factory chimney* of a lighthouse," "like a *huge motionless whale* lay the island," "a ledge like the *back of a turtle*,"—each of these vivifies the unknown by appealing to the known; for since childhood we have been familiar with the comparison used in each (with the whale, by pictures).

In brief, then, effective description depends primarily upon only two things: First, the writer must select the few essential details—call them picturing hints, kindling hints, revealing details, anything you please—must select the few essential details that will arouse the imagination to an appreciation of the whole; and, second, he must choose words with wide associations in order to carry these hints to the reader. As a rule a figurative word will be stronger than a literal word. The right word must be discovered, however, even if the discovery of it necessitates the reading of Roget's "Thesaurus" or of an unabridged dictionary. A fairly good word is not good enough.

(Re-read Chapters, II, V, XI, and XII).

Exercises.

EX. 1. In the following selection from Mrs. Browning's "*Aurora Leigh*" determine all the details used for descriptive purposes, as well as all suggestive words and phrases:

I learnt to love that England. Very oft,
Before the day was born, or otherwise

Through secret windings of the afternoons,
 I threw my hunters off and plunged myself
 Among the deep hills, as a hunted stag
 Will take the waters, shivering with the fear
 And passion of the course. And when at last
 Escaped, so many a green slope built on slope
 Betwixt me and the evening's house behind,
 I dared to rest, or wander, in a rest
 Made sweeter for the step upon the grass,
 And view the ground's most gentle dimplement,
 (As if God's finger touched, but did not press
 In making England) such an up and down
 Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down,
 A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
 Can stoop so tenderly and the wheat-fields climb;
 Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
 Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
 And open pastures where you scarcely tell
 White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
 The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
 Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade,—
 I thought my father's land was worthy too
 Of being my Shakespeare's.

* * * * *

But then the thrushes sang,
 And shook my pulses and the elms' new leaves;
 At which I turned, and held my finger up,
 And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the world
 Went ill, as he related, certainly
 The thrushes still sang in it. At the word
 His brow would soften,—and he bore with me
 In melancholy patience, not unkind,
 While breaking into voluble ecstasy
 I flattered all the beauteous country round,
 As poets use, the skies, the clouds, the fields,
 The happy violets hiding from the roads
 The primroses run down to, carrying gold;
 The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
 Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows all alive
 With birds and gnats and large white butterflies,
 Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
 And palpitated forth upon the wind;
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,

Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills;
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. "See," I said,
"And see! is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile
Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

Ex. II. Examine carefully the selections in this chapter and determine every kindling word and phrase, and in the case of figurative expressions determine the vital element.

Bring to class a description found in some novel, short story, or book of travel, and examine in the same manner. Or let the class examine a description assigned or read aloud by the instructor.

Examine a number of descriptions and determine upon the methods used by the author to arouse the imagination.

By "lightning-like strokes" that could be used in running conversation describe a room, a home, an outdoor crowd, a mob, a football game, a flooded river, a deep creek flowing through a forest, a mountain brook, a retreat in the woods, a great number of smokestacks clustered over adjacent mills, a March wind, a blast furnace or steel mill seen at night, a river full of running ice, a snowstorm, a heavy rain, a spring shower, the smell of spring, the colors of spring, etc.

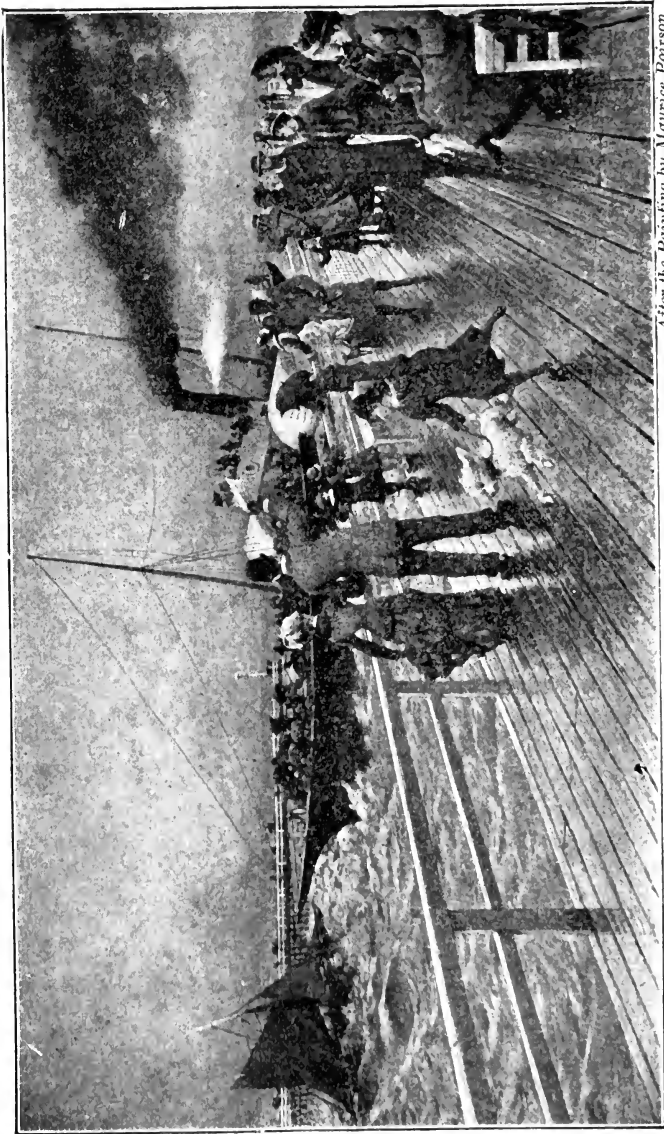
In a letter describe a scene you have viewed from some elevated point.

Describe an imaginary landscape seen from an elevated point.

Describe, as for a short story, a room.

Describe an attractive place in the woods, an election-night crowd, the village post office while the mail is being distributed, a scene in a blacksmith shop, a threshing machine at work, a burning building, a half-built house, a trolley ride; a trip through a steel-mill, a coal mine, a brewery, a bakery, a canning factory, an ocean steamship, an aquarium, a stock-yard; a trip to Mt. Vernon, Gettysburg, the Washington Monument, the Capitol, the Congressional Library, the Mint, Independence Hall, the Bartholdi Statue, Central Park; any scene or experience that appeals to you as worthy of description.

(In all description remember that every means possible must be used to reach the imagination, and that often the reader can be



After the Painting by Maurice Poirson

THE PIER AT TROUVILLE

made to see more effectively by means of hearing, taste, smell, or touch than by means of sight.)

EX. III. In a letter ask a hospital superintendent concerning the cost of private rooms for a patient who must undergo an operation.

Write a letter suitable to send with a check to pay the quarterly bill of your family physician.

Write a railway ticket agent asking for rates for a party of twelve or fifteen to a part of Northern Michigan in which you expect to camp.

Write a manufacturer of tents. Ask him to give the cost of a tent suitable for a dining tent for twenty people and of six 10 by 12 wall tents. Ask him what rent he charges for such tents, mentioning the time you will use them.

Write a boat manufacturer, asking about the cost of such boats as you will need. Ask also about renting boats.

Write a grocer an order for such supplies as you must take with you.

THE PIER AT TROUVILLE

After the Painting by Maurice Poirson

EXERCISE. Imagine you have been visiting the fashionable French seaside town of Trouville. You have viewed the scene here pictured. In a letter describe it as vividly as possible to the friends at home. Make use of both mood and picture hints.

Write an account of a visit you have made at the seaside.

Describe a great steamship you have visited.

Write of an experience you have had swimming or wading.

Measure to the imagination or feelings the length of this pier; the size of the vessel; the size of the sailboat; the size of the dog; the height of the waves. Make known to the feelings the time of day; the time of year.

CHAPTER XIV

CONVERSATION

I

THE writing of **conversation** is a rock on which young writers almost universally come to grief. Nor do the majority of trained writers fare much better. Books are praised for plot, for description, for character portrayal, for a score of merits, but seldom can they be truthfully praised for the excellence of their conversation. Only the exceptional author has the knack of writing dialogue that is easy and natural. Most conversation, even that of only mediocre value, has an individual flavor that it is next to impossible to put on paper.

To write even such conversation as is found in the most commonplace story requires a power beyond that possessed by most beginners. To write it seems so easy that one is sure that one can do it, and usually one's first effort is begun with supreme confidence. The result, however, is so unsatisfactory that not infrequently the first attempt proves also the last. Yet practice will give to anyone skill to write conversation free from the more common faults and crudities.

Little instruction that will be helpful in writing conversation can be given. That it must be bright and chatty goes without saying; but no rules can reveal the secret that lies behind brightness and chattiness. That it becomes uninteresting and tiresome the moment it begins to deal with anything abstract and philosophical is certain; nor will it do to have it nothing more than "small talk." No story

reader cares to have the characters discuss at length the question of imperialism; nor is an explanation of the canals on the planet Mars or a refutation of Plato's argument concerning the immortality of the soul particularly pleasing. The other extreme is equally unsatisfactory. We do not need to go to books for pertinent remarks about the weather, about the baby's new tooth, and about the general incompetency of domestic servants. But what the young writer shall make his characters talk about cannot be set down in black and white. He must work out for himself by combined study and practice his own theory of conversation writing. All that can be done in such a book as this is to suggest the writing of compositions containing much conversation; the student must do the rest.

A writer whose dialogue is far above the average is Mr. Anthony Hope. Whether one reads his delightful novels or his charming "Dolly Dialogues" one is always delighted with the bubbling, effervescent conversation. As an illustration of his skill one of the Dialogues will be quoted:

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

"There's ingratitude for you!" Miss Dolly Foster exclaimed suddenly.

"Where?" I asked, rousing myself from meditation.

She pointed at a young man who had just passed where we sat. He was dressed very smartly, and was walking with a lady attired in the height of fashion.

"I made that man," said Dolly, "and now he cuts me dead before the whole of the Row! It's atrocious. Why, but for me, do you suppose he'd be at this moment engaged to three thousand a year and—and the plainest girl in London?"

"Not that," I pleaded; "think of —"

"Well, very plain, anyhow. I was quite ready to bow to him. I almost did."

"In fact you did."

"I did n't, I declare I did n't."

"Oh, well! you did n't then. It only looked like it."

"I met him," said Miss Dolly, "three years ago. At that time

he was—oh, quite unpresentable! He was everything he should n't be. . . . He wore his hair long, and his trousers short, and his hat on the back of his head. And his umbrella—”

“Where did he wear that?”

“He carried that, Mr. Carter. Don't be silly! Carried it unrolled, you know, and generally a paper parcel in the other hand; and he had spectacles, too.”

“He has certainly changed outwardly, at least.”

“Yes, I know. Well, I did that. I took him in hand, and I just taught him; and now—”

“Yes, I know that. But how did you teach him? Give him Saturday-evening lectures, or what?”

“Oh, every-evening lectures, and most-morning walks. And I taught him to dance, and I broke his wretched fiddle with my own hands!”

“What very arbitrary distinctions you draw.”

“I don't know what you mean. I do like a man to be smart, anyhow. Don't you, Mr. Carter? You're not so smart as you might be. Now, shall I take you in hand?” and she smiled upon me.

“Let's hear your method. What did you do to him?”

“To Phil Meadows? Oh, nothing! I just slipped in a remark here and there, whenever he talked nonsense. I used to speak just at the right time, you know.”

“But how had your words such influence, Miss Foster?”

“Oh, well, you know, Mr. Carter, I made it a condition that he should do just what I wanted in little things like that. Did he think I was going to walk about with a man carrying a brown-paper parcel—as if we had been to the shop for a pound of tea?”

“Still, I don't see why he should alter all his—”

“Oh, you are stupid! Of course, he liked me, you know.”

“Oh, did he? I see.”

“You seem to think that very funny.”

“Not that he did—but that, apparently, he does n't.”

“Well, you got out of that rather neatly—for you. No, he does n't now. You see he misunderstood my motive. He thought—well, I do believe he thought I cared for him, you know. Of course I did n't.”

“Not a bit?”

“Just as a friend—and a pupil, you know. And when he'd had his hair cut and bought a frock coat (fancy! he'd never had one), he looked quite nice. He has nice eyes. Did you notice them?”

“Mercy, no!”

“Well, you're so unobservant.”

"Oh, not always. I've observed that your—"

"Please don't! It's no use, is it?"

I looked very unhappy. There is an understanding that I am very unhappy since Miss Foster's engagement to the Earl of Mickleham was announced.

"What was I saying before—before you—you know—oh! about Phil Meadows, of course. I did like him very much, you know, or I should n't have taken all that trouble. Why, his own mother thanked me!"

"I have no more to say," said I.

"But she wrote me a horrid letter afterward."

"You're so very elliptical."

"So very what, Mr. Carter?"

"You leave so much out, I mean. After what?"

"Why, after I sent him away. Did n't I tell you? Oh, we had the most awful scene. He raved, Mr. Carter. He called me the most horrid names, and—"

"Tore his hair?"

"It was n't long enough to get hold of," she tittered. "But don't laugh. It was really dreadful. And so unjust! And then, next day, when I thought it was comfortably over, you know, he came back, and—and apologized, and called himself the most awful names, and—well, that was really worse."

"What did the fellow complain of?" I asked in wondering tones.

"Oh, he said I'd destroyed his faith in women, you know, and that I'd led him on, and that I was—well, he was very rude indeed. And he went on writing me letters like that for a whole year! It made me quite uncomfortable."

"But he did n't go back to short trousers and a fiddle, did he?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, no! But he forgot all he owed me, and he told me that his heart was dead, and that he should never love anyone again."

"But he's going to marry that girl."

"Oh, he does n't care about her," said Miss Dolly reassuringly. "It's the money, you know. He had n't a farthing of his own. Now he'll be set up for life."

"And it's all due to you!" said I admiringly.

"Well, it is really."

"I don't call her such a bad-looking girl, though." (I had n't seen her face.)

"Mr. Carter, she's hideous!"

I dropped that subject.

"And now," said Miss Dolly again, "he cuts me dead!"

"It is the height of ingratitude. Why, to love you was a liberal education!"

"Yes, was n't it? How nicely you put that. 'A liberal education!' I shall tell Archie." (Archie is Lord Mickleham.)

"What, about Phil Meadows?"

"Goodness me, no, Mr. Carter! Just what you said, you know."

"But why not tell Mickleham about Phil Meadows?" I urged.

"It's all to your credit, you know."

"Yes, I know, but men are so foolish. You see, Archie thinks—"

"Of course he does."

"You might let me finish."

"Archie thinks you were never in love before."

"Yes, he does. Well, of course I was n't in love with Phil—"

"Not a little bit?"

"Oh, well—"

"Nor with anyone else?"

Miss Dolly prodded the path with her parasol.

"Nor with anyone else?" I asked again.

Miss Dolly looked for an instant in my direction.

"Nor with anyone else?" said I.

Miss Dolly looked straight in front of her.

"Nor with—" I began.

"Hullo, old chappie! where did you spring from?"

"Why, Archie!" cried Miss Dolly.

"Oh, how are you, Mickleham, old man? Take this seat; I'm just off—just off. Yes, I was, upon my honor—got to meet a man at the club. Good-by, Miss Foster. Jove! I'm late!"

And as I went I heard Miss Dolly say, "I thought you were never coming, Archie, dear!" Well, she did n't think he was coming just then. No more did I.

Exercise.

What do you discover about the length of sentences in this selection? About the length of speeches? How many words in the longest of each? Does this seem to lead to any principle for writing natural conversation? Is this talk profound? Is it much above "small talk"? If it is, what element lifts it a little above? Do you find a characteristic here that is usually lacking in real conversation? Does it sound real? What colloquialisms does the author permit himself to introduce? What different expressions does the author use to manage the "she saids" and "I saids"? When he uses *said* how does he manage to make it different from the last *said*? Notice the use of quotation marks. Are the expressions "she said," "replied I," etc., within or without the quotation marks? The author at times puts his explanatory ob-

servations in separate paragraphs, and at times in the paragraphs of conversation. Does he follow any unconscious law?

II

One of the few books that have been praised by the critics for excellence of conversation is "Dr. North and his Friends," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Perhaps the praise has been particularly for the matter of the conversation, but its manner also is well worth attention:

"I," said Mrs. Vincent, "dislike to see insanity set on the stage. 'Lear' I once saw. No more of that for me. What say you, Alice?"

"I am altogether of your opinion. The better the acting, the less I like it. Leontes, I mean in 'The Winter's Tale,' must be a most displeasing part."

"Evidently," said I, "the dramatist meant to draw a portrait of insanity, the homicidal outcome of sudden jealousy. It is too abrupt in its onset. Nothing prepares the mind for his unreason."

"But what of Ophelia?" said Vincent.

To this I made answer: "I have an experience of insanity far beyond any possible to Shakespeare. I have seen two cases somewhat like that of Ophelia."

"I have often seen the part acted," said Clayborne, "but it always failed to move me. It does not ever seem a correct rendering. I find it difficult to explain myself. It is as with a picture, a portrait. We say, 'There is something wrong with it.' We cannot tell what it is. And yet, when I read the play I have not this feeling."

"Perhaps," said I, "I may help you. To act the rôle of an insane person so as to make it continuously gentle, prettily sentimental, is not to follow after nature. In one of the cases I have referred to, a refined, sensitive woman sang sad love-songs and then became abruptly violent, wildly screaming some tender sentiment; or at the close of a song that was serious would burst into laughter with the last line of the refrain. That is the way Ophelia ought to be acted."

"The trouble," said Vincent, "is that the great characters get so crusted about with stage traditions that freshly revised renderings become impossible, or at least they are so except in the case of actors made independent by genius, and that we have not

on the stage to-day. We have stage artists, but not great actors. I think that never was the English stage so far from nature."

"There is," said St. Clair, "another trouble in our mode of dealing with great dramatic characters such as Hamlet, which are set for contrast against some other and different nature. Thus Hamlet is contrasted with the positive criminal decisiveness and sensual nature of the king. When the king's part is made weak by omissions the whole picture is damaged. We lose the background."

Said Vincent: "That is true. I was thinking lately of what a good case for a moot would be Hamlet's. Was he insane? In a court to-day his mother's misbehavior and the fact of his uncle having been a murderer would, I fancy, be used as implying hereditary unsoundness."

"Ingenious, that," said Clayborne. "I should be a puzzled juryman."

Said my wife: "Are there many insane people in the other dramatic works of Shakespeare's day?"

No one could answer, and Sibyl said, with her not uncommon want of relevancy: "It is pleasant to know so little of that man Shakespeare. We might have learned so much that one would not wish to credit."

"I like better," said I, "to know all of a man, the good and the bad."

Exercise.

Apply to this quotation the questions in the last exercise. Do you find this different from the last selection? In what respects especially? Do you find any necessity of revising the law you framed for writing conversation? Do you find this conversation aiming at any definite goal? Do you see any points at which just a touch of the colloquial would make this conversation more natural? Change with this in view. Are the "said hes" managed as well in this selection as in the last?

III

Conversation in the form found in the drama is in some respects easier to write than that in the narrative form. In it the writer is relieved from managing the continual change of speakers, as the names printed show the speaker. However, as he is also deprived of the privilege of inter-

polating his own explanations at will, there are respects in which the dramatic form is much more difficult. Some practice in the dramatic form, however, is very helpful, and a few speeches will be given from Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," one of the best known and most amusing dramas in English literature. This brief selection and the quotations from Shakespeare in other parts of the book will give an idea of dramatic form, and that is all that is here desired.

The Landlord has just entered the ale-room, where Tony Lumpkin, who should be a gentleman, is the centre of a crowd of shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco:

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they may n't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. (*Exeunt mob.*)

Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now, if I please, I could be so revenged on the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come about three score!

Hastings. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offense, gentlemen. But I'm told that you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardecastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hastings. No, sir, but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you, is, that—you have lost your way!

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marlow. That's not necessary toward directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offense; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardecastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole—the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of!

Marlow. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem—then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardecastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a cursed long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardecastle's. (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr. Hardecastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Landlord. Master Hardecastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you've come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marlow. Crossed down Squash Lane!

Landlord. Then you were to keep straight forward, until you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marlow. Oh, sir, you're facetious!

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways until you come upon Crackskull common; then you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrian's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Marlow. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hastings. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception, though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in all the house.

Tony. And to my knowledge that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlord could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with three chairs and a bolster?

Hastings. I hate to sleep by the fireside.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—Then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hastings. Oh, ho! So we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord (apart to Tony). Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out! (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You will see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no; but I tell you though, the landlord is rich and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, ecod, if you mind him he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman and his aunt a justice of the peace!

Landlord. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but 'a keeps as good wine and beds as any in the whole country.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself and show you a piece of the way. (*To the landlord.*) Mum!

Landlord. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant, cursed mischievous son!

Exercise.

What of sentence length and speech length in this selection? How are the stage directions introduced? Do you find any parts that do not seem to be real conversation, that ring false?

Examine such conversations as occur in other chapters of this book and see whether you can develop further principles for writing conversation. Examine the conversation in several novels and in several present-day dramas. Turn a part of the conversation on the "Dolly Dialogue" into dramatic form. Do the same with a portion of the conversation from "Dr. North and his Friends."

IV

The how-do-you-do-it's-a-very-warm-day type of conversation is of no worth because it leads nowhere. Good conversation always has an objective point toward which it is continually progressing. As soon as this point is reached the mental eye chooses another goal, and the conversation is at once turned toward it. The power thus to talk toward something definite is possessed by comparatively few. Anyone having a reputation as a good conversationalist, however, will be found to have it and to make continual use of it.

Much conversation will not bear printing because of its lack of such a goal. Without definite aim it cannot hold the reader's attention. The person careless of developing his conversational powers will speak of the weather, of the health of the family, of the beautiful sunset, of the latest bit of news, and of other disconnected facts, and all at once will find himself mentally a blank; not another thing has he to say. The man desirous of talking well, on the other hand, will continue the subject he has begun until he has completed the theme under discussion, or has explained his views, or has presented his theories, and then, having reached the point he has been looking forward to, he will make the subject lead naturally to some allied subject.

Written conversation should always lead somewhere. Of course in a conversation that is thought out before it is written this is more possible than in running conversation, and yet early attempts to write conversation almost invariably result in a really lamentable lack of unity. A definite aim, comparatively short sentences and short speeches, and but two principal speakers seem to be requisites for readable conversation, to say nothing of the necessity of talking about something of interest.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. In several volumes of current fiction see whether the authors observe the essentials here suggested.

Write a scene for a drama, introducing not more than three characters.

Write a conversation between two persons, letting them take opposite sides of a question under discussion.

Write a conversation in which one person explains fully to another some plan for future action, having the second person introduce remarks that are really helpful, rather than mere affirmatives and negatives.

Write a conversation between some of the persons shown in the picture "News of the Far Away Son," page 82; in "The Rising Moon," page 174; in "The Pier at Trouville," page 196.

Write a conversation in which two or three persons discuss the merits and faults of a book you have recently read.

Write a conversation upon the political situation, municipal, county, state, or national; upon a drama you have recently seen presented; upon the identity of the Third Murderer in "Macbeth;" upon the character and purposes of Brutus, as given in "Julius Cæsar;" upon the sanity of Hamlet; upon the outcome if Hamlet and Ophelia had understood each other in the closet scene; upon the comparative merits of the short story and the novel; upon the proper treatment of servants; upon the relative merits of city and country life; upon the probability of the assertion that Shakespeare did not write the dramas ascribed to him; upon the inventions of the last twenty-five years; upon the pleasures of school life; upon the difficulties of writing good conversation; upon the wisdom of trying to be in style; upon the merits of two different ball players;



After the Painting by Carel Ooms
THE FORBIDDEN BOOK

upon the comparative satisfaction derived from winter and summer sports; upon the character and acts of some prominent man; upon any subject that appeals to you.

Ex. II. Write to a real estate agent asking him the price of a lot that is for sale in your vicinity.

Write to a real estate agent telling him of a house you wish to sell. Give all necessary information.

Write to a real estate agent telling him the kind of house you wish to rent. Mention location, size, rent you are willing to pay, and any other facts that must be taken into consideration.

You wish to insure your house and your household goods. Write an agent. Tell the amount of insurance you wish, and ask the one-year and the three-year rate.

THE FORBIDDEN BOOK

After the Painting by Carel Ooms

Ex. I. Where are this man and woman? What relationship exists between them? What have they been doing? Why? What has interrupted them? What expression is on their faces? Why? What will be the penalty if they are found reading this book?

What character do you find shown in this picture? What does the environment suggest?

Study this picture as an incident hint; for contrast.

Ex. II. Write the conversation of this father and daughter immediately following the interruption here pictured.

In a paragraph contrast these two people, portraying them by means of picture hints.

Write an account of an experience of your own reading a forbidden book or doing something forbidden; or write of some such experience which another person has had and of which you know.

CHAPTER XV

BOOK REVIEWS

I

A PERSON having the power to talk and to write entertainingly about the books he reads has a source of unflinching pleasure both for himself and for his friends. This power lends itself so readily to occasions of all kinds that it is worth acquiring, if it is possible to acquire it. It is of social value, in that it assures to one intimate association with persons of culture and taste. The ability to set off a book neatly in a page, is in letter writing an accomplishment to be envied. Apt references to books and their characters are continually suggestive and helpful in conversation and in public speaking, as well as in all kinds of writing. But no proof of the value of this accomplishment is necessary; it is its own proof, even though it is found all too infrequently among those who read both widely and wisely.

One reason why this power is so rare is the fact that reading is not done carefully enough to leave clear-cut, cameo-like opinions of the story, its style, and characters. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that many of us do not think enough about what we read.

Persons of naturally observant mind and retentive memory are of course interesting when they talk of books. They have the power to select and to call up at will the suggestive details that are just as essential in the reproduction of an experience with a book as in the reproduction of an experience with a landscape or a mob; for in a book

review one is interpreting a book instead of a landscape or a mob.

Persons naturally lacking in power to talk interestingly about books, by the exercise of constant watchfulness can attain it to no small degree. For, as has been suggested in the preceding paragraph, it is the same power talked of in the chapters on visualization and on description, the power to see definitely, to remember exactly, and to be concrete. Indefinite statements about books are never interesting; in life the general, the abstract, is seldom of any marked interest. Readers and hearers wish the concrete. Therefore to acquire the power of being interesting when talking about books one must get into the habit of forming definite opinions of each book one reads, of the characters, the style, the literary flavor, and of turning these opinions over in the mind all the time the reading is going on. This practice will soon lead to results that will afford no small satisfaction.

The aim in a book review should be to give the reader of the criticism so clear an idea of what the book really is that he will be able to determine with reasonable accuracy whether it is a book he wishes to disregard, merely to read, or to own and to treasure. The aim in talking of a book or in writing of it in a letter should be practically the same, but the manner should of course be less formal.

But what facts do the reviewers have in mind, what do they talk about, when writing about books? An examination of almost any half dozen book reviews written by competent hands will show their authors doing many of the following general things, together with others of a more special nature:

They give the location of the story (the word *story* means whatever the book is,—fiction, history, biography, poetry, etc.).

They give the time of the story.

They suggest the outline of the story.

They compare the story with others.

They tell of the style and the literary quality, often by comparisons.

They insert brief quotations to illustrate the style, the manner of character portrayal, the peculiarity of some special part, etc.

They tell concretely of the characters portrayed, expressing an opinion as to their truth.

They compare the characters with those portrayed by other authors, especially with the characters with whom all readers are supposed to be acquainted.

They set a value on the book as literature, or in comparison with other books of its class.

They tell of inaccuracies, faults, inartistic work, etc.

They tell the class of literature the book belongs to.

They quote what others have said about the book.

They make the atmosphere of some part or perhaps of the whole of the criticism an echo of the atmosphere prevailing in the book.

They suggest the nature of the story, simply to whet the appetite of the reader.

They say definitely why the book is worth owning, is not worth reading, etc.

No single review, of course, covers all these points. Just what to talk about must be decided anew for each book reviewed. The important thing is to be absolutely honest in everything that is said. Such honesty will lead to the expression of opinions entirely opposite to those reached by others, no doubt, but it will also lead to a satisfaction that will be lacking if only reflected opinions are expressed.

A little practice will render the writing of book reviews one of the most fascinating forms of composition work.

II

Read the following book reviews:

ULYSSES S. GRANT, BY OWEN WISTER

"At the age of thirty-nine Grant was an obscure failure in a provincial town. . . . At the age of forty-three his picture hung in the homes of grateful millions. . . . At the age of sixty-three Grant died. . . . None of our public men have a story so strange as this. It is stranger than Lincoln's. It is very much the strangest of them all." So says Mr. Wister, who from this point of view gives us a character study of a unique man. There are no waste strokes in this miniature portrait. The lights and shadows are intensely there—indolence and iron will, besetting sin and abiding virtue, innocence and shrewdness, a commander by intuition rather than by the books, a sometime dupe to be pitied, a hero to be venerated. This is one of the excellent series of "Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans"—handy little books to slip in the pocket—bound in soft leather.—*From "The Booklovers Library" Bulletin.*

THE ODYSSEY, TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR PALMER

The delightful story of the Odyssey possesses an inexhaustible freshness. Its author (if we abandon a multiple authorship) was one of the many Hans Andersens of antiquity, telling his marvellous tale in a way that enchanted countless generations, and speeding it on down to our time in winged words that will never lose their buoyancy. Whether he was an improvisatore or rhapsode, . . . we know not and we care not. The beautiful story is there, with all its passion and its strangeness, its volubility, its cunning, and its eloquence. It is thronged with pictures and with poems; it is projected upon its own lovely Mediterranean Sea with matchless clearness and distinctness; and it brings back to us a rich vision of Greek legendary civilization such as we shall hunt for in vain in any other records. We cannot have too much of it, nor can it be translated too often. . . . [We have many versions in many forms but] no one [before] struck on the fortunate idea of Professor Palmer of Harvard, whose version in rhythmic prose, with the Greek text on the opposite page, now lies before us.

The workmanship of the twelve books which Professor Palmer has undertaken to translate is thorough, admirable, and musical. There is the throb, without the jingle, of verse. His bright and

pleasant English . . . keeps up an unflagging brightness and pleasantness. It is close, too, and true, though we may quarrel with a carelessness or an infelicity here and there. On turning to a test passage—the celebrated close of the fifth book in which the mighty wreck and water struggle of Odysseus are described—we find Professor Palmer fully equal to the dash, brilliancy, and uproar of the stirring hexameters. We hear the shriek of the winds between the lines; the very spume flares in our faces; the scene lives as a wondrous word tempest before our eyes.

We can imagine this version effective and delightful in the hands of a finished reader. The language is familiar enough to be intelligible to every one; archaisms like those that embroider the hem of Butcher and Lang's version are avoided; and the naïve attitude of the poet-artist, with his naïve psychology and guileless speech, is happily preserved. . . . These [unusual translations] are minor blemishes, if blemishes at all; and we can not on the whole, conceive of a more charming companion than this volume to Mr. W. J. Stillman's articles in "The Century" "On the Track of Ulysses." . . . The beauty of the Riverside typography and Greek script leaves nothing to be desired. . . . Professor Palmer must abandon his idea of stopping at the twelfth book, and give us the whole.—*From "The Critic" of November 15, 1884.*

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

In a famous little German poem . . . there is a question about "das alte ew'ge Lied,"— . . . when "the old perpetual song will be ended;" and Anastasius Grün, in beautiful verses, sings that as long as there is moonshine and rainbow, a heart to break or an eye to weep, the question will be useless, and the fountain of poetry will flow.

How varied a stimulus the poets still find in this poor, worn-out world of ours may be gathered at a glance from the multitude of exquisite verses in the volume before us, verses as delicate and as vivid as the traceries in Cufic characters round an Arabian dome. There is a quality of fineness and delicacy, of tenuity and voluptuousness, about Mr. Aldrich's poems, which we find in the work of no other American poet. Dagger-handles are wrought up to this exquisite workmanship; a Cellini cup may be inwrought with the texture of an imagination equally dainty; but it is rare to find a poet, more particularly an American poet, working with such sculpturesque finish, such patience and precision, such old-world fastidiousness. Venetian point is drawn out into spidery elongations with this exquisiteness and feeling, but the impalpabilities of emotion and imagery, of fleeting dream and vanishing reverie,

are seldom caught in so crystalline a way, or made so perfectly to appear before the luxury-smitten eye.

The quantity of Mr. Aldrich's verse is not very great as compared with the productiveness of other poets, but yet it is sufficient to make a distinct and delightful impression, to place him in a niche by himself, to make us recur again and again to his lovely "Baby Bell," his "Cloth of Gold" bits with their glint of Oriental embroidery, his "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," his "Quatrains," and his ivory-wrought "Sonnets" with their clear outlines. If Hawthorne had gone to rhymes, one side of him might have been Aldrich.

In Mexico they sell nutshells wherein there lurk marvellous carvings, a mirror, Lilliputian figures, drapery, all manner of daintinesses. Just so with these poems: each brief, complete, carved out with nicest skill, laden with an argosy of feeling and experience. The double lobes open for a brief flash, and then close again after giving you a tantalizing glimpse. If Mr. Aldrich had done nothing but what is contained in this choice Household edition of his poems, all lovers of true poetry would thank him for his part of "das alte ew'ge Lied" and his efforts to perpetuate it; but when we remember that he is a novelist, playwright, traveller, critic, and editor besides, we are lost in wonder that his poetic work is so perfect, and that so abundant and multifarious an overflow in so many different directions has not spoilt its lucid delicacy and charm.—*From "The Critic" for October 3, 1885.*

WAKE-ROBIN BY JOHN BURROUGHS

With most of these charming papers the readers of the "Atlantic" should be already familiar; and we dare say they will easily recall "Spring at the Capital," "Birds' Nests," "Birch Browsings," and "In the Hemlocks," which have appeared within recent years in our pages. To these are here added three other studies of bird life by one who writes of birds not only with thorough and original science, but also as a poet and as a lover of them.

His book, Mr. Burroughs says, bears the familiar name of "the White Trillium, which blooms in all our woods, and which marks the arrival of all the birds," and in it he has tried always "to present a live bird,—a bird in the woods or the fields,—with the atmosphere and associations of the place, and not merely a stuffed and labelled specimen."

He has succeeded so well in this that the dusk and cool and quiet of the forest seem to wrap the reader of his book, and it is a sort of summer vacation to turn its pages. It is written with a grace which continually subordinates itself to the material, but

which we hope will not escape the recognition of the reader, whose pleasure it enhances.

Perhaps it would be difficult not to be natural and simple in writing of such things as our author treats of; most connoisseurs of birds and their haunts have the same tone of friendly and gossiping confidence; but Mr. Burroughs adds a strain of genuine poetry, which makes his papers unusually delightful, while he has more humor than generally falls to the ornithological tribe. His nerves have a poetical sensitiveness, his eye a poetical quickness; and many of his descriptive passages impart all the thrill of his subtle observation. It is in every way an uncommon book that he has given us; fresh, wholesome, sweet, and full of a gentle and thoughtful spirit; a beautiful book within and (thanks to the growing taste of our publishers) an exceedingly pretty book without.—*W. D. Howells in the "Atlantic Monthly" for August, 1871.*

Exercise.

Examine the reviews given and determine what features of the book are talked of in each. Does it seem wise to you to tell in a review the manner in which the book ends,—even to hint at it? To outline the story? To dwell at length or at all on the faults of the book? Is a criticism of a book supposed to call attention only to its imperfections? On one who has not read the book being reviewed, what will be the effect of calling attention to especially happy passages and incidents?

Write a review of one of the books required for college entrance, after you have read it in class. Write as though the book had just been published.

Write a review of a volume of biography, history, poetry, or essays which you have recently read.

Write a review of a recent popular novel.

Write a review of "Macbeth" or of "Julius Cæsar," considering it as a volume unknown to those for whom you write.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. Write a letter to a friend. In it chat pleasantly about some volume you have recently read. Think out carefully what you are going to say, making sure that it reflects your real opinion. Then say it as informally and pleasantly as the best letter-writing requires.

Write a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, asking her to buy for you a book that you are unable to buy at your home bookstore.

Write a letter to an author whom you have never met, but whose book you have especially enjoyed. Express your appreciation of his work, and thank him for the pleasure he has given you.

Write a formal note of invitation to a dinner party. Write a formal reply, accepting; a formal reply, declining.

Write the same three notes, making them informal in nature.

Ex. II. You are away from home and need money. Telegraph your father.

You are at college and are granted an unexpected vacation. Telegraph your parents when you will be home, and why. Telegraph a friend to meet you at a point where you must change cars, in order to spend the vacation with you. Telegraph your "chum" at home to take dinner with you immediately after your arrival.

On your way home for this unexpected vacation, your train is wrecked, but you are not injured. Send the necessary telegrams, remembering you have not yet reached the point at which you change cars and that you cannot reach home till the next evening.

CHAPTER XVI

ATMOSPHERE

I

By atmosphere in literature is meant a mood or feeling which is so dominant in a selection that the reader must come under its spell. Such an emotion is breathed into a piece of literature by its author both consciously and intentionally, because of his wish to kindle the feeling in the soul of his reader.

A careful study of a selection permeated, saturated, with a definite mood will do more toward making known the meaning of this word than any amount of definition or comment can do to make it known, and at the same time will perhaps reveal something of how a wished-for atmosphere may be concretely suggested by means of words. The following poem by Lord Tennyson should therefore be examined minutely with the double purpose of determining exactly what feeling, what atmosphere, is present, and of discovering the methods used for crystallizing that atmosphere:

MARIANA

'Mariana in the moated grange.'

Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dew at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away.
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadows sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd.
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
Oh, God, that I were dead!'

Exercise.

Are the statements in this poem concrete and specific or abstract and general? If both kinds are used select good illustrations of each. Make an abstract statement that will cover the concrete statements in the first stanza. Do you find this statement of any value in giving atmosphere? Are the statements throughout the poem valuable in themselves, or are they suggestive of something of more worth than the mere facts they voice? Has the author said all that he could say about the garden, the actions of the woman, the interior of the house, the surroundings, etc.? What other things might have been mentioned, if any? Upon what principle has he selected the things which he speaks of? Illustrate your answer by quotations from the poem. In his choice of words what has the author kept in mind? Select all the words in the poem that seem especially fitted to suggest the desired atmosphere. What colors are referred to in the poem? What sounds? Are they in harmony with the atmosphere? What hints are found in the poem? What are they all suggestive of? What is suggested by the creaking hinges, the singing fly, and the shrieking and peering mouse? How is even the sunshine made to help in portraying the desired atmosphere? What is the atmosphere of this poem?

Mention a poem by Tennyson having an entirely different atmosphere. One by some other poet. Mention a poem having somewhat the same atmosphere. Do you find atmosphere present in any prose that you know of? Mention examples.

Examine the poems and prose you have referred to in your answers and determine whether atmosphere is suggested in them in the manner in which it is suggested in this poem.

II

In life, atmosphere is a potent reality. It belongs to individuals, to crowded centres, to desolate wilds. Every home seems to have its own peculiar shade. The moment one steps into some houses, even though an entire stranger, one feels the inspiring influence that dominates the family; in others one is just as quickly brought under the cloud that seems always floating above the entire household. Even different members of a family seem to be breathed upon by entirely unlike atmospheres. In his conversation,

his acts, his manners, the peculiar condition surrounding each is ever manifest. There is a bubbling effervescence and genial warmth, an oppressive humidity, a numbing chilliness, a zero frigidity, and all the thousand shades that lie between the extremes. The exceptional person has power so to charge all about him that, wherever he is, his own atmosphere is dominant. If his is a genial, invigorating, magnetic atmosphere, he is soon an acknowledged leader; if it is the opposite, he becomes more or less of a social outcast.

So it is with places. Some are sought because they soothe and calm; others rouse and inspirit; others repel; and yet others make thoughtful, render joyful, or call forth some one of our thousand different moods.

Naturally authors have not neglected this means of controlling the sympathies of their readers. Almost every professional writer strives more or less frequently to introduce atmosphere. Some use it continually and effectively; others attempt it but seldom, and even then attain but slight success. Among the authors who have had especial skill in the use of atmosphere may be mentioned Hawthorne, Tennyson, Irving, and Poe,—the last strangely proficient in employing it in his prose as well as in his poetry.

Exercise.

Portray in a sketch of from one to three paragraphs the atmosphere of the "moated grange" at a period a few years earlier than that of which Tennyson writes; that is, at a time when it was just the opposite of that portrayed by Tennyson. Use the same concrete methods of interpretation that Tennyson uses. Do not forget to use color, sound, vegetation, actions, animal life, etc. Avoid entirely abstract and general statements.

If the pupil wishes, the above sketch may be put into metrical form, say six or eight stanzas. (See Chapter XXIII., p. 377.)

Would the form of stanza here used be suitable for the interpretation asked for?

In a sketch portray the atmosphere of some home you have visited; of an evening party or a picnic at its gayest; of your village or city on some gala occasion; of a county fair; of a music hall at the moment of some wonderful vocal triumph, or during the rendition by a renowned instrumental soloist or by a noted orchestra of some musical masterpiece, either a world classic or a simple air warm with a thousand home associations; of a school-room, when the teacher being out, the principal walks in and finds the class at play; of a swamp you have visited; of a mountain side you have trodden; of a prairie in spring or during a blizzard; of a peaceful valley near your home; of a grove you love; of a hill-top you frequent.

Show in a paragraph the atmosphere of the Frontispiece, "Awaiting the Absent;" of "After the Surrender," page 72; of "The Rising Moon," page 174; of "Phillips Brooks's Study," page 92.

Let no abstract statement find entrance into any atmosphere paragraph you write. Seek for the suggestive details in sound, in color, in motion, in action, in growth, etc., that for you give the place its atmosphere, and portray them so vividly that they will arouse your reader as they have aroused you.

In Irving, in Poe, in Hawthorne, and in Tennyson find good illustrations of atmosphere. Examine each selection made and determine exactly what the suggestive details are that give the atmosphere. Classify them, and determine whether those of color, of sound, of action, or of something else are the most potent. Do you find atmosphere in the current magazines? In Shakespeare? In the Bible? In Milton? In popular novels? In standard fiction? Illustrate your answers.

Exercise.

You are visiting a friend. Write a letter to your mother, aiming to make her feel the atmosphere of your friend's home.

You have visited, during your summer vacation, a rolling mill or a coal mine. In a letter make your mother feel the atmosphere of the place.

Write a letter in which you are going to enclose several checks for deposit to your credit in a bank. Mention the amount of each check and also the total amount. Endorse each check "For deposit only in ———," naming the bank, and sign your name.

Write to the manager of a large manufacturing or mercantile establishment, applying for a position. State your experience,



After the Painting by Hubert Salentin
GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

your age, and your wish. Try to make your letter show a willingness to do gladly and with determination whatever work may be given you. Mention one or two persons from whom information concerning your character can be obtained.

Write the manager's telegram offering you a position at a certain wage.

Write a telegram replying to the manager.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

After the Painting by Hubert Salentin

Ex. I. What is your feeling as you look at this picture? What is its "atmosphere"? What details give this "atmosphere"? Who is the woman near the door? What is her mood? How is it shown? Why is Grandmother pictured in the position shown? What is her mood? Which of the children is most demonstrative in his pleasure? How do you know? Which is quiet and reserved? What is here to suggest the character of these people?

Ex. II. In a paragraph try to interpret the "atmosphere" of this picture.

In a paragraph use the incident here pictured as a character hint, introducing also one or more mood hints.

In a paragraph contrast the appearance of Grandmother and of the children.

Write the conversation that takes place when these children come into the room; when they were planning this surprise.

Write an account of an experience you have had on your own or on another person's birthday.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PROSE POEM

I

THE French have a brief literary form to which may be given the name **Prose Poem**. This at least is the name applied to it by Mr. William Dean Howells in his Introduction to a volume of translations from a number of writers of these brilliant bits of suggestion. The volume is called "Pastels in Prose,"¹ a name perhaps even more appropriate than "The Prose Poem." Some selections from this volume will show what the prose poem is:

THE FISHERMAN

The earth has drunk the snow, and now are seen once more the blossoms of the plum-tree.

The leaves of the willow are like new gold, and the lake seems a lake of silver.

Now is the time when the butterflies powdered with sulphur rest their velvety heads upon the hearts of the flowers.

The fisherman, from his motionless boat, casts forth his nets, breaking the surface of the water.

He thinks of her who stays at home like a swallow in her nest, of her whom he will soon see again, when he brings her food, like the swallow's mate.—*Judith Gautier*.

THE ANGELS

Greater and taller than our minds can figure them, through the immense ether where swarm the Infinites, and where the groups of worlds seem but specks of a vague dust, three silent Angels,

¹ Harper & Brothers, New York.

intrusted with important messages, hasten their vertiginous flight. They are mounted on white horses of light, and clad in armor of scarlet diamond, to fight, if necessary, the monsters and hydras. They rush forward, causing the comets to flee, striking the frightened constellations, and, as they pass, brushing aside with their imperious fingers the manes of the suns.

They are Malushiel of the fiery locks, who was the teacher of the prophet Elijah; Saramiel, the Shield of God; and Metator, the greatest of the Cherubim, he whose dazzling white beard floats to his knees; and in their midst rides the young Angel Uriel.

While his horse is at full gallop the child Angel, clutching its mane and bending down, picks up on the road an insignificant little ball, and in sport is about to fling it, with his yet feeble hands, over millions of Infinities; but the wise Metator arrests his arm.

"Drop it," he says.

"Ah!" says Uriel, lifting his innocent eyes, which mirror the deep skies, "is it of any use, this little ball?"

"No," answers the Messenger, "it is not of much use, but drop it, nevertheless. It is the earth!"—*Théodore de Banville*.

THE GALLANT

My curled mustaches resemble the tail of the *tarask*, my linen is as white as the tablecloth of an inn, and my doublet is not older than the tapestries of the crown.

Would one imagine, seeing my smart bearing, that hunger is pulling—the torturer!—a rope that strangles me as though I were being hanged?

Ah, if from that window, where dances a shrivelling light, a roasted lark had only fallen in the cock of my hat, instead of that faded flower!

The Place Royale, to-night under the links, is as clear as a chapel; look out for the letter! Fresh lemonade! Macaroons of Naples! Here, little one, let me dip a finger in your *truite à la sauce*! Rascal!—there lacks spice to your April-fool!

Do I not see yonder Marion Delorme on the arm of the Duc de Longueville? Three lapdogs follow her yapping. She has fine diamonds in her ears, the young coquette! He has fine rubies on his nose, the old courtier!

•

And the gallant struts about, fist on hip, elbowing the men and smiling on the women. He did not have enough to dine on; he bought himself a bouquet of violets.—*Louis Bertrand*.

A YOUNG GIRL'S CARES

The moon lights the interior court; I put my head out of the window, and I look at the steps of the stairway.

I see the reflection of the foliage and the agitation of the shadows of the swing rocked by the wind.

I retire and lie down on my trellised bed; the coolness of the night has seized me; I tremble in my solitary chamber.

And now I hear the rain falling in the lake! To-morrow my little boat will be wet; how shall I be able to cull the water-lilies?

—*Judith Gautier.*

HARLEQUIN, OR THE BUFFOON

He has stolen from the cat his agile grace, and from the pug-dog his black and whiskered face. He has taken from the king a piece of his purple robe, from the Jew a piece of his yellow robe, from the spring a piece of its green robe, and with these rags he has made for himself a monkey's dress, that fits closely to his lithe and graceful form. He has slipped through his belt of red leather a lath covered with fair white skin, which, before striking, tickles and caresses; his red shoes, in which there is quicksilver, trace without repose the figure of a lawless dancee, and out of a cloud he has cut his hat that ever changes its shape.

Thus, waited upon like a king, skilful as a Jew, ever young like the immortal April in bloom, he flies through the cities and the fields, amorously followed by white Columbas and Columbines, who, seeing that he has wherewith to stun, to dazzle, and to beat them, adore the horrible and charming monster. And he, fluttering like a hideous butterfly with brilliant wings, embraces them in his flexible arms. He amuses, courts, caresses, and beats them; and dragging them after him in his vertiginous dance through enchanted and conquered Nature, he forces them to kiss his ugly dog's mug—and that is Harlequin!—*Théodore de Banville.*

Three additional illustrations will show that this literary form is not entirely beyond the power of young writers.

AFTER THE VICTORY

All is still save for the steady tramp of the steel-shod horses. Slowly and mournfully the long line of black carriages is creeping along.

In one, by the side of her only son, sits a stately woman. Her face is drawn and pale, but her eyes are untouched by tears.

The carriages have passed.

The sound of muffled drums makes the silence the more noticeable. Now soldiers are swinging by, their rifles reversed. Their faces are worn; tears are in their eyes.

Over all droops the banner of freedom.

Now the spectators turn, replace their hats, and slowly move away.

The silence still reigns unbroken.—*High-School Work.*

ALONE

Midnight.

I am alone upon the deck of a great vessel, alone beneath the star-dotted canopy of heaven.

Not a sound breaks the awful stillness except the swish of the broken waves and the ceaseless throb, throb, of the ship's great heart.

Night and solitude fill my soul with wondering sadness. I gaze up at the glorious heavens, then out over the great dark waters, and I feel my own insignificance, the mystery of life, the littleness of all human motives.

And the stars blink pitilessly down upon me, and the ship rolls on through the silent darkness.

Suddenly, from far above me, a voice rings out, clear, distinct, upon the listening air!

"All is well, and the lights burn bright!"

And the cry of the watchman spreads afar over the dark waters, and dies away.

But its echo is still in my heart—"and the lights burn bright!"
—*High-School Work.*

"AND YE GAVE ME NO MEAT"

In a quiet corner of the park a fountain sparkles and dances in the moonlight. A ragged waif crouches beside the fountain, but he is not touched by its beauty; he knows and feels only the gnawing pangs of hunger.

A lady passes, the swish of her skirts harmonizing tunefully with the ripple of the water. The homeless child grasps her dress, and begs for a penny to buy a roll.

The soft glow of the moon shows a frown on the beautiful face as she snatches the silken folds from the grimy hand, and hurries on.

The hungry child chokes back a sob, and creeps again into the shadow of the fountain, while the silvery moon covers her mild eyes with the corner of a cloud.—*High-School Work.*

II

These pastels from the French speak for themselves. No extended discussion of them is necessary. Their brevity is unexampled. Their brilliancy is electric. In color they are like the rainbow. But their one essential characteristic is an infinite suggestiveness. This gives them their power. For an instant the curtain rolls aside; for a pulse-throb the darkness is burned away as by a heaven-wide lightning flash. But in that breath a springtime has been lived through, a heart has been searched, an awful truth has been revealed, a feeling has been crystallized, the price of victory has been paid, the character of a person or of a group of persons has been disclosed.

The character hint, the mood hint, and the Detail form of writing are the tools used to do this work so quickly and powerfully. Further, in no other form of writing is there such necessity for words with wide associations. Suggestiveness is the one essential. A word more or less than is necessary, an expression that is inaccurate only by a shade, a hint that reveals indefinitely,—any one of these errors is fatal in a prose poem. In the pastel only perfection is worth while.

This literary form, then, furnishes an excellent bit of work upon which to expend that long polishing and repolishing which is a necessary preliminary to any worthy result. Of course young writers will not attain the French beauty. But whatever excellence they do attain is that much advance toward perfection.

The prose poem at its best is seldom the work of the imagination. It usually is a brilliantly-cut bit of real life.

Just the experience suited to a pastel may never fall to the life of many a person. But experiences suited to practice work are not infrequent. Or, for practice, experience and imagination may be combined, or the imagination may be relied on exclusively.

Exercise.

Analyze the above selections, and determine what the author is suggesting in each and what means of suggestion he makes use of.

Taking something in your own experience as a foundation, write a pastel showing the character of one or of several persons. (Which selections above do this?)

As in the last exercise write a prose poem interpreting a feeling; winter or autumn and a person; a crime; the appearance and characteristics of a street fakir, a ward politician, a boastful boy, a haughty girl; one showing the slight importance of even a great man; one explaining why you have a strangely happy heart; one showing how inadequately the very rich appreciate the condition of the very poor; one showing an uneducated pauper who has become very wealthy by the death of a relative; one picturing the innocence and sunshine of a little girl, or of a six-months' old babe.

Select from your own experience any incident suitable to a pastel, and draw the picture.

Write a prose poem suggested by the Frontispiece, "Awaiting the Absent;" by "Lincoln's School Hours," page 38; by "News of the Far Away Son," page 82; by "At El Caney," page 100; by "Grandmother's Birthday," page 226.

Exercise.

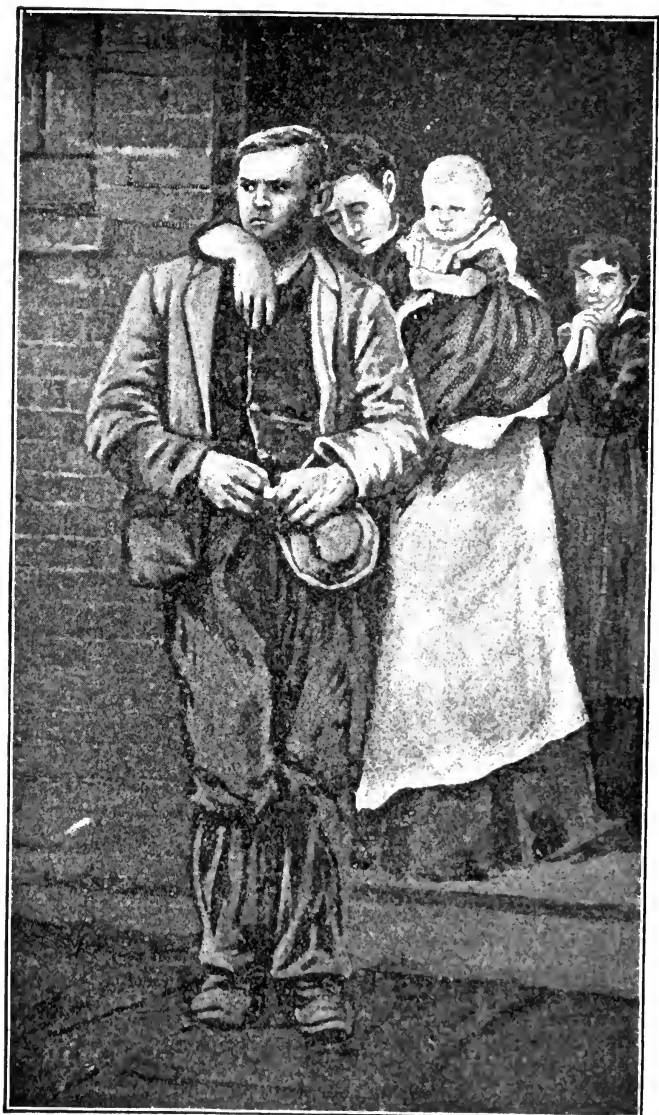
Write an informal friendly note asking a person to go skating with you.

Write the answer.

You are away from home. Your father has been ill for several weeks. Write a letter to the family physician asking him concerning the real condition of your father, and inquiring whether he feels that it would be wiser for you to come home.

Write such a newsy, sunshiny letter as you might write to your mother when you were thoroughly enjoying yourself on a vacation.

Write a letter to the manager of a hotel asking him whether he



After the Picture by Hubert von Herkamer
OUT OF WORK

can reserve for the banquet of your literary society the evening of the 17th proximo. Ask concerning the cost per plate for the number that will likely attend, and inquire concerning the additional cost if he provides an orchestra.

Write his reply.

OUT OF WORK

After the Picture by Hubert von Herkomer

Ex. I. What is your feeling as you look at this picture? Does this feeling increase or diminish as you study the picture? What details cause this feeling? How does the feeling of the mother differ from that of the father? • That of the daughter from that of the mother? Is a similar feeling shown in the face of the little child? Would this man work if he had an opportunity? How long has he been without work? Does this family live carefully or extravagantly when the father is working? Why your answer?

Just how is the man's mood made known to us by the artist? The woman's? The daughter's? What is suggested by the way the woman's right hand seems to hang rather than be held in its position? Why are the girl's hands placed as they are? Notice the lips of the man and of the woman: what do they express? The eyes? Describe the position of the man and of the woman. Why is the man looking far away? Why has the artist introduced the baby into the picture?

Ex. II. Write a prose poem suggested by this picture.

Write a conversation that has recently taken place between this father and mother.

Describe a scene in this home when the father has regular work, and follow it by way of contrast with a description of this scene.

Write an account of some one of whom you have known or heard who was seeking work.

In a paragraph suggest the atmosphere of this picture.

CHAPTER XVIII

LITERATURE: A DEFINITION

I

As has been said, the purpose of art is to convey to one soul the feeling experienced by another soul. The artist finds himself tingling with an inspiration. This feeling clamors for expression. He applies chisel to marble, brush to canvas, bow to strings, or pen to paper, and the world is richer by a masterpiece.

No definition can make known what a feeling is, and therefore definitions of sculpture, painting, architecture, and music, the products of feeling, can be but feeble things. To know what these words mean one must look with an opened soul upon the Elgin Marbles, or The Descent from the Cross, or St. Peter's, or must hear with an attuned heart the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. So with literature: mere definition can do but little toward making known what it is. That can be learned only by soul acquaintance with the masters, with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Browning, Tennyson.

Certain explanation, however, may smooth the path somewhat toward such acquaintance, just as a formal introduction may open the way to a precious friendship. So, too, even an unsatisfactory definition may be helpful in suggesting what one must expect in the work of literary masters.

As a foundation for this discussion of what literature is,

the following definition may be at least provisionally laid down:

Literature is a written presentation to the feelings of such thoughts, emotions, and deeds as exalt the soul, the language used being so filled with suggestion that it enables the reader imaginatively to pass through the given experience. This presentation is made, not for the sake of the experience itself, but for the sake of the feeling inspired by the experience.

By soul is meant not only the part of man's nature that is prompted to nobility, to worth, and to helpful living, but also the part that appreciates the manifestations of strong and beautiful character, the wonders and beauties of nature, and the products of the fine arts.

The experiences that exalt the soul are the experiences that at least to a degree satisfy one or more of our ideals. We see Captain Joe (page 19) thrust his body into the splintered gap in the side of the ferryboat in order to keep out the in-rushing water, and we are thrilled by the ideal courage and self-sacrifice. What is better, we feel ourselves prompted to greater unselfishness and bravery, as well as to a desire of inspiring in others a similar feeling, by telling or interpreting to them what we have seen; and in our telling, our interpretation, we do our best to make them appreciate the incident as fully as though they too had been witnesses of it.

Later we hear the bluff captain whisper "Wuz any of them babies hurt?" and our souls vibrate in the presence of such ideal manly gentleness, and we determine to be more thoughtful for the helpless, and we yearn to interpret to others these strangely affecting words, to give others the delight that comes with a recognition of their spiritual suggestiveness. Probably as we repeat them we unconsciously lower the voice in our endeavor to bring the actual scene

more vividly before the imagination, to interpret it more exactly. A similar experience follows our reading of the entry in the log book, at so complete an experience of ideal modesty and unobtrusiveness.

In like manner an inspiring landscape, a spiritual face, a charming sunset, a radiant full moon, delight us with their ideal beauty, and our souls are moved and our lives soothed and quieted, and we strive to make others see it as we see it, to interpret it to them, in order that they may feel as we have felt. In the song of a bird the poet finds ideal spirituality and serenity and peacefulness, and his soul overflows with an emotion that he must strive to inspire in others, and Shelley bursts forth in his ode "To a Skylark" and Keats in his "Ode to a Nightingale."

When a soul-edifying experience, then, is so vividly interpreted that the reader imaginatively lives through it, and is moved with the feeling that moved the writer, the result is literature.

Exercise.

Tell in class of several soul-ennobling experiences which you have had, or of which you have known.

Some such experiences are character hints; others are mood hints. In two or three paragraphs interpret, that is, present vividly to the feelings, one of each kind.

Interpret some one of "the wonders or beauties of nature" in a brief theme. Before this exercise read again the chapter on Visualization.

II

The feeling aroused by an exalting and ennobling experience may be briefly and abstractly summed up in a fact statement; as, Captain Joe is a courageous, self-sacrificing, gentle, modest man; She is very pretty; The landscape is

beautiful; The singing of the skylark pleases me; Slavery is wrong.

These statements make known facts or declare feelings, but they are not literature. In order to become literature they must be interpreted to the imagination, the soul. The conclusion naturally follows that fact statements, made only for the fact declared, can be of but slight value in literature. They appeal to the mind, the intellect, while the interpretations that make literature, appeal to the feelings, the imagination; the one is for the head, the other for the heart.

When seeking to interpret, the writer must make use of everything that will help to present the abstract idea in such concrete form as will enable the imagination to take hold of it and to realize its spiritual power. Among the means that will be found useful are hints of all kinds, words of wide associational meaning, suggestive details, figures of speech, contrasts, symbols, comparisons, imaginary incidents, etc.

Further illustrative material will probably prove helpful.

We are ready to accept as true the statement "God cares for those who strive to live worthily," but we are in no way moved by it, for it is not literature. But see the way an inspired poet presents this abstract idea in the Twenty-third Psalm:

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;

For thou art with me:

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Wishing to interpret the tender watchfulness and consideration of God, the poet concretely symbols him, first as a shepherd exercising every thoughtful care, and then as a loyal friend and host caring for his friend when all others have forsaken him. The interpretation, so simple and easy to understand, shows us an ideal guardian far more clearly than any dozen pages of abstract statement could do, and the reader is thrilled with the beautiful and lofty emotion that moved the Psalmist to sing.

"He who judges should be without guilt" is an abstract, commonplace statement of no particular value. But lift it by concrete interpretation to the plane of literature, as is done in St. Matthew vii., 3, 5:

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

"Sin brings its own punishment;" "Ingratitude is base." The world nods its acceptance of these statements and passes on; but it stops and thinks when they are interpreted, when they become literature. Earlier authors had done it, but Shakespeare did it in an immortal manner in "Macbeth" and "King Lear," and along with these truths interpreted a hundred others.

During the Civil War, when patriotism seemed to be ebbing, Edward Everett Hale was stirred with the feeling

that the man who does not love his country has no right to the privileges of a fatherland. Further, he was impelled to make his countrymen, especially those of the younger generation, thrill with this same feeling. To have printed the truth as the motto of every newspaper in the land would have called forth an almost unanimous assent, but it would not have made one man more patriotic. But Dr. Hale knew that the way to make an abstract truth effective is to interpret it concretely. So he wrote "The Man without a Country," a story that no boy or man can read without tears in his soul if not in his eyes, and without a resolve to live a nobler life and be a truer patriot. The experiences of Phillip Nolan were soul-ennobling for him, and have been soul-exalting for countless readers.

Nathaniel Hawthorne felt himself stirred with the feeling that remorse for sin develops and ennobles the soul. He determined to interpret this to the world in a novel, and he wrote, "The Marble Faun," in which Donatello, a man with a small soul, with little moral perception, commits an awful crime, and the remorse that follows endows him with that which he has lacked.

In "Evangeline," in like manner, Longfellow interpreted the thought "Love never changes," and in "The Lady of Shalott" Tennyson in an allegory interprets the abstract statement "Success in art demands the devotion of life and soul." Carlyle makes his "Essay on Burns" a medium for the same truth. In a letter to Mr. Blackwood, George Eliot wrote that "Silas Marner" "is intended to set in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural relations," and in "The Princess" Tennyson makes his readers feel that woman before all else is a home-maker.

In any extended piece of literary art, in addition to the primary interpretation forming the theme of the work, there will be found innumerable brief interpretations, words,

sentences or paragraphs devoted to making the reader feel the meaning of abstract ideas. For instance, in the Fifth Canto of "The Princess," lines 121-123, the author wishes us to feel the meaning of war, and speaks of

The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower
Torn from the lintel. . . .

In lines 79-102 of the same Canto he desires the reader to realize something of the meaning of a mother's love, and he makes Psyche, after fate has separated her from her little one, cry out:

Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little fault,
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl
Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all:
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing forever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child:
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child?

Not only are brief interpretations of this kind found, but yet briefer ones without number are always present. For

example, Tennyson makes the Prince speak of "the trampled year," and has Psyche call her babe "my blossom." In the former the Prince is troubled lest the fields shall be so trampled that there will be nothing to harvest. The work of the year is all for the sake of the harvest; if that is trampled out, the year is trampled out. So Psyche finds her ideals of purity, innocence, and beauty more fully realized in her babe than in the most perfect blossom, but, lacking any more satisfactory concrete term with which to convey her feeling, she uses that word. So Tennyson says "a feast shone, silver-set," choosing words so full of suggestive associations that we see snowy linen set with shining silver and china and crystal.

It is probably worth noting, further, that a production may be literature of a high order without containing any such primary interpretation as is referred to above. Instead, it may consist of a series of interpretations, each complete in itself, and yet each in such harmony with the others that together they form a string of pearls. Many of Emerson's essays are thus made up of linked interpretations of fundamental truths, while in some of Hawthorne's work are found sketches made up of a series of brief emotional presentations of beauty that charm scarcely less than nature itself.

III

As worthy men are primarily interested only in those things that never cease to delight and charm or to exalt and enoble, literature should deal especially with such things. Only the ultimate, the final, are of value; to the soul the transitory is valueless.

Beauty of face cannot charm unless beauty of character goes with it; the one is passing, the other always has de-

lighted and always will delight. William Dane's long prayers, sage advice, and reputation for spotless truth are without power the moment we find him laying upon Silas Marner, his friend of many years, the blame for his own crime.¹ The seven-year-old lad looking straight into his teacher's eyes and answering "I did it," when he knows that his words are sure to bring punishment, arouses our admiration, because the truth always has had power to do this and always will. His sister, helping the smaller children with their wraps, dividing her dainty lunch with the playmate who is able to bring only a crust, always running to help the little ones that fall, carrying the earliest wild flowers to the lame girl who cannot leave her bed, thrills our hearts, for beauty of character always has thrilled thus and always will.

A broad valley dotted with homesteads, alive with grazing cattle, golden with ripening grain, and cooled with a crystal stream, pleases us with its beauty, just as it pleased the ancient Greeks and will please earth's last generations. The mighty, granite-ribbed, snow-topped mountain peak and the limitless ocean, with their power, majesty, and sublimity, affect us differently; they move our deeper natures to a fuller realization of the truth and omnipotence of their Creator.

A great manufacturer is always punctual; is as careful of the public money he helps to administer as of his own; pays every employee at the highest rate; is untouched by flattery; has steel-gray eyes and square forehead and jaw; has never a romp with his children, seldom a smile, no farewell to his wife as he leaves home daily, not a penny of wages for an ill employee, nothing for charity, and never an unnecessary word. Not a whisper is breathed against **this man's** integrity, for he has truth of character; but no

¹ Read again the first two chapters of "Silas Marner."

one loves him, for he lacks beauty of character. The world has always admired the former but has loved the latter, and always will.

The mother bending over her sleeping child, the love in her heart all blossoming in her face, is our ideal of beauty, not because she is "pretty," for we do not notice her features, but because a supreme love is in her expression. This has always been the ideal of beauty, as the many pictured Madonnas testify. It always will be. We always admire such truth as impels Abraham Lincoln, grocer's clerk, to walk miles to return a few cents overcharged on a purchase of tea; we always love the beauty of character that persuades Abraham Lincoln, President, to send a condemned but really noble son back to a widowed mother.

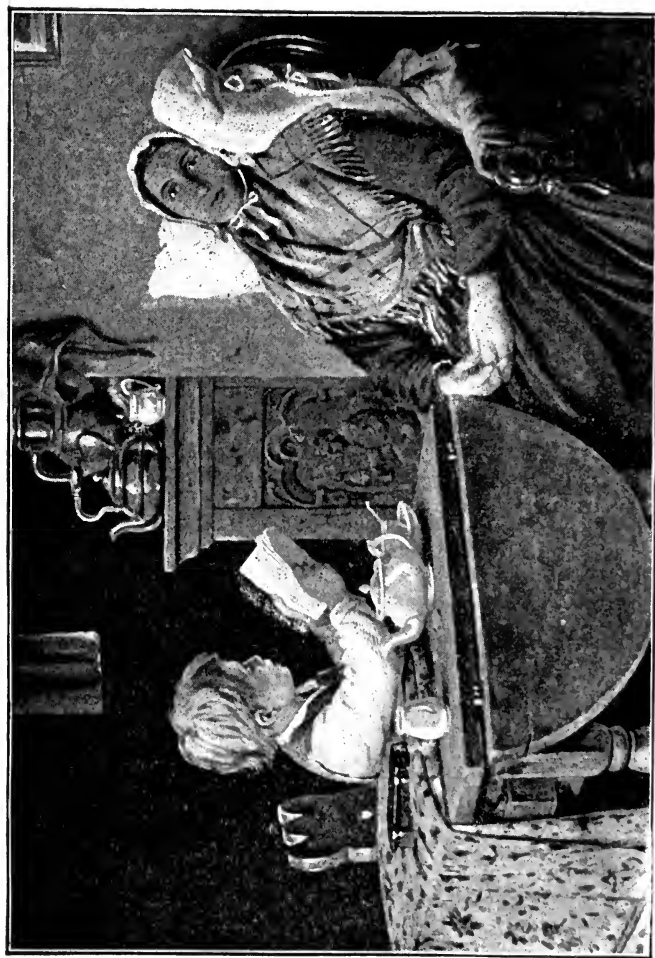
Because literature deals especially with these great manifestations of the things that are eternally true and beautiful it has been defined as "ultimate truth and beauty interpreted." ¹

The student "interprets ultimate truth and beauty" when he tells the story of a courageous act, of a kind word, of a helpful smile, of a child's unselfishness, of a bit of charity, of a harsh word conquered; when he describes a winter morning, a singing brook, a surging mob, a desert's dreariness, a city's awakening, a lamb's gambols, a prairie's lavishness, a Christmas morning, a snowstorm or a summer shower, a mine or a mill; when he portrays a character, or explains the sun's power, or one of nature's laws. To do any of these things so as to appeal to the reader's feelings and to make him live through the experience is to interpret truth or beauty.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. What ever-powerful feeling or truth is interpreted in "The Ancient Mariner"? In "The Vision of Sir Launfal"? In

¹ See Prof. Sherman's edition of "The Princess."



After the Painting by Meyer von Bremen

PLEASANT HOURS

"Julius Caesar"? In "Il Penseroso"? In "L'Allegro"? In Macaulay's "Addison"? In the books and poems read in class during the past year? In three books or poems read at home?

Read again the chapter on visualization, watching especially what is said concerning the use of the concrete, and then write an interpretation, taking as a subject one of the suggestions in the last paragraph of this chapter.

Pictures as well as literature are interpretative of the true and the beautiful. Examine the pictures in this book and determine what that is eternal is suggested by the artist.

Ex. II. Write a letter of sympathy to a friend in whose family a death has occurred.

In a letter ask the principal of your school to excuse you from literary society or from one study. Be sure to give a reason.

In a letter ask a business man who knows you well to write you a recommendation to use when asking for employment.

Write a letter to the president of a rival literary society, proposing a contest between your society and his.

Write a letter to the city ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg. Ask him the cost of a trip you hope to make during vacation. You wish to visit half a dozen cities and summer resorts located in at least three different states.

PLEASANT HOURS

After the Painting by Meyer von Bremen

Ex. I. What makes you feel that this woman is ill? What ideals seem to govern her life? Why do you say so? For whom are these hours pleasant? What do you think is the character of the boy? As you look at the picture what feeling comes over you? What is the cause of this feeling? What is the atmosphere of the picture?

Ex. II. Write a paragraph about this picture, trying to suggest something eternally true or beautiful that the artist has expressed.

Write a brief character sketch to make the reader acquainted with this lad. Make use of the incident pictured and of several imaginary incidents.

Write an account of an illness of your own or of that of a friend.

Write an account of something you did for your sister or mother when she was ill.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SHORT STORY

(A vote of the readers of "The Critic" a number of years ago decided that of American short stories the ones here named are the Best Twelve: *The Man without a Country*,¹ by E. E. Hale; *The Luck of Roaring Camp*,² by Bret Harte; *The Great Stone Face*,² and *The Snow Image*,² by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *The Gold Bug* and *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, by Edgar Allan Poe; *The Lady, or the Tiger*?³ by Frank R. Stockton; *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Rip Van Winkle*, by Washington Irving; *Marse Chan*, by Thomas Nelson Page (in the volume "In Ole Virginia"³); *Marjorie Daw*,² by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; *The Revolt of Mother*, by Mary E. Wilkins (in "A New England Nun and other Stories"⁴). While no such vote can be final, these stories are of so much grace and strength that they will be referred to as typical throughout this chapter. As far as possible they should be read aloud in class or outlined by the instructor, in order that the references to them may be understood.)

I

THE short story may be defined as an interpretation of a crucial point in a human life.⁵ By interpretation is meant a presentation so effective in its appeal to the feelings that it will force the reader to undergo, imaginatively, the experience under consideration, and to divine much of the meaning of the early and later years of the complete life.

Such a crucial test may be almost wholly physical; or it may be mental, as in "*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*," in which the crucial test is not the murders but the solution of their mystery; or it may be spiritual, that is, involving

¹ Little, Brown, & Co.

² Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

³ Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ Harper & Brothers.

⁵ Mrs. Edith Wharton has published a volume of short stories under the title "Crucial Instances."

either the moral nature or any of the powerful feelings that govern the actions of men, as in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and in "The Great Stone Face." Or it may combine any two or all of these. "The Gold Bug" combines the mental and the physical; "The Revolt of Mother" the spiritual and the physical; Mr. Kipling's "William the Conqueror" (in "The Day's Work") combines the physical, the mental, and the spiritual.

Such a crucial test may put to proof character, morals, executive ability, courage, mental or physical strength and alertness, judgment, or any of the other faculties and powers that every human being is called upon to use. It may involve only a single one of these, or may unite any number of them, as has been pointed out in the preceding paragraph.

The time covered by a supreme test that is adapted to short-story treatment may be only a few minutes, as in "The Lady, or the Tiger?" may be a day or two, as in "The Revolt of Mother;" may be a month or two, as in "The Gold Bug;" or may extend over many years, as in "The Great Stone Face" and in "The Man Without a Country." As a rule, however, a crucial test occupying but a brief period of time is better suited to the short story. Of course it is often necessary to give preliminaries to the supreme test that cover an extended period, as in "The Revolt of Mother." Such time, however, should not be considered as belonging to the test proper. Preliminaries of the kind referred to, if used at all, should be as few and as brief as possible. Stories practically without such preliminaries, as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," are generally more artistic and consequently more effective.

Such a test, no matter what it deals with, must be so powerful that it will influence all the future life of the person concerned. Until a person has undergone such an experience it is not possible to know absolutely what manner of

man he is. We may have confidence that under certain conditions he will do certain things; after such an ordeal, those who have seen it *know*, not only for the past but also for the future. All the previous years of the hero's life, all his acts and experiences, will help to determine the result of such a trial; and while these earlier years and experiences might, and perhaps should, be given at some length in a novel, only such glimpses of them as are absolutely essential to an appreciation of the crucial test should be given in a short story. What he does and says and how he acts in the test should reveal practically all that the reader ever learns of the hero's character; and this little should be suggestive of the whole character. All a man's after life is influenced by such a supreme test, but none of that after life should be detailed in the story. To suggest it by a search-light flash may be warranted, but nothing more.

In selecting a subject, then, for a short story, the first requisite is to find *in life* some such crucial test. It is practically impossible to evolve from the inner consciousness, to "think out," such a supreme experience; it must have its foundations deep in a real experience. Such a subject will interest the reader, even though the story be poorly told. Given the story of a man who cursed his country and who in consequence lived a lifetime on its vessels without hearing it mentioned, without seeing a reference to it in print, without ever coming within sight of it, and a reader must be interested even though the telling be inartistic. So with the story of a babe that in a few fleeting months brings not only luck but also something of cleanliness and morality and even of æsthetic appreciation into what had been a roaring mining camp. No such supreme artistic powers as Bret Harte had, are necessary to make a story of this kind chain the reader's attention.

Subjects much less improbable, such as "mother revolt-

ing" after forty years in a shed of a farmhouse and moving into the commodious new barn, or a girl going out with her brother to aid the famine sufferers ("William the Conqueror"), or a juryman standing out against his eleven fellows simply because he *felt* the accused could not be guilty ("Eli" by H. W. Chaplin), even such subjects will make the reader *feel*, though told with no consummate art; and the short story, like all other literature, must first of all appeal to the feelings. It must make the reader laugh or weep, hate or love, praise or condemn, and must force him to do so whether he wishes to or not. It will be only the thousandth reader that can get through "The Man Without a Country" or "The Luck of Roaring Camp" or "Marse Chan" without tears, or that can reach the end of "The Revolt of Mother" without wanting to cry "Bravo!" or that can finish "The Gold Bug" without having his interest in the outcome almost run away with him. The authors of these stories have compelled their readers to experience the feelings they are interpreting.

In order to accomplish this the young writer must choose the strongest, most suggestive subject that he can find. To test its power, let him tell it to one who knows nothing about it. If in its unpolished oral form it is able to move, in all probability it will move no less when written.

In choosing a subject it is wise to throw aside the mere love story. Of course "falling in love" is the commonest crucial point in life; and that is just the reason subjects involving it should be avoided. A good short story is possible with such a subject, but it is far from probable. The subject has been dealt with so often that any new treatment of it is more than unusual, and for a young writer to treat an old subject in a commonplace way is merely to invite failure. Love may play a part in the subject chosen, but it should never be the all in all. Of the twelve stories

referred to but one is a pure love story, and at least eight have no love element.

The beginner in story writing should hamper himself as little as possible, and therefore should attempt to find a subject that is comparatively new. Such a subject, no doubt, is right under his eyes, but neither his neighbor nor he has realized its literary possibilities, or at least has not made use of those possibilities. Every community has within it the seeds of excellent short stories. The trouble is to find the soil in which the seeds may grow. If a literary aspirant cannot find stories at his elbow, he will probably not find them anywhere. Subjects are more frequent than artistic writers.

The sources of plot suggestions are numerous. The grandfather or uncle who in any way has touched the world, who has crossed the sea, who has lived on the frontier, who as an attorney has been the confidant of clients of all classes, who has again and again known of the miscarriage of justice, who has seen life's crises in numberless forms, one who has had such experiences is a veritable storehouse of short-story seeds. So with the papers; it is not possible to scan the columns of any great daily without finding something that will grow into a story if properly nourished. The experiences of even a young person will often furnish subjects of no little power. Events in his own life will make children's stories, and events he has seen will furnish more general material.

Crucial tests are everyday occurrences in the great laboratory of life, and every one who comes in touch with the toilers, whether mental or physical, must see them. The mill-worker and the miner, the locomotive engineer and the sailor, the lumberman and the city fireman, each is familiar with tests in which the physical and the spiritual join hands; the merchant, the banker, the broker, know of

mental tests requiring the solution of tremendous problems in the business world; the minister, watching the religious crises in human souls, has a field of study peculiar to himself; every physician in active practice must continually meet with stories having tremendous moving power. There is no young person but can get hold of some friend with a story worth telling.

The story as the friend tells it, however, will not be a short story; it will be only a skeleton on which the writer must put flesh and into which he must breathe life. To do this he will have to use his imagination. He will have to live again the experience of the various characters involved. He will have to select and perhaps insert the vital suggestive details; he will have to omit the unnecessary details; he will have to add occurrences for color and contrast; he will have to change the sequence of events in order to secure stirring climaxes; he will have to introduce some new characters and leave out unnecessary characters; he will have to introduce motives for doing this and reasons for not doing that, and yet have his characters forced by conscience to go contrary to motives and reasons; he will have to put general statements into the form of natural conversation; he will have to go into the inner lives of the characters and think with them and feel with them, be tempted with them and struggle with them, and then he will have to make these experiences vital for the reader; in short, he will have to plant the seed given him, water it, nurture it, dig about it, enrich its soil, spend weary hours caring for it, and in the end have, perhaps, only an unworthy, unlovely thing. But the joy in the work will repay the time spent, even though the result is far below expectation.

In what has been said it is implied that a subject must be selected that involves action. This fact, however, is so important that it must be stated directly. The very life

of a short story depends upon action. Something must happen. A story *must* have something dramatic. The something may happen in the physical, the mental, or the spiritual realm, but it must happen. In each of the best dozen stories something is done. So, too, it must be done in such a way that the reader is seeing it rather than being told about it; it must be the stage, not the chimney corner or the fireside. The experiences must be made so vivid that the eye of the imagination sees every movement if the events are of the outer world; while if they are soul experiences they must be no less plainly discerned by the spiritual eye.

If things must be done, they must be done truthfully, and this means that the writer must deal only with the things he knows. If the story takes place in a rolling mill and the writer has never been inside one, he is not likely to appeal very strongly to his reader. It is perhaps possible to know too much about a subject, so much that one has lost its crispness and raciness. One knowing it less familiarly may appreciate more fully its flavor. It depends, however, upon the subject. An observant visitor could perhaps write a more illuminating description of a coal mine than an educated miner could write; but one who has lived the artistic and literary life of New York for years could put that life into a story much more brilliantly than one who has read about it, or who has only browsed its edges for a few months. The safer side, undoubtedly, is to know the subject thoroughly. Only recently a story appeared that had its location on an ocean steamship. Its blunders were so ludicrous that the author was asked whether she had ever crossed the ocean. The expected answer came: "Oh, no; I have never even seen the ocean!" Such confidence in the imagination is hardly safe!

Irving knew his Kaatskills and his Sleepy Hollow,

Mr. Page knows his Virginia, and Miss Wilkins her New England.

II

Nor must a story's local habitation be forgotten. Its events must occur somewhere. To say bluntly that the story is to be located in this place or in that, is of course a fact statement having no power in literature. In some adroit, indirect way it should be given a home, and if possible the peculiar, individualizing features of that home should be made to live for the reader. Such an individualization of a place is known as "local color," and is a feature of short-story writing calling for no little skill. Just what to picture; just what not to picture: again it is the task of the selection of the fittest.

"The Revolt of Mother" is thus located:

They were in the barn, standing before the wide-open doors. The spring air, full of the smell of growing grass and unseen blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was littered with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edges, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines.

In one of his stories entitled "The Wreck,"¹ Guy de Maupassant thus introduces a bit of local color:

It is certainly a fantastic city, La Rochelle, with a strong character of its own—streets tangled like a labyrinth, sidewalks running under endless arcaded galleries like those of the Rue de Rivoli, but low, mysterious, built as if to form a fit scene for conspirators, and making an ancient and striking background for those old-time wars, the savage heroic wars of religion.

¹In "The Odd Number: " Harper & Brothers, New York.

In another, "The Piece of String," ¹ the same author thus opens and locates his story:

It was market day, and over all the roads round Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming towards the town. The men walked easily, lurching the whole body forward at every step. Their long legs were twisted and deformed by the slow, painful labors of the country,—by bending over to plough, which is what also makes their left shoulders too high and their figures crooked; and by reaping corn, which obliges them for steadiness' sake to spread their knees too wide. Their starched blue blouses, shining as though varnished, ornamented at collar and cuffs with little patterns of white stitch-work, and blown up big around their bony bodies, seemed exactly like balloons about to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms, and two feet.

Some of these fellows dragged a cow or a calf at the end of a rope. And just behind the animal, beating it over the back with a leaf-covered branch to hasten its pace, went their wives, carrying large baskets from which came forth the heads of chickens or the heads of ducks. These women walked with steps far shorter and quicker than the men; their figures, withered and upright, were adorned with scanty little shawls pinned over their flat bosoms; and they enveloped their heads each in a white cloth, close fastened round the hair and surmounted by a cap.

Mr. F. Hokpinson Smith colors thus in the opening lines of "A Day at Laguerre's":

It is the most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements. As you rush by in one of the innumerable trains [to or from New York] that pass it daily, you may catch glimpses of tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream,—hardly a dozen yards wide,—of flocks of white ducks paddling together, and of queer punts drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing-stairs.

If the sun shines, you can see, now and then, between the trees, a figure kneeling at the water's edge, bending over a pile of clothes, washing,—her head bound with a red handkerchief.

If you are quick, the miniature river will open just before you round the curve, disclosing in the distance groups of willows, and a rickety foot-bridge perched up on poles to keep it dry. All this you see in a flash.

¹ In "The Odd Number:" Harper & Brothers, New York.

These selections show that the secret of successful local color is to find the few peculiar features and to paint them, leaving all the rest to be inferred. It is the same problem brought forward in the chapter on Description, and differs only in that it must be solved by some especially brief and telling method instead of in the conventional way. Its secret may be quickly fathomed by him of the quick eye and the painter's heart. Others will get something of it with unceasing observation and practice.

III

Having found a subject that seems to fulfill, at least in part, the short-story requirements, the beginner should next ask whether there is any real reason for making a story out of it. The story that will interest and do little more is well worth telling; but the one that in addition to its interest has a purpose or theme is better worth telling. For the best short stories have, far beneath the surface, an exposition of some life principle, as has been shown in Chapter XVIII. There attention is called to the theme of "A Man Without a Country." The obtrusion of the theme should never be permitted to turn a good story into a poor sermon, or even into a good sermon. The theme should rather be so presented that it will in no manner interfere with the interest of him who reads merely for pleasure, and at the same time will be easily discovered by one who reads for something deeper. Dr. Hale's story was written solely to preach patriotism, but it is not a sermon; far from it. It is impossible to read it without finding its message; the message, however, is in no way repellent to him who reads merely to learn how it all comes out.

A story may be charming and artistic with only a slight theme or even without any manifest theme (some readers

of "Marjorie Daw" have not imagined that it has a noble theme); but, other things being equal, the more worthy the theme, the more worthy the story. Almost every reader will find greater satisfaction in a story that leaves him with a wish to speak a kind word, to lend a helping hand, to aspire to higher things, to avoid selfishness, to be full of sunshine, to despise deceit, to see only the silver lining, to appreciate more fully some world-wide feeling, to live more nearly the Christ-life; or if it makes him understand more clearly the life of some particular time or section or class, as do the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, Hamlin Garland, and Mary N. Murfree; or if it adds definitely to his knowledge of some subject, as, for example, the untangling of a cipher, in "The Gold Bug," and the results of exact observation, in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

The theme may be presented negatively as well as positively. To show the personification of deceit and what it leads to is probably more effective in making a reader long for openness and frankness than it would be to show the personification of candor.

IV

Having a subject which involves some crucial life-moment, which will interest the reader, which is at least to a degree familiar, and which carries a theme, the writer should next arrange his material into as effective a whole as possible. After experience this arrangement will be largely made in the mind before any writing is done. The beginner, however, even though he strives his best to make an exact outline, will accomplish the properly interrelated whole only after many writings and rewritings.

First of all, the story should be planned as fully as possible. The beginning, the middle, and the end should be defi-

nately in mind. Of course all these may be changed before the story is complete; but if they are not definitely in mind before the story is begun, the writer will in all probability be reminded of his folly by finding himself at a point from which he is unable to proceed any further.

The beginning should be so full of interest that one who reads the first paragraph will feel that he must go on. Without such an opening paragraph a story is well-nigh fatally handicapped, no matter how good it may prove in its middle and end. An opening paragraph probably never carries unconditional acceptance to an editor's mind, but it undoubtedly very often carries rejection. See how "The Luck of Roaring Camp" opens:

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar of the front room.

"The Revolt of Mother" begins in this way:

"Father!"

"What is it?"

"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

"Father!"

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

A story dealing with a merely physical crisis begins, "He was seven feet and fat," while Hamlin Garland begins "A Branch Road" thus:

In the windless September dawn a voice went ringing clear and sweet, a man's voice, singing a cheap and common air. Yet something in the sound of it told he was young, jubilant, and a happy lover.

It will probably be agreed that each of these opening lines has something to attract the great majority of readers, and to urge them to read further. Each of them, too, is adapted to its story. A quiet, pastoral story could not well begin "He was seven feet and fat," nor would the reader expect bluster and head-breaking in a story beginning as Miss Wilkins's "A New England Nun" begins:

It was late in the afternoon, and the light was waning. There was a difference in the look of the tree shadows out in the yard. Somewhere in the distance cows were lowing and a little bell was tinkling; now and then a farm-wagon tilted by, and the dust flew; some blue-shirted laborers with shovels over their shoulders plodded past; little swarms of flies were dancing up and down before the peoples' faces in the soft air.

The middle, or the story proper, must be arranged so that the plot will lead up to one or more throbbing climaxes. The plot may be very simple, or it may be intertwiningly complex, but there must be enough of it to permit the introduction of the climax in some form. For the young writer a simple but somewhat complete plot is desirable. A plot that is a mere thread, as in "The Great Stone Face," requires too much art for the beginner, as does also the plot that is complex.

In "The Lady, or the Tiger?" the thread of plot culminates in a single masterful climax for which the whole story is written, as will be shown a little later; "The Luck of Roaring Camp" has a series of minor climaxes, showing the effect the babe has on the life of the camp and leading up to a thrilling final climax. The same is true of "The Man Without a Country," as, for example, when poor Nolan so

dramatically rises in the court and curses his country; when he hurls the volume of Scott into the sea; when the splendid Mrs. Graff moves away because he inquires about home; when he captains the gun whose officer has been killed; when the commodore thanks him and presents him with his own sword of ceremony; when he interprets to Vaughan that the poor creatures freed from the slave-ship wish to go home to their own country, their houses, their women, and their pickaninnies; when, in the sobbing climax at the end, they find that the prayer-book opens of itself to the passage, "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee," etc., and that a slip of paper in his Bible marks the passage beginning, "They desire a country, even a heavenly." "The Gold Bug" has a climax where the treasure-seekers dig in vain and are about to give up, another when they discover the treasure, and a third when the explanation of the mystery is given, with still other minor ones.

A story without some such rising to one or more points of extreme interest will have no value. And this is where most young writers fail entirely. Even with plots that of themselves mount to effective climaxes, they fail to bring out the needed culmination with force. They do not comprehend the necessity of some definite point or points at which the interest culminates, they move on at a dead level, and as a result their efforts are without power. The beginner, therefore, should watch for the climaxes as he reads short stories and should study them in their relation to the story as a whole, and in his own writing should never be satisfied without at least one stirring climax.¹

¹ Perhaps no other author has had so great skill in attaining tremendous climaxes as the Pole, Henryk Sienkiewicz. This is particularly illustrated in his novels, as, for example, in "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." His novels are well worth reading for the stories they tell, for their historical accuracy, and their art, but at least one should be read to learn of the skill referred to, if for no other reason.

Of no less importance than a strong opening is a powerful close. It is said that magazine manuscript readers often begin reading a story within a few pages of the end. If this is true, there is wisdom in it, for a story that fails to bring the reader to the end with every nerve a-tingle is apt to be dull.

"The Revolt of Mother" ends with the old man sitting on the step of the new barn into which the wife has moved while he was away:

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved; he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah.

"I'll—put up the—partitions, an'—everything you—want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome with her own triumph.

Adonirum was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I had n't no idee you was so set on 't as all this comes to."

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" has an effective closing paragraph. A flood has invaded the Camp and carried away the babe:

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying!" he repeated, "he's a taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got The Luck with me now;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

If the literary aspirant would succeed with the short story he must have a beginning and an end full of life and

spirit and movement, as well as a middle that rises to masterful climaxes. This is very easily said; the doing comes only with genius, by chance, or perhaps with midnight oil.

V

In every short story there is naturally one character that is more important than any other. In addition there may be one or two other important characters, with seldom more than two or three minor characters. Each of the best dozen stories has but few characters.

And how shall a story be told? As a rule it should tell itself. That is, the conversation of the principal characters, together with a little explanatory narrative by the author, should tell the story, as in "The Revolt of Mother." The other common method is pure narration, which may be in the words of the author himself, as in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," or in the words of a character introduced for the sole purpose of telling the story, as in "Marse Chan," in which, after the story proper is begun, everything is in the words of an old darkey who had been the body servant of Marse Chan. A method not to be recommended is the use of letters and telegrams exclusively, as in "Marjorie Daw." In this particular story the result is altogether charming, but as a rule the method has not led to satisfactory results. These are the ordinary methods. Any method, however, that will force the reader to appreciate the interpreted experience, will be satisfactory, and the more original it is, the better.

In whatever way the story is told the author should not intrude himself or his opinions on the reader. No one will question his right to an opinion about his characters and their actions, but no one is pleased to find that opinion

expressed in the story. He may know that his hero is very handsome and very bold and that his heroine is most bewitching; but he must make his reader feel these facts, not force them upon him as a matter of personal opinion. So he must not turn his story into an essay by the insertion of paragraphs dealing with philosophy. When Irving halts his story in order to deal with philosophical truths, as he does, for example, in the latter half of the third paragraph of "Rip Van Winkle" and often both in that story and in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," we cannot but feel that he does it to the detriment of the story as a story. Irving's opinions are always charming and are often flavored with a piquant humor, and his readers delight in them wherever expressed. Yet one cannot help feeling that in his stories they are somewhat out of place. A story is not of the best when it has about it the style of an essay.

It is the story-writer's duty to do three things: He must so visualize the crucial test that his reader will spiritually experience it; he must present acts so suggestive that at the end of the story the reader will be thoroughly acquainted with the principal character; and he must so interweave his theme or purpose that his reader will profit by it without realizing that he is being moved by a powerful sermon. And all this must be done with the utmost conciseness; it must all be compressed into a compass of from a thousand to six or seven thousand words.

In order to accomplish this, every irrelevant act, sentence, word, must be ruthlessly cut out. The author's one duty is to lift the curtain on some bit of the great world drama and to drop it at exactly the right moment. He must present his characters *doing something*, and must keep them doing something all the time the curtain is up. He must consume not a single minute in telling about them or in philosophizing. He should never forget that his characters

must make themselves known exclusively by their own conversation and acts.

The rhetorical term "unity" requires that each sentence, each paragraph, each completed whole, shall deal with but a single subject. The short story is second to no other literary form in requiring unity. The introduction of what is only indirectly or remotely connected with the subject is a fatal error. It may be very enticing; it may exercise a strange charm over the writer; in a novel it might be introduced; but in the short story it must not appear. The unity must be without blemish.

Unity may be destroyed by omission as well as by insertion. In the attempt to be brief and concise, the essential must not be omitted. In his own perfect understanding of his data it is not infrequent for the beginner, striving after brevity, to take for granted that the reader will understand some fact that has been neither stated nor implied. The far more common fault, however, is the insertion of the unessential.

As to what is essential, every writer must decide for himself. A portrait painter selects and emphasizes in a face whatever is peculiarly individual, almost slighting what is merely commonplace. In landscape painting the same is true. The salient features are caught, the rest is ruthlessly cast aside. The same aim should govern in the short story. An attempt has already been made to point out what is essential in description, what is particularly effective in character portrayal, what is of value in picturing a person, and how results may be obtained through the use of subordination, contrast, environment, atmosphere, etc. All of these tools will be needed in shaping the short story; they will all help to make the writing suggestive. And the word suggestive, better than any other, defines the essential. It is that which is so full of suggestion that it will kindle

the reader to an appreciation of much that is not mentioned.

At this point it may perhaps be enough to say that many of the incidents which may accompany the occurrence of any crucial test are the merest commonplace and will be worse than useless if introduced into the story. In "The Revolt of Mother," for example, of the moving into the new barn practically nothing is said. The dishes are mentioned, Nancy is told to go upstairs and pack her things, and Sammy is to help take down the bed. Not another thing is referred to. The inartistic writer would have given two or three pages to this, because in a material way it represents the revolt. He would have interpreted feelingly the difficulties experienced in moving the range and the other heavy household stuff, would have mentioned boxes, baskets, and packages, and would have described the litter in which the old home was left. The little given is suggestive of all this, and the entire omission of such unnecessary details is a great relief to the reader. "The secret of wearying your reader is to tell him all."

The aspiring writer must not be afraid to "kill." Again and again he will feel that something already written should really be omitted, but its rhetoric is so charming or its meaning is so close to his heart that he feels he will risk leaving it. If it is not a vital part of the story, omit it. If it is really good it will fit into some future story. Continued pruning is a prime essential to success.

VI

After all that has been said about style in preceding chapters it seems almost unnecessary to revert to it here. The short story should rest upon facts, and there the fact element should end. The task of the writer is to reproduce

for his reader the experiences of his characters, to make him feel that it is his own crucial test that he is undergoing. It is not possible to accomplish this with fact writing. As in all other literature, so in the short story: Only feeling writing,—the Figurative and the Detail forms,—can make the work effective.

In all revision the writer should strive to discover the most suggestive word and phrase, the one which, more than any other, will kindle the sympathies of the reader. The attempt should be to use the exact word in the first draft, but often the thought will hurry the writer and he will not stop for close shades of meaning and for words full of association. Every sentence, clause, and phrase should be examined and re-examined in order to put into it all the meaning the most suggestive words carry. No other kind of work will lead to even partial satisfaction.

At this point, however, a word of caution is necessary. Do not let the style show the labor that has been put upon it. A common fault in the stories of young writers is the manifest struggle after style. If the struggle leaves its traces it is of no value. It is surely a purpose of art to conceal art. The simple, unlabored style that impresses every one as perfectly true requires far more art than the style that just escapes—or entirely fails to escape—what is known as “fine writing.” And “fine writing” is the bane of any writer, young or old.

To make the reader feel is the prime purpose of all art. But to make him feel is not all. His feelings must be aroused in a refined and artistic manner. If a gentleman, in order to make me appreciate an incident he has seen in an art gallery, should deliberately thrust his walking-stick through a beautiful oil-painting on my library wall, I am sure that he would accomplish his purpose; but I am equally sure that I should not think him a very successful artist.

Perfection of technique is no less essential in writing than in painting.

VII

As has been said, a short story must deal with a subject of general, vital interest. It must interpret a principle of life (see p. 243) that touches close upon the heart of the world. Without such a subject it cannot capture the mind of the reader, it cannot make his heart really throb with anxiety about the result. That the reader should be thus moved is the supreme test of a short story. It is comparatively easy to arouse a passing curiosity about the outcome, a curiosity that will survive perhaps for a day if the reading is interrupted. But to secure an interest that will last, that will rise before the mind in the night season, that will haunt one in the city's rattle or in the forest's peace,—to secure such an interest is no slight task.

The necessity of such an interest may be illustrated by contrasting the outlines of two stories.¹ One, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" is known to the world because in it the author touches a chord that vibrates in every heart; the other (even its name is forgotten) is unknown because its author succeeded in appealing only to a transient curiosity. To outline the former story is almost unnecessary. In it a semi-barbaric king conceives a unique means of judgment for those charged with high crime. In one side of a great arena are two doors, exactly alike. The accused, set down in the arena, must open one. He may open for the entrance of a most charming lady, whom he must at once marry; or it may be for the entrance of a starving tiger. The semi-barbaric king has an equally semi-barbaric daughter, and in time a youth, strong, handsome, heroic, comes under

¹ This contrast was suggested by G. W. Gerwig, Ph. D., who has since used it in a magazine article on the short story.

her charm. All goes well until the father learns of the youth's astounding boldness, and he at once condemns the ardent lover to the arena. The tiger is starved an extra day, the lady is thrice beautiful, in fact, is a rival of the princess, and of course is hated by her with all the malignancy of her hot, semi-barbaric jealousy. At the fatal moment the king sits smiling in the midst of the greatest crowd the amphitheatre has ever seen. At his side is his madly jealous daughter, whose ability and determination have fathomed the mystery of the awful doors. The grace of her lover captivates the multitude. He turns to salute the king, but he looks only at the princess. He knows her ability, and she realizes that he knows it. In his look she reads his question: "Which door?" Seen only by him she points, without an instant's hesitation. With no less hesitation, he steps to one door and throws it open. And here the author is pleased to leave the reader, with the statement, "Now, the point of this story is, which came out of the open door, the lady, or the tiger?"

In the other story a young scientist, believing that he has discovered the secret of suspended animation, determines to experiment on himself. Having entrusted his lady love with the revivifying elixir, he apparently dies and is buried. Three months creep away. His instructions are then carried out, the *elixir vite* being poured through an orifice in the coffin. Then, in the presence of his friends, the lady, with trembling hand and chalky face, lifts the lid. She alone sees what is within. She utters a piercing scream. The others rush forward to learn the cause of her mood, whether it is joy or anguish, and the story ends.

The difference in these stories is not in construction, as the one is probably as well written as the other. The difference is far deeper than mere rhetoric; it is a difference of vital interest. The one story presents a problem of the

widest significance and of the deepest import; the other appeals only to an idle curiosity. The study of the mind of man—the practical study—is of deep interest to every human being. Given certain conditions, what will a man do? The study of the mind will usually answer. Here the question is, will this madly-loving, madly-jealous, half-barbaric princess reward her hated rival, or entrust her lover to the starving tiger? The answer can be found only by a study of her mind. And either answer may be defended vigorously and effectively; but whether the elixir brought the investigator back to life is a question exciting only a momentary interest and a passing curiosity. The one is a problem in human nature; the other is no problem at all.

An examination of the other stories composing "The Critic's" list will show that they all deal with subjects of vital interest. How originally "The Luck of Roaring Camp" interprets the truth "A little child shall lead them;" how forcefully our sympathy goes with "Mother" in her entirely warranted revolt; how beautifully "The Great Stone Face" embodies the mellowing and perfecting influence of high thinking and clean living!

The really successful short story must have intense human interest.

VIII

Some comparisons have been made that may help the beginner to understand more fully what the short story is. One writer has compared it to a pearl. The subject, the crucial test, is the grain of sand. About it is secreted by the author's skill that which makes it an artistic gem. The comparison has been carried further by adding that when

the subject is unusually vital the accretion takes place about a grain of gold instead of about a grain of sand. In either case the necessity of the author's art is clearly illustrated. Another has said that a story in an author's mind is like molasses filling a quart measure: only a pint can be poured out. Every one who has tried to write a story will realize the truth of this comparison. The story written is never so powerful as the story in the mind.

Zola says that a story is the report of an experiment. An author has a theory about life. He mingles with the people, watching life, in order to learn whether, when the chemicals are brought together, the expected result will take place. If he finds it resulting as his theory demands, he concludes that the theory is correct, and he is at liberty to put into a story what he has seen, to make a report of his experiment. Another critic asserts that the nearer a short story comes to being a drama and yet remains a story, the better it is. And the dramatic is a vital element; the characters must *act*, must do something. Professor Brander Matthews says that the short story is like *vers de société*, in that both seem very easy to write and are very hard, and that both must have exquisite brilliancy and originality. A wise man has said that the short story is "a true and august vision of profounder things," which is not a bad definition of literature.

But whatever a short story is like, whatever it is, it is worth striving after with persistence. Professor Matthews says that it requires in an author originality, ingenuity, compression, and some fantasy; and, one might add, a quantity of happiness, of the milk of human kindness, is often helpful. Whatever seeds of these qualities are within one, will receive a valuable cultivation in the practice work that must precede any slight excellence in short-story writing.

IX

In thus devoting a chapter to the short story it is in no way assumed that young people, or older ones either, can, by text-book instruction, be taught to produce marketable literature. In fact, it is probably well to state that no such result will be obtained. The young person, save in very rare cases, has seen too little of life to hope to do even fairly strong work in the short story. This form of literature, perhaps to a greater degree than any other form of prose, requires a familiarity with people and with experiences that the student, if only for lack of years, has had no opportunity to acquire. In every strong short story results are introduced that have their causes deeper in the human soul than the plummet of youth can sound; acts are performed that have motives such as the hearts of the young have not learned to appreciate.

These facts, however, need not prevent young people from attempting the short story. Seldom can young people play the piano with consummate skill, and yet they do not hesitate to attempt to interpret difficult music. So with the short story. It has many attractive features for young writers. It is a comparatively brief literary form; it offers a field for experiment much more pleasing than any of the other brief forms offer, and certainly preferable to any of the longer forms; and its brevity necessitates and permits an attention to unity and to close, concise thinking that makes practice with it of the highest value.

Every young person, too, at some time has wished to write a short story, and almost every one knows directly or indirectly of a subject that to him seems fit for short-story treatment. In view of these facts, such a consideration of the short story as has here been given seems warranted, even in a text-book on composition.

X

Historically, the short story at its best is a comparatively recent development. In America Irving began it with two stories that the world will not willingly let die. Following him came Hawthorne and Poe, with work as nearly perfect, probably, as any that has ever been done. Poe was perhaps the discoverer of what Professor Matthews in his essay on the subject in "Pen and Ink" calls the "Short-story," indicating by the capital and hyphen that he is talking of the modern short story in its perfection. Long before Poe, even long before English literature, stories that are short were written, but they have none of the characteristics, except brevity, of the literary form Professor Matthews writes about. In the discussion that has preceded, the construction of the *modern* short story, of the "Short-story," has been the theme.

Since the day of Poe and Hawthorne the writers of short stories have been legion, a few of whom have equalled but none of whom, probably, have surpassed these early masters.

The short story may include the character sketch, the fairy tale, the ghost story, the incident of travel, of mystery, of adventure, and of passion, the comedy dialogue,—in short any brief tale having as its subject something that affects life in so decisive a manner as to bring about a crucial test. Each of these may be so written as to merit the name "Short-story." Ordinarily, however, they fail to reach this high distinction; they are merely stories that are short; for the short story is really one of the most difficult forms of literary art. Almost any one can invent and tell a story that is short; only the occasional person can write a short story. This fact, however, need not discourage the student. If he does what he can with his subject, if he works at it patiently and determinedly, if he puts into it the best that

is in him, even though he misses entirely his desired goal, he will have the satisfaction that always follows honest endeavor.

This chapter lacks adequate concrete illustrative material. The limits, however, forbid the introduction of complete stories, and consequently the illustrative material—and without it the chapter is valueless—must be worked out by the student for himself. Suggestions for such work will be found in the exercises that follow.

Exercises

Ex. I. Read again "Jonathan," and "The Mother." Which one seems not to come within the definition of a short story? Has it the unity of a short story? Has it climaxes? Does it open well and close well? Does it make the reader feel strongly? Has it plot? Is it a story at all? What is it? In it do you find any crucial points? Why, then, is it not a short story? Be very definite and complete in your answers.

Ex. II. Answer the following questions about the short story called "The Mother" (pp. 62-70,): Just what is the crucial test? Determine upon the climax, or the climaxes, consider each in its relation to the story as a whole, and decide which is strongest, if several are present. What probably was the actual happening upon which the story was based? What events in that actual happening have not been mentioned? What events has the author probably introduced for art purposes?

How is the location of the story made known? Is any local color used? At the end of the story do you really know the characters? How has the author accomplished this? How many principal and how many minor characters are introduced? Is the opening of the story artistic? The ending? Why your answers to the last two questions? Can you improve either the opening or the close?

What method does the author adopt for the telling of his story? In the method is there anything original? Has the story a purpose, or does it merely interest? If a purpose is present, is it preached at the reader, or is he left to feel it? Explain your answer.

Is there anything especially effective in the style of the story? Pick out any words, phrases, or situations that seem unusually

strong or especially suggestive. Do you find any details that might better be omitted? Any that might be advantageously changed? Do you think of any changes in arrangement or any additions that might strengthen the story? Do you find words for which other words might be advantageously substituted?

How much plot has the story? Do the characters act? Is the story intensely or only mildly dramatic? Determine upon the most dramatic parts. In what is the story especially strong,—in purpose, character, incident, visualization, plot, climax, local color, contrast, technique?

In the conversations, if any, is all the dialogue given, or are parts summed up and other parts omitted entirely? Just how does the author sum up unimportant conversation? Just how does he indicate the change of speakers in the dialogue? Does he use the same expedient twice in succession? Notice how quotation marks are used.

What parts particularly stir your emotions? Are the descriptions effective? Is the narrative? Can you give reasons why they are or why they are not?

Ex. III. Answer the same questions about as many as possible of "The Critic's" list of best stories. If they are not available for all the class, let the teacher or a member of the class read aloud at least "The Man Without a Country," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Marse Chan," and "The Revolt of Mother," the questions being answered in a general discussion of the story after it has been read.

Ex. IV. Let each student examine a story in one of the better class magazines or in a recent book of short stories, and answer all the above questions concerning it.

Let each student bring in a number of newspaper incidents that seem to him to be well adapted to short-story treatment.

Ex. V. Let the class be given the account of a strong crucial experience, and let them together discuss it and work it into a story. The test may be taken by the instructor from a story probably unknown to the class, and after their collaboration is complete, the original may be read to them. Then an original subject may be worked out in a somewhat similar manner. If nothing better offers one of the following fact statements may be used as a nucleus:

A boy is left by his father to watch a pile of burning brush and stumps. Becoming hot and tired, he stretches himself in the shade of the adjoining forest. Soon he unintentionally sleeps, and

awakes only to discover that the flames have crept through the dry grass and weeds to his father's barns, which are ablaze and doomed.

Joseph Gaylor, a boy seventeen years of age, is compelled to work very hard and is treated most cruelly by the man whom he has always supposed to be his father. Every few months this man receives a letter from abroad, and after its receipt he for some weeks has plenty of money. One day after he has been severely punished by this man, Joseph appeals to him for the treatment a son should receive from his father. 'Something in the reply he receives makes him suspect that the man is not his father. He begins to think about the matter, he watches for the coming of the letters, he tries to get a chance to read them, he searches drawers and trunks, and finally discovers a manuscript written in cipher. He translates it, learning the secret of his birth. He at length discovers his parents. The criminal is punished.

Henry Brault and John Jamieson were lumbering in Canada. Jamieson was severely injured, became delirious, and Brault started with him for civilization. In a short time Jamieson's strength gave out and he became helpless. Brault shouldered him and carried him through the snow for forty miles to the nearest railroad. It required four days to do this, during which time Brault did not sleep. When a surgeon was reached, Brault was little more alive than Jamieson, but after many weeks both got well.

A lifeboat crew in a terrible storm rescue all but one from a wrecked vessel. This one is left because the lifeboat is overloaded and the storm is each moment becoming worse. The leader of the crew, Harrow, was away when they went out, but has returned before they get back. Learning that one has been left, he declares that he will save him. The crew refuse to go with him. His mother begs him not to go, reminding him that his father was lost at sea and that his only brother, Uwe, unheard of for years, has probably been drowned. He insists, in spite of all, and finally five of the crew consent to go with him. They find the man lashed high on a mast, rescue him, and bring him safe to land, Harrow shouting before the boat reaches the shore, "Tell mother I have saved Uwe."

Ex. vi. Let each student write an original short story, using as a nucleus something in his own experience, something he has seen, or something of which he has been told by an eyewitness. Be sure that it has plenty of action.

After it is written, let him re-read the present chapter, asking

himself as each principle is developed whether he has observed it with sufficient care.

Write a short story suggested by the Frontispiece, "Awaiting the Absent;" by "News of the Far Away Son," page 82; by "At El Caney," page 100; by "The Rising Moon," page 174; or by "Out of Work," page 234; or by any other picture found in this book.

Bring to class a picture from a current magazine that suggests to you a short story. Tell the class in brief outline this story. Write an opening paragraph that will both open and locate the story. Write a closing paragraph that is full of dash and vim.

In a short story never fail to have the opening strong enough to clutch the attention; in the middle always have one or more masterful climaxes; make a story end so as to leave the reader tingling.

Ex. VII. After the class has been divided into groups of two, let one of each group write a letter to the other, making his letter the beginning of a short story. Let it be continued by the other in an answer. Let this continue till each has written at least three letters.

Ex. VIII. In a letter tell a friend about a short story that you have especially enjoyed. Be careful to give satisfactory reasons for your enjoyment of it.

Write a letter to a teacher of fencing inquiring about the cost of lessons.

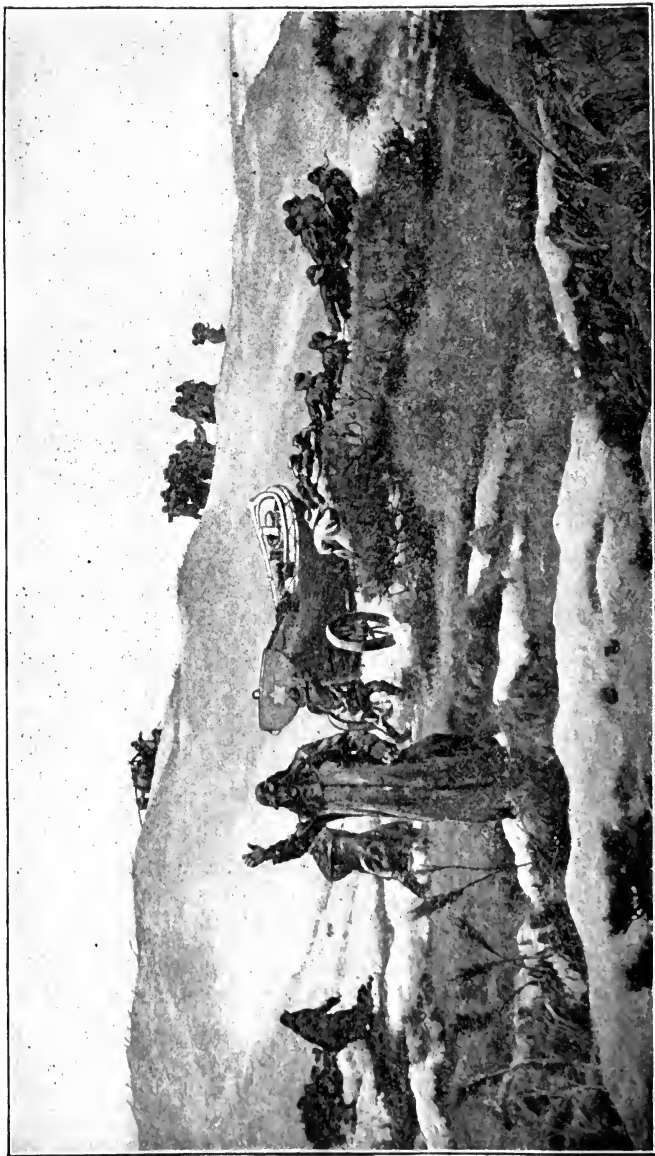
Write a letter to the manager of a football team making arrangements for a game. Explain all the conditions under which the faculty permits your team to play with elevens from a distance.

You would like to go to West Point or to Annapolis. Write a letter to your congressman concerning an appointment to one of these schools.

You would like to go to Wellesley College, but your means is limited. Write a letter to the president of the college, stating your circumstances, and asking her advice. Tell what funds you are sure will be available.

Your brother or sister eight years old is visiting in the country. Write a letter about home matters that will be full of interest to the little traveller.

Your family is going to move to a distant city. Write to the freight agent of a railway in your town asking the cost of a freight car to transport your furniture to that city. Ask also concerning the cost if the furniture is sent without renting a car.



After the Painting by Winslow Homer, Courtesy of Carnegie Institute

THE WRECK

THE WRECK

After the Painting by Winslow Homer

Ex. I. What in this picture suggests a wreck? What are the people at the right on the top of the dune doing? Those at the left? What kind of boat is this? Where are the men taking it? What shows their anxiety and haste? What is the man beside the boat doing? The one immediately back of it? What shows that they are not far from the ocean? Find two indications that the storm is still raging. Why is the man who faces us motioning with his hand?

Ex. II. Write a short story suggested by this picture.

Write a description of this picture.

Describe the "atmosphere" of the picture.

Write a description of a storm, an account of a visit you have made to the seaside, or an account of an experience you have had with a boat.

Write a paragraph suggestive of the atmosphere shown in this picture.

CHAPTER XX

THE ESSAY

I

A PLEASING form of prose composition and a form which, at least in its simpler phases, is peculiarly adapted to the abilities of young writers, is the **Essay**. It is true that "writing an essay" has been a bugbear of the schoolroom for generations, but this fact has been due to the abstract, indefinite, hazy idea of what was wanted rather than to any inherent difficulty in the work itself.

The average man remembers vividly the vague unrest that came over him in his school days when he was told that he must present an essay on Friday morning. Visions of some tremendous literary achievement dealing with theories of government or with seer-like advice about the conduct of life or with the advantages of friendship, floated cloud-like through the mind, without crystallizing into a single tangible, concrete idea. If nothing had been said about an essay, and the request had been made that he tell in writing of what he had seen while rowing in the evening "up to the Island" and of what he had thought about it, or to write an account of all he had learned about blackbirds during his tramps in "the swamp," or to tell what thoughts and feelings he had about fussy old men who were always interfering with the sports of his "crowd," the probabilities are that more than half the nightmare would have disappeared from "Friday's essay."

The essay is the interpretation, the vivid presentation to the feelings, of an experience that has aroused the emotions. The experience may be rowing up the backwater, or tramping through the swamp, or facing a February blizzard; it may be playing with the cat and kittens, or watching the warbling throat of the canary, or making a table scarf; it may be watching the falling embers of the coal fire, or dreaming half awake in the armchair, or pinching the cheeks of the chubby little two-year-old; it may be singing over the bursting of the buds and the coming of the birds, or sobbing over the death of faithful Bruno, or studying the life of the ant or the bee. Any experience, material or spiritual, that arouses the emotions may be interpreted in an essay.

The row up the backwater may be told in such manner as to make a narration, a story, and so with many of the other experiences suggested as suitable for essay treatment. The essay differs from the narrative in that in it the story element is reduced to a minimum and the emotional element is raised to a maximum. In the essay the thoughts and feelings that are inspired within the writer by the scenes in the swamp, by the frolics of the kittens, or by the falling of the embers, are the important things; in the story the events that took place are the important things.

The essays of an Emerson and a Hawthorne delight the reader especially by the revelation of new thoughts and feelings. The average essayist has no new thoughts and feelings. He cannot delight by revelations. But whatever he sees and feels and thinks, he sees and feels and thinks in a manner different from that of any other human being. His point of view is unique. His duty, therefore, in an essay is to be absolutely original, that is, not to color his own thoughts and feelings with the dye of any other writer's expression; he must put the reader into his own viewpoint. He sees with his own peculiar spectacles; in an essay his

aim should be to make the reader see for half an hour through that pair of spectacles.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie declares that "the great writers have no surprises for us," while so great a genius as Goethe observed that "to say a thing that everybody else has said before, as quietly as if nobody had ever said it, that is originality." The meaning of each of the above quotations is that the business of every writer is to use his own point of view. When one says only the things that have come within one's own experience, and says them entirely without borrowing, aping, or posing, one cannot help being original.

The essayist who can take a man with cobwebbed brain from beside the evening fire in which he is able to see only ponderous leather-bound ledgers and endless columns of figures, and lead him back to the lanes and brooks and meadows of his youth, back to the apple blossoms and the primroses, the new-mown hay and the wild strawberries, to the stone-bruises, the old "swimmin'-hole," and the sugar-bush,—the essayist that can thus handle the magician's rod need have no worry because he cannot reveal new thought and feeling. He can do something better: he can bring to life the old and loved.

II

In the essay as in other forms of composition, an interpretation is accomplished only by the use of the concrete. The abstract is useless when it comes to arousing the feelings. In an essay of six words written by Richard Crashaw in about 1630, this fact is manifested. Feeling the divinity of Jesus and wishing to voice his feeling, he wrote thus concerning the first miracle at Cana:

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

Turning the water into wine is a concrete manifestation of the divine power. To make more tangible the meaning of the miracle the figure of speech is called in, the water is given personality, and then is made to recognize the Master. Thus there is flashed before the reader the thought that even the elements when in the presence of the Man of Galilee feel their inferiority.

Another illustration in which are epitomized the characteristics of the essay is from the preface of Charles M. Skinner's volume of essays entitled "Do-Nothing Days":¹

Do-Nothing days may be the busiest ones. They are the days in which we absorb; while on the do-much days we try to make others absorb from us whatever we have in overplus: ribbons, wisdom, or cheese. If we oftener eased the strain on our eyes and minds, we should be enriched by impressions that in our usual attent and mastering attitude we refuse to heed. Americans ought to have a wholesome laziness preached to them, after three centuries of urging to gain and work. . . .

In this there is nothing new. Yet it pleases, and we almost feel that it is original because its manner of expression is individual. We are made to look at a familiar thought in a new way, and, lo, it is as a new thought. At times the traveller is urged to view a beautiful landscape by looking at it backward under his arm. The softness and glamour added by so simple an expedient is always surprising. So the essayist by his interpretative expressions enables us to look in a slightly different manner, and instead of the familiar "A day of rest is often welcome," of everyday conversation, we are made to feel the same fact by a series of pleasing flashes focused in our imaginations.

To make us feel what the do-nothing days really are, the concrete is called in. They are the busiest days. The paradox arouses and interests and makes the imagination

¹ J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

alert. They are the days in which we absorb, the figurative expression bringing a concrete idea that is vividly suggestive and stimulating. Then the contrast, put so oddly and concretely, pleases not a little, the idea of absorbing ribbons and cheese, literally so false but spiritually so true, making us feel the inferiority of the do-much days. The next sentence, only a little less concrete, explains yet more minutely the general idea, while the last sentence, also figurative, makes the direct application.

In these four sentences is embodied the entire theory of the essay as it has been advanced. Mr. Skinner has a certain experience, a feeling of the value of rest, and it so arouses his emotions that he strives to interpret it to others in such a way that they will feel as he feels. Thoroughly to understand these sentences and their interrelations is to have a clear idea of what the essay is.

III

The essay best adapted to beginners is one combining narration and description with a large amount of interpretative comment,—with the feelings of the author about the things done and seen. One day a gentleman took a little trip into the country near Boston, and there enjoyed an experience which he was prompted to share spiritually with all his friends, and so he interpreted it in an essay. The essay is in a volume called "The Listener in the Country,"¹ written by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, and is entitled

AT THE HAMAMELIS SPRING

There is no need for Boston folk to go far afield to find a summer resort, well patronized yet secluded, a veritable sylvan retreat. Fine attractions it presents, yet all are free; indeed, there is no

¹ Small, Maynard, & Company, Cambridge, Mass.

coin current there, although 'tis not more than twelve miles from the State House. The guests begin to come early in Spring, and make a long season; yet it is a select company, a harmless guild of freedom and song to which none can object. But I pray the people of this town to go one at a time, or send their astral selves, for the wild frequenters of this Spa are timid and easily scared away, and it is they who have the best right there.

A wonderful spring comes out of a hillside. It is already a very respectable brook where it gushes out of the hill; and, as it moves along over the clean sand and pebbles, it spreads out, and gurgles in and around the stones, making the most melodious music. Some three or four rods farther down the hill it runs into a larger brook that comes down a deep ravine, just now lined with cornels in flower, and blue irises as soft in tint as the sky and as graceful as a première danseuse. The big brook, tumbling over its stones, makes a still bigger noise than the little one that gushes out of the hillside; and the songs of the two unite in a delightful harmony.

Above the spring there grows the most wonderful witch-hazel bush that any one ever saw. It is not a bush at all, but a group of trees. It has just forty separate stalks, or trunks, each growing on its own account but having a sort of harmonious reference to all the rest. Some of these separate stems are thicker than a strong man's arm, and they are at least twenty-five feet in height. They all bend down the hill, of course, so as to overhang the spring; and their dense, dark-green, glossy foliage would deeply shade the place even if there were not many other trees all about. Sitting under such a tree, looking up through the lovely leaf-clusters to the sky, feeling the sort of prophylactic influence that there is in a good tree, and afterward carrying the remembrance of it, one can understand why people make medicine of the hama-melis!

Close by, in the loose gravel of the hillside, there are barberry bushes that rise to a height of some twenty feet above the ground, and are veritable trees. They are in full bloom, and make the hillside shine and shimmer with their pale gold color like the folds of silken skirts.

One takes a drink out of the palm of his hand of the almost ice-cold water of the spring, and sits down on a stone to see who will come. The music is good enough for an hour, if nothing living should arrive. But something is always sure to come, if one sits still in a woody, shady place, and waits.

Here comes a little chirping-sparrow. He has arrived, it is quite evident, for the purpose of taking a bath in the spring. Sitting on a stone a dozen feet away, he eyes the visitor first with

one eye tentatively, and then with the other to confirm the evidence of that. No bird ever seems quite willing to trust the evidence of one eye alone. He hops away to another point of vantage near and looks again. Then he comes a little nearer. "Evidently it is quite an inoffensive creature," the bird seems to say; "I guess I'll take my bath, after all." He jumps into a little basin made by the stones, where the water is about as deep as his legs are long, and proceeds to wet himself and shake himself; he takes his bath leisurely enough and enjoys it very much, apparently; then he comes out on the bank and takes a sort of friendly look at the man still sitting there, and flies away.

Just as he disappears, there is a queer rustling movement in a clump of spreading "horse-tail" near the brook, and a tortoise comes to the Hamamelis Spring. He is not a common "mud-turtle,"—this guest, waddling slowly to the waters like a fat, stately dowager. His back undulates with elaborately corrugated or radiating squares; his head and legs are very yellow, and he seems somehow to be a regular aristocrat among tortoises. He is picked up to be inspected, and thereupon crawls far into himself, holding his yellow fore-paws so closely together in front of his head that one can see nothing whatever of it. His under side is mottled yellow and black. His particular means of defense is plainly to be exclusive, and to appear very dead indeed, for nothing will make him move now, though if you poke his legs and tail with a twig sharply, he can't help withdrawing them with a quick little pull still further back into himself. He is put back into the thick leaves, but does n't venture to stir; there it no telling how long he remains in that way, for the tortoise is a very diplomat among reptiles and can long efface himself for the good of his state.

Suddenly there is a loud call from an elm-tree which overhangs the big brook-down in the ravine. *Chip-cher! chip-cher!* it comes sharply to the ear, with the accent on the first syllable, and a falling inflection on the second. *Chip-cher!* Sharp as it is, it is not unpleasant to the ear. It is the call of the scarlet tanager, the most splendid of all the birds that come to our New England woods, the bird whose color is so effulgent that it "makes the rash observer wipe his eyes." That figure is a little stretched, but not as badly as Thoreau's saying of the same bird, that he wondered why he "did not set the twig on fire when he lighted upon it." Instantly this bird came out into full view upon a branch, and as he did so

"spread his sable wing
And showed his side of flame."

Such a magnificent object is worth waiting for all day in a much worse place than this Hamamelis Spring; and here the bird has appeared, in less than half an hour's time. He seems to be very much at home; indeed, there is a bird with a greenish-gray back flitting about familiarly with him, who is evidently his wife. He tolerates no scarlet gorgeousness in *her*. Down to the brook they both fly, and fall to bathing before their visitor's very eye. You have almost a fear that the male will extinguish himself when he gets into the water, but he does not. After both have fluttered about a while, they fly upon a low bough and go to pluming themselves, and the male, stretching his black wings far out, reveals every spark of his feathery conflagration. Evidently he is not satisfied with the results of his bath, for he drops down into the brook again, and begins it all over. And then he flies out, plumes himself dazzlingly again, and flies up into a tall chestnut-tree, this time to sing his robin-like song rapturously.

The tanager is not gone out of the brook five minutes before there is a musical hum in the air, and a humming-bird flits past into a high-bush blueberry near by, and begins to feast upon the white blossoms. The humming-bird seems much more like a soul upon wings than the butterfly does; he is a mere volition in the air. The little creature hangs himself up in the atmosphere an instant; then darts hither and thither another instant, that chameleon throat of his looking first glossy green and then dazzling ruby-red at once; then hums away into the distance.

Afterward there came a gray squirrel to the spring; and then an Irishman leading a cow. If I had waited long enough, all the populace of sylvan New England, it seemed, must have come to the place.

Exercise.

What part of this essay makes up the introduction? What part makes up the conclusion? Is either too abrupt? Just what parts are description? Narration? Pick out all the expressions that voice thoughts aroused in the author's mind by the things seen. Pick out all the details he makes use of in order to be concrete. Pick out all the figurative expressions he uses in order to be concrete. Do you find any expressions, either details or figures, that seem especially to give the writer's individual viewpoint? Need such an experience be unusual? Is such an essay particularly hard to write? Write an essay of this same general style.

IV

A somewhat different type of essay is suggested by the opening page of Mr. Eliot Gregory's essay "A Nation on the Wing" in the volume "Worldly Ways":¹

On being taken the other day through a large and costly residence, with the thoroughness that only the owner of a new house has the cruelty to inflict on his victims, not allowing them to pass a closet or an electric bell without having its particular use and convenience explained, forcing them to look up coal-slides, and down air-shafts and to visit every secret place, from the cellar to the fire-escape, I noticed that a peculiar arrangement of the rooms repeated itself on each floor, and several times on a floor. I remarked it to my host.

"You observe it," he said with a blush of pride; "it is my wife's idea! The truth is, my daughters are of a marrying age, and my sons starting out for themselves; this house will soon be much too big for two old people to live in alone. We have planned it so that at any time it can be changed into an apartment house at a nominal expense. It is even wired and plumbed with that end in view!"

This answer positively took my breath away. I looked at my host in amazement. It was hard to believe that a man past middle age, who after years of hardest toil could afford to put half a million into a house for himself and his children, and store it with beautiful things, would have the courage to look so far into the future as to see all his work undone, his home turned to another use and himself and his wife afloat on the world without a roof over their wealthy old heads.

Exercise.

What is the title of this essay? What is evidently the feeling the author has experienced? If the millionaire is thus to spend the autumn of life "on the wing," what must we feel about the great army of the nation's sons who live in rented houses? In these introductory paragraphs how much has the writer accomplished with the reader? What must he then devote the rest of his essay to? Suggest some ideas that he might make use of in the pages that follow.

Write the introductory paragraph for an essay interpreting a feeling aroused by what is annually seen on moving day; by the

¹ Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

crowds that go to Atlantic City and all other resorts in the summer; by the crowds that on summer evenings flock to the suburban traction parks that have recently come into existence near all cities; by the many libraries that are being built throughout the land by Mr. Carnegie and other philanthropists; by the widespread habit of reading the latest popular novel.

In these essay introductions use the same plan used by Mr. Gregory, namely, the use of a definite incident illustrative of the idea to be interpreted.

V

In Mr. Skinner's previously quoted volume is an essay entitled "The Friendly Hills," the opening paragraphs of which will suggest yet another type of essay:

At supper in a lonesome mountain inn, the season closed, the pleasures gone, and snow lying on the peaks, I found, one October evening, a couple of men who were travelling through the region and had stopped for a cup of tea and a snack. They had the strong voices of farmers, so that it was impossible to avoid overhearing them, and it was curious to find that they were talking of their love for the hills. Said one, "I got so tired of it out there in Iowa, on that everlasting prairie, that I just had to pull up and come East again. I was pining to see some mountains. I wanted to hear the cow-bells at sundown and smell the woods. Oh, Iowa's a fine country for crops, but you can't be forever living on crops." There is promise in that confession. It shows that the sentiment of the farmer is not always in the novels and plays that are written about him. True, such home-sickness for the hills is not common; or should we say the admitted consciousness of it is not? I met a man who had grown so tired of the everlasting spring of southern California that he travelled across the continent to see an old-fashioned winter in New England.

Not the least remarkable and authentic proof of this fondness for high places and strong scenery came in my way in Colorado, in the person of a tall, bearded miner in jack-boots. He had "struck it rich" in something in New Mexico, and whatever this something was, he had decided to give the rest of his life to it. But the hold of the mountains was firm upon him, and he had come up out of that lower land to be with them for a little while before he settled in his new home. We neared the top of the pass we had been ascending and the "mother range" of the Rockies

burst into view,—stupendous pyramids, red, brown, purple-gray, streaked and fielded with white, gaunt, near and sudden in the thin air. He looked up at one peak, fourteen thousand feet high, its vast snows steaming with cloud; then, turning to me with a half smile, he said, “Stranger, thar ’s where I first dug dirt. That old mountain was my first love. And I’ve come back here to kiss her bosom before I go.” I looked at the man in astonishment. No, he had not spoken for effect; he was not that kind of man; he was unaware that he had said anything pretty, or fitting, or unusual; but was a poet lost, or found, to the world when he took to spade and pick?

What is this hold of the hills? Is it their mere picturesqueness, their satisfaction of the eye for power and grace and color? Is it the command they enable us to feel when, from their summits, we gaze over more of the world than we can ever own, or rule, or know? When you come upon a glorions prospect it belongs to you,—though it is a finer thought that it belongs to humanity and, better yet, to all the world. Is it that their peaks, leading toward the sky, lift the mind there, too, and hold it in that rare ether, secure against wrong, fear, and passion? Is it that in our fate of change we greet solidities?

Exercise.

What is the purpose of the concrete incidents introduced by Mr. Skinner in these opening paragraphs? Are they given as the cause of the feeling he is going to interpret or as illustrations of its reality? Will most readers agree without hesitancy to the idea that the hills are friendly, or will many need some proof of this fact? Would a number of general statements to the effect that there is a friendliness, be as effective with the feelings as these concrete statements are? Considering the incidents separately, do you find any Detail form writing? If any, can you state why it was introduced? What effect does it have? Of the three paragraphs quoted which is the least satisfactory? Can you give a reason for your answer? Does the fact that Mr. Skinner’s illustrations are drawn hot from experience make them more or less valuable for interpretative purposes? From your answer determine a principle to be observed in selecting illustrative material for essays.

Following a plan somewhat similar to the one here illustrated, write the introductory paragraphs for an interpretation of a feeling you have regarding nature in some one of its manifestations; for example, that the ocean inspires reverence, that flowers prompt gentleness, that birds do much toward keeping the world good-natured.

VI

One of Addison's celebrated essays shows clearly the introduction, the middle, and the conclusion, as far as ideal essay form is concerned, as well as the use of concrete illustrative material and somewhat abstract philosophizing. In your opinion, which of these elements, judging from this essay, was more effective in bringing about the social reforms with which Addison, the gentle satirist, is credited?

OMENS

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded.

We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," said she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night."

Soon after this . . . she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person who had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single."

My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table; and, being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humors of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says he, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?"

"Yes," says he, "my dear; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza."

I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting

my knife and fork and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humor her so far as to take them out of that figure and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it. . . .

Upon my return home I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions and additional sorrows that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought [wish-bone]. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies. . . .

An old maid that is troubled with the vapors produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbors. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils that forbodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches, and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the toothache.

Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish

of any happiness nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way to fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. . . . When I lay me down to sleep I recommend myself to his care; when I awake I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them or turn them to my advantage.—*Joseph Addison in "The Spectator," March 8, 1711.*

Exercise.

Which paragraphs in this essay are devoted to concrete incidents illustrative of the subject? What is the nature of each of the other paragraphs? Would you prefer an abstract paragraph dealing with omens as an introduction to this essay, to the concrete illustration with which it begins. Why your answer? Just where as you read the essay do you find your interest flagging? Why? Deduce a principle of essay writing.

Using a plan somewhat like Addison's, write an essay on Superstitions; on Habits; on the Use of Slang; on Borrowing; on Family Discords; on Ideal Family Life.

VII

The excellence of an essay depends primarily upon the clearness with which the author conceives the subject, the feeling, the experience which he is trying to interpret. An essay coming from a befogged brain can never have the sparkling limpidness that charms. Mr. Skinner felt clearly the meaning of a do-nothing day and had no hazy conception of the friendliness of the hills, while Mr. Chamberlin's memory of his experiences at the spring was without flaw. When Mr. Stevenson wished to write an essay concerning the sources of true joy (see "The Lantern Bearers" in the volume "Across the Plains") his ideas about that source were as clear-cut as a cameo before his pen touched paper.

So Addison's experiences with omens were recent, and his conception of his subject was clear and exact.

It is possible, however, to have this clearness of thought and yet to fail woefully in its expression. The excellence of an essay depends no less upon the simplicity and beauty of the interpretation of a subject, than upon the clearness with which an author conceives the subject. The essentials in effective interpretation are a few simple, captivating, concrete illustrations, and accurately chosen words and phrases, full of suggestion.

The best illustrations are drawn warm from experience. The selections already quoted show the effectiveness of such illustrations. The essay by Mr. Stevenson referred to above takes its name from such an illustration. In his boyhood he and his companions found superlative pleasure in carrying buttoned beneath their coats a burning bull's-eye lantern, despite its smoke and its smell of blistering tin. With this and with an illustration drawn from the rich land of fable, —a reference to a monk who passed into the woods, listened to a trill or two from a singing bird, and returned a stranger to his convent gates, for he had been absent fifty years,—with these simple and captivating illustrations he with all ease enables his readers to understand that the only source of true joy is the heart, and not the external world. His choice of words, too, is unerring. He finds the word, the phrase, the figure of speech that exactly conveys the emotion which is thrilling his heart. To extract the full meaning from such words requires all the mental alertness of the reader; for an essay is not a cheap novel. To secure the shades of expression he desired, Mr. Stevenson rewrote some of his chapters more than a dozen times, while a caller is said to have found Mr. Kipling stretched on the floor poring over the dictionary. Mr. Edison, the inventor, says genius is one tenth inspiration and nine tenths perspiration,

and his own life, as well as the lives of the successful in the mercantile world, in the professions, and in the wide domain of art, goes far toward proving the truth of his dictum.

An essay, then, must show clearness of thinking and must have simple illustrations and most carefully chosen words and expressions. Without these essentials, success is impossible.

VIII

Charles Lamb is primarily the interpreter of feeling. His every desire is to arouse the sympathies of his reader. He cares nothing about revealing new truth; he cares nothing about making his reader know; he longs only to arouse the sympathies, the feelings. Young readers, knowing of his rank as an essayist, are often disappointed when they come at first to read him. They look for something of incident, of action. He has nothing of this. He deals simply with feelings, using the detail form of writing almost exclusively, and aiming ever to make the reader live again some quiet and mildly pleasurable experience.

As an illustration of his style and purpose as well as an illustration of the essay in one of its most perfect forms, a selection from "The Last Essays of Elia" is quoted. Lamb has passed through hard poverty and has come to a slight competency. He recalls the delights of his bygone days, and he wishes his readers to live over with him the joys of that time, and so in this essay he interprets them. The title of the essay has nothing to do with the subject. It is suggested by a passing incident that brings up all the old-time fancies.

How the early paragraphs recall the old-fashioned cups of our grandmothers, with their quaint, unreal Chinese pictures! And how the essay proper recalls experiences of

our own, or so kindles the imagination that we feel with the essayist and his sister Mary (Cousin Bridget) the joys of the old folio, the delights of the shilling gallery, the toothsome-ness of the savory salad even without a tablecloth, and our tongues water for the first strawberries and the tempting green peas! No one has ever with more magic power kindled the quieter side of the sympathies of his readers.

OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying that we have all some taste or other of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play and the first exhibition that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that, under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still; for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead, a furlong off, on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horse, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here, a cow and rabbit couchant, and coextensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

“I wish the good old times would come again,” she said, “when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state”—so she was pleased to ramble on—“in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and oh! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!), we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“Do you remember the brown suit that you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher which you dragged home late at night from Barker’s in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to determination till it was near ten o’clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedward) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flouted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can:

afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchase now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, as W—— calls it, and buy a wilderness of Leonardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiday—holidays, and all other fun, are gone now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in and produce our store, only paying for the ale that you must call for, and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when we went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way, and go into a fine inn, and order the best of diners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the 'Battle of Hexham,' and the 'Surrender of Calais,' and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the 'Children in the Wood'—when we squeezed out our shillings apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me, and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the court of Illyria? You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially; that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going; that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and

did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then; and I appeal to you whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough; but there was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages; and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat and the play afterward! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, from the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then; but sight and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means—it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like, while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves, in that sense of the word; it may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you are going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet; and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings; many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year; and still we found our slender capital decreasing. But then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future, and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with ‘lusty brimmers’ (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the ‘coming guest.’ Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old

year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us.”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions that when she gets into a rhetorical vein I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor — hundred pounds a year. “It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had so much to struggle with as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth—a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked; live better and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa, be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours, and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Cræsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it.

“And now do just look at that merry Chinese little waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house.”

Exercise.

How much of this essay is devoted to the introduction? Just how is the introduction linked with the essay proper? Is it, do

you think, an artistic introduction? Just what concrete elements are introduced for the purpose of showing the joys of poverty? In the essay proper is there any use made of the introductory idea? Why is this idea returned to in the last paragraph? Is this a happy expedient?

Write a few paragraphs, following a similar plan, on the joys of grammar-school days; the joys of vacations; the joys of holiday week; the joys of the circus; the joys of days in the woods, on the water, in camp; the joys of reading books in the days when all your time was not given to study; the joys of flying kites.

IX

This essay by Charles Lamb is almost entirely in the form of conversation,—easy, natural conversation that any one would enjoy listening to. This fact naturally brings forward the thought that the essay in its most satisfactory and popular form is nothing more or less than the talk of a brilliant conversationalist. He sits at your elbow and gossips and chats familiarly. He has been up and down the same streets you have walked, he has wandered the same fields and woods, he has waded the same brooks and sat upon the same logs, he has shivered in the same winds and faced the same storms, he has been barked at by the same dogs, he has conversed with the same people, he has been to the same entertainments and social gatherings, but he has ever moved with an observing eye and an open mind. He has stored away what he has heard and seen, in order to use it when he sits at your side with what, to you, is his wonderfully picturesque expression. He frankly tells you his thoughts. He conceals nothing. He is naïvely egotistic, and you do not object. The essayist has every right to be egotistic, and of course we pardon him. He presents pictures so vivid that we must see and feel. He does not attempt to argue or to preach. If your feelings do not go with him, he is careless about your intellect. That is of no value to him.

He is all feeling, and cares only to touch your sympathies. He tells no story, although he illustrates with innumerable interesting incidents. He seems to have no definite goal. He wanders at will, talks about things that seemingly are in no way connected, deals with what seems like a dozen subjects in half an hour; yet at the end you find that all has a strange unity, and that without your discovering it he has all the time had a goal and he has led you to it. The French say that essay writing is the art of wandering with method;¹ and he has wandered, but at the end his method is surely manifest.

The essay must have lightness and grace; it must not sermonize or argue; it must continually use concrete illustration, the simpler the better; it must arouse the feelings; it must give the view from the writer's own standpoint; it must not deal with matter read or heard, as a general thing; it must display the spark of genius that glows in every breast; it must vision forth a bit of the world as it appears to an individual pair of eyes, to a single throbbing sympathy.

The title of an essay may differ entirely from its subject or theme. "Old China" is the title; the subject is the joy in poverty; "The Lantern-Bearers" is the title; the theme is the source of joy; "The Friendly Hills" is the title; the love we have for the hills is the subject. But the title and subject may be the same, as is seen in "A Nation on the Wing."

In choosing a theme for an essay every writer should keep well within his experience. For young writers this is particularly true. They must not try to deal with themes that for them are entirely imaginary. So with illustrations used. Those drawn from one's personal experience are far more suggestive than any others can be. The experience of every young person will furnish themes and illustrations for any

¹ "l'art de s'égayer avec méthode."

number of essays; and with this material given, time and thought will make possible a well-knit, finished, readable production.

X

A discussion of the essay may well close with a brief quotation from a charming book, Professor L. H. Bailey's "The Nature Study Idea":¹

I well remember my first "composition." For days I had tried to think of a "subject." I had importuned father, mother, and friends. "Winter," "Spring," "The Pen is mightier than the Sword," "The Pleasures of Farm Life," "Shakespeare,"—all had equal terrors. Rapidly the days melted away, and to-morrow the composition must be ready, and yet of all the well-sounding subjects not one seemed to present a way of escape. The teacher—God bless her!—learned of my plight. She asked what was the best "time," I had had last summer. Of course I knew—the time when we all went blackberrying, with all of us rolled into the bottom of the wagon box that went bumping and rattling over the stones and grinding through the sand, when we crept through the deep cool woods and then came into the "clearing" where the skidded logs were covered with the tangle of berries and berries—of course I knew! With what wild delight I told her! and then she said, "Just write that down and it will be your composition." From that day until this I hope I have written only on those things that are dear to me.

XI

The **oration** is usually considered as a type of composition work belonging to the college rather than to the high school, but a few lines devoted to it may be warranted.

Although something quite different from the essay, the oration has points in common with it. The oration must have a clearly defined introduction, middle, and conclusion. Unless of the argumentative type, it must appeal to the feelings rather than to the intellect. It must be cast in figurative and detail language. It must have a clearly understood purpose, which never for a moment is forgotten. It

¹ Doubleday, Page, & Co.

must be concrete rather than abstract, and must be illustrated and made effective by means of simple yet graphic incidents from life and literature.

As the oration is to be spoken, its clearness must be perfect, for a hearer can not dwell upon a paragraph and study its meaning as a reader can. Therefore its style should be oral, with no involved constructions and with a large number of short sentences. Euphony should be closely observed.

Before beginning to write an oration, a person should be so familiar with his subject that he can talk fluently and interestingly about it for a much longer time than the oration will occupy. This means that the writer, whether his subject be from the past or the present, must talk, read, and study very widely. Such familiarity will help greatly toward easy and forcible composition and delivery. The extemporaneous orations that the world cherishes, were many years in preparation.

Exercise.

Ex. 1. Write an essay after the style of "At the Hamamelis Spring," combining description and narration with such comment as will result in charming conversation. Make it an account of a recent experience, and be sure that the feelings you try to interpret are real, not imaginary or assumed. The more recent and vivid the experience, the better.

Write an essay on "My Wealth," telling of the innumerable things you have which you would not part with for millions, yet which you have been accustomed to take for granted. Before writing, read again the "Old China," and strive to give to your own essay a simplicity and flavor somewhat akin to what you find there.

Write an essay on "My Tree Companions," or "My Friend the Ocean," or "My Woodland Sweetheart," or "The Friendly Brooks," or "My Wooing of the Birds," or on some other subject suggested by "The Friendly Hills." Do not in any manner try to imitate that essay; merely let it suggest how such a subject is admirably fitted for essay treatment. Be sure that your essay is an interpretation of a real experience.

"Old China" is an interpretation of the source of true joy.

Using the same theme and drawing from your own experiences and feelings, write an essay that will be entirely different from it.

Write an essay on "Wasted Opportunities," suggested by "Lincoln's School Hours," page 38; on "Surrenders," suggested by "After the Surrender," page 72; on "Filial Affection," suggested by "News of the Far Away Son," page 82; on "Everyday Heroes," suggested by "At El Caney," page 100; on "The Value of Left-Overs," suggested by "After the Ball," page 136; on "The City's Hunters," suggested by "The Rising Moon," page 174, and dealing with the hunt for work, pleasure, etc.; on "Willing Service," suggested by "Grandmother's Birthday," page 226; on "The Joy of Work," suggested by "Out of Work," page 234; on "Wrecks," suggested by "The Wreck," page 278. Use the picture as concretely illustrative of your subject, but draw otherwise almost wholly from your own observation and experience.

Write a gently satiric essay on a subject suggested by Mr. Gregory's "A Nation on the Wing," some unfortunate custom or habit of the nation, of your home city or village, of young men or young women as a class. Be sure that you interpret your own feelings; and do not scold or complain.

Draw up half a dozen subjects from your own experience that seem fitted for essay treatment, and write on one or more of them.

Write an essay on "Moments that Meant Much," drawing from your own experience; one on "Circumstances that Have Influenced my Life;" one on "Books that Have Influenced Me;" on "My Experiences Listening to Music;" on "The Boy Boys Like."

Write an essay on one of the subjects suggested in the first paragraphs of this chapter.

Prepare an introduction and a conclusion for an oration on education, taking the title "Untaxed Wealth."

Write an oration on a subject chosen by yourself and approved by your instructor.

Ex. II. A friendly letter often is akin to the essay. Write to a friend, chatting of books you like, of poems that appeal to you, of favorite haunts, of feelings suggested to you by nature.

Adjoining your village home is a bit of woodland that you greatly love. The owner is about to fell the trees. Your father knows your liking for the grove, and instructs you to write the owner and ask him whether he will sell it and on what terms.

The owner will not sell. Write him another letter telling of your feeling for the woodland. Endeavor to persuade him not to cut down the trees.

Draw up a petition which you can present to the townfolk for signature, urging the council to buy the woodland for a park.



After the Painting by George Hom

A SECRET

A SECRET

After the Painting by George Hom

Ex. I. What feeling comes over you as you study this picture? What is the cause of this feeling? What is the nature of this secret? Which one is telling the secret? Why has the young woman her hand before the candle? Why has the other her hand guarding her lips? Study carefully the expression of each, especially as shown by the eyes.

Ex. II. Write an essay on "Secrets," on "Sunshine," or on "Companionship."

Write the conversation between these young women.

Write an account of an experience of your own with a secret.

Write an essay suggested by the picture "The Forbidden Book" (see page 210), taking as the subject "Unjust Decrees," "Thou Shalt Not," or "Interruptions."

Write an essay on "Waiting" or on "Disappointments," suggested by the Frontispiece, "Awaiting the Absent."

Write an essay on "Contentment," suggested by the picture "Försterheim," page 116.

Write a prose poem (Chapter XVII) suggested by this picture.

Write a short story suggested by this picture.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE

I

THE Forms of Discourse are four: **Narration, Description, Exposition, and Argumentation.** To these some writers add Persuasion, which seems, however, to be a division of Argumentation, while others add Criticism, which is undoubtedly a division of Exposition.

It is frequently assumed that the Forms of Discourse are four different forms or kinds of writing, and this assumption has even found its way into some books on composition. Of course all of the Forms of Discourse make use of Interpretative or Feeling writing, and not each of its own particular kind. The different classes comprised under the general appellation Forms of Discourse, get their individual names, not from the kind of writing employed in them, but from the primary purpose of the writer.

When his purpose is to tell about something that has happened or has been done, either in fact or in imagination, the resulting product is **Narration.**

When the purpose is so to visualize a scene that the reader will feel as though he is present seeing it with his own eyes, or so to interpret an emotion that the reader will feel that he himself is undergoing the experience, the resulting product is **Description.**

When the purpose is to explain an idea, whether that idea has taken the form of an engine, a proverb, or a mathematical theorem, the resulting product is **Exposition.**

When the purpose is to convince the reader of the truth or falsity of a proposition, or to persuade him to a course of action, the resulting product is **Argumentation**.

These purposes are often so intertwined that it is not easy to determine which is primary, and even at times when the primary purpose is determined we are not ready to apply to the writing the name that would naturally follow. For example, "The Man Without a Country" tells a story and therefore is narration; it also makes the reader feel that he is undergoing the experience of Nolan, explains what it means to be without a country, and persuades the reader to a course of action, and therefore may be called either Description, Exposition, or Argumentation. The author's avowed aim is to convince the reader of the truth of the proposition that one's country should be first in his feelings, and yet we all should hate to feel that this is primarily an argument and only secondarily a story.

This shows how unsatisfactory this somewhat loose classification may be; yet as a general thing it answers its purpose admirably, and the fact that the aim of the writer is constantly changing in almost every piece of literature, does not prevent as a rule an immediate conclusion as to what his primary aim really is. For seldom is a piece of literature found in which any one of these Forms works alone; one or more of the others must be called in, in order to prevent monotony and all its attendant ills.

II

Narration is the most common and easiest form of composition. A score of times daily every person has occasion to give a more or less detailed account of something that has happened. Children come home to tell of the occurrences at school, while men and women tell of incidents on

the street, in business, or in society. A story about something done is always narration. The following is an excellent brief illustration:

Theodore Roosevelt frequently attends the Dutch Reformed Church, but his real religion is perhaps most clearly revealed through an incident of his visit to a big ranch in Wyoming, one Sunday during his late National political canvass [for the Vice-Presidency]. The owner of the ranch and a number of his friends were anxious to entertain the Governor in any way that might be pleasant to him. He chose to ride. A wolf hunt was proposed. "There is nothing I would like better," the Governor responded, "but it is Sunday."

"Still, nobody will know," suggested one of the newspaper men; "we won't any of us say a word."

"My dear fellow," said the Governor, "there are two ways of keeping out of trouble. One is to do nothing that could by any possibility make trouble for you. The other is to conceal the things you have done which might cause trouble. The first way is the simpler. If you act by it you never even want to tell a lie."

There was no wolf hunt that day.¹

Narration has already been treated of more or less fully. All that has been said about character, mood, and incident hints, and about subordination, contrast, conversation, the short story, and romanticism and realism has treated of narration and methods of narrating. Therefore but little need be said at this point.

A narration may be told in the third person, as in the incident just quoted, or in the first person. In either of these forms conversation may be used to advance the story, as well as to add to its vivacity. So, too, narration may be entirely in the past tense, entirely in the "historical present," when the events, although past, are made to take place before the eyes of the reader, or in both the past and the "historical present," when the past, at some particularly thrilling incident, gives way to the present. Thus to change the tense requires peculiarly nice judgment, and should be

¹ Quoted by permission from "The Ladies' Home Journal," March, 1901.

ventured upon by young writers only after careful thought. Nothing is more awkward or inelegant than repeated changes in tense. Of course the "historical present" supposes the narrator a witness of the events of which he is telling.

As a rule events should be told in the order of their occurrence. Tennyson begins "Elaine" in the middle of the story, and later introduces such preceding facts as seem necessary; the same plan is followed in the great epics. Occasionally this expedient is effective in the work of young writers, but it should be adopted with caution. Young writers, telling of a trip or a picnic, often tell of the arrival or of getting on the train, and then of leaving home. Ordinarily such violations of unity are due to mere carelessness, and no writer should permit any such lack of thought.

Exercise.

The following subjects will suggest brief narratives. In writing one use the "historical present:"

- An interesting incident seen on the car, at the theatre, in church.
- An incident showing a moral hero; a physical hero.
- How I helped another person to become better; worse.
- An interesting incident at home, on the street, at play.
- An incident that made me feel that a person is noble, base, kind, cruel, unselfish, unreasonable, loving, miserly, hateful.
- My dream last night.
- An event of importance in my life.
- An effect on me of evil companions.
- An unintended act that resulted in harm.
- Something baby did.
- When a moment meant much.
- Incident showing commendable curiosity; unworthy curiosity.
- When I was wrong.
- When I was made to feel "cheap."
- When I was cruel in word; in act; in thought.
- What idleness made me do.

How I made an unhappy person happy.
Something that I hated to begin that really gave me pleasure.
Something done for self; for another.

III

In Chapter XIII a somewhat complete consideration of **Description** has been presented, and no further treatment of it will be attempted here. It is worth while to state, however, that description without accompanying narration is very unusual, and that narration is seldom continued at any length without the introduction of description. It would not be true to say that they are Siamese twins, and cannot be separated without destroying the life of each, but such a statement would be only a slight exaggeration. They are seldom separated for any great number of pages.

IV

In the quotation given under Narration the last paragraph but one is a good illustration of **Exposition**. In it Mr. Roosevelt explains the different ways of keeping out of trouble. The incident as a whole, too, is exposition, if we take the author's declared purpose as final. In substance he says he is going to explain just what Mr. Roosevelt's religion is. In that the incident does this it is exposition; in that it merely tells of an event it is narration.

(**Exposition** is designed to explain.)

To tell about a game of ball, recounting how the runs were made, how the sides were put out, and how the lucky three-bagger ended the suspense, requires Narration; to tell an inquiring Filipino how to lay out a ball-ground, where to place the home-plate, the bases, the backstop, and the foul flags, requires Description; but to make the young lady sitting beside one understand the game, to make it

mean anything to her, requires Exposition. To tell how an engine is made requires Description; to explain how an engine works requires Exposition. Charles Lamb's essay on pages 296-300 is an exposition of the pleasures of poverty. Poe's explanation of the cipher in "The Gold Bug" is exposition, as is his explanation of the discovery of the murderer in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Exposition, like description, is of two kinds: that which is primarily practical and scientific, and that which is literary. The various chapters in this book, an explanation of the working of an engine, an explanation of wireless telegraphy, are all illustrations of practical exposition, while the essays referred to in the last paragraph are prime illustrations of literary exposition. So also, when considered as a whole, is Green's "Short History of the English People;" in it of course are sections that are respectively descriptive, narrative, and argumentative. The same may be said of Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," or of any other good biography, whether brief or extended. A compilation merely stating facts of biography or of history is of course not exposition.

Exposition is the interpretation of fundamental principles. When the foundation principles of society, of government, of the public school, of the church, or of any other institution are interpreted, the result is the social or the political essay; when the foundation principles of a life are interpreted the result is biography; when the foundation principles of many interrelated institutions are interpreted the result is history; when man's mastery and use of the foundation principles governing life and matter are interpreted the result is scientific essays.

Thus it will be seen that the treatment given to the essay in the last chapter is really a treatment of exposition. Even the statement that the essay is brilliant conversation applies to literary exposition; for the learned conversation of spe-

cialists and masters, put into writing, becomes biographies or histories, or even books on science such as Darwin and Huxley have written.

The one aim of exposition being to make clear the foundation principles of the idea under discussion, it at once becomes apparent that concrete illustrations must constantly be used. Narration and description will therefore be continually called in, as they are the forms in which concrete illustrative material will of necessity be cast. The illustrative material given under the essay will be helpful in any study that is made of exposition.

No further treatment of this subject is here necessary, in view of the attention given throughout the book to interpretative writing. The student need have no fear of exposition if he has mastered interpretation. In fact, interpretation is really the master-key that unlocks all the different Forms of Discourse.

Exercise.

By showing clearly the fundamental truths on which his character is based, make known to your reader a person you know. (This exercise will show that character hints are really nothing but concrete illustrations used in the exposition of a character.)

In a paragraph of exposition, interpret your idea of the principles upon which a literary society rests; a woman's club; a fashionable club in a great city. In other words, tell why such institutions exist.

Write a brief expository biographical essay dealing with Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Lee, Napoleon, Mr. Carnegie, President Roosevelt; of some man or woman whom you know very well; of some friend of your own age whose individuality has already clearly expressed itself. Such an essay will deal but slightly with the mere facts of biography; it will rather be an explanation of the foundation principles that have made the person what he is, or has been, and will show how these principles have manifested themselves in his life, and how they have influenced those with whom he has been associated. Carlyle's "Essay on Burns" is an excellent illustration.

Write a similar essay on some historical movement with which you are familiar, as the Commonwealth in England, the Inquisition in Spain, the Boer uprising in South Africa, the Revolution in the Colonies; or on some minor movement of a similar kind, as the latest political reform movement in New York or in your own city or town, the municipal improvement movement in your own town, the revolt of a body of students in a school or college, or of a portion of a literary society, or of a division of a church organization. Such an essay should state only such facts as are necessary in order to make the movement understood, but should deal minutely with the principles upon which the movement was based. This will be an attempt at history of the right sort, for history should deal much more with the principles that made the facts possible than with the mere facts.

For exposition of a less literary character, in an essay explain wireless telegraphy in so simple a manner that a twelve-year-old will understand it; explain how an electric car is moved by the motor; how the controller of an electric car enables the motorman to turn on only a portion of the power at a time; how the metallic circuit telephone works, and how it differs from the grounded circuit telephone; how an electric bell rings; how a clock in a tower differs from a mantel clock, and how they each differ from a watch; how an engine works; how a boiler works; how a hot-water system of heating works; how the heating and ventilating system in your school building works; how a pumping-engine for a water system works; how a Welsbach gas-burner works; how a water-still works; how the winds blow; how the moon gives light; how coal was formed; how bread and beef become muscle and brain; how yeast, flour, water, and salt combine to make bread; how baking powder makes biscuit light; how basketball, baseball, football, cricket, hockey, chess, checkers, backgammon, or ping-pong is played. If diagrams will make your essay clearer, use them.

V

For most young people the words *debate* and *argument* have a meaning so formidable as to be almost terrifying. By many, almost any expedient will be resorted to in order to avoid in a literary society an appointment on the "debate." Such feeling is due at least in part to an idea that argument and debate are something far distant from the everyday life of both young and old, and in part to the fact that the

questions ordinarily considered in literary societies are entirely beyond the experience of the members. The fact is that in conversation argumentation is in continual use. It is far more common than description, and no doubt is as common as exposition; probably narration alone is in more frequent use.

Argumentation is employed whenever one person endeavors in conversation or in writing to convince another of the wisdom of adopting or of following some course of belief or action. Children use it whenever they tease; agents use it in endeavoring to dispose of their wares; college boys use it when they try to persuade students to join this society and to have nothing to do with that one; parents use it in dealings with their children; promoters use it when they endeavor to interest capitalists in their schemes. Argumentation is far from the exclusive property of the debating society and the law courts; it is a vital element in the daily life of each one of us.

Exercise.

Make a list of at least six propositions, of the truth or falsity of which you have endeavored to convince some one during the past week. State each proposition in such words as convey exactly your meaning.

Under each of these propositions write in outline form at least three reasons in support of your opinion concerning it.

Both in conversational and in more formal argument the tendency among young people is to make disconnected fact statements, rather than to arrange their statements in logical order and so to link them with explanations that they lead unerringly to a predetermined point. A conversation such as the following, almost a verbatim report of a real conversation, is of course not an argument:

"Do you study on Sunday?" "Why, of course I do; don't you?" "Indeed, I don't. I think it is wrong to study on Sunday." "But I don't think so; I'm sure it's all right to study on Sunday." "But I am sure it is wrong." "Well, it does n't hurt my conscience, and so I'm sure it is all right." "But I'm sure it is wrong. It ought to hurt your conscience." "Well, it does n't. I am sure that Sunday is no better than any other day." "But Sunday is better than other days." "Well, I don't care; I have to learn my lessons for Monday, and I have no time except on Sunday." "But you have all the time there is, and you could study on Friday or Saturday if you wanted to." "No, I could n't, either; so, there!"

Many conversations and even some debates are conducted somewhat upon this plan, and of course are neither interesting nor instructive. An explanation of each statement of even such a conversation as the one just quoted, and a thoughtful arrangement of the explanation, would result in something of an argument; but as it stands, without such explanation and arrangement, it is valueless. All statements made should be explained, and their relation to the argument as a whole should be shown.

An argument, like any other piece of literary work, should have an introduction and a conclusion, as well as a middle. The introduction in as brief a way as possible, should put the question clearly before the hearers, and should show exactly what it means. The conclusion as a general thing consists of a summary of all the arguments advanced, and is addressed particularly to the judges, if there be judges, or to the hearers acting as judges.

Exercise.

Of the six propositions listed by you as part of the last exercise, select one that called forth a somewhat complete discussion, and reproduce in dialogue form the conversation of your opponent and yourself. Be free to add to the strength and to the number of the reasons advanced on each side. Make the conversation as fluent and as ready as possible, without regard to what it really was.

Take all the points made by yourself in the last exercise and put them into a letter to your opponent. Not only bring forward your own arguments, but be careful to foresee and refute all important arguments that your opponent may use. Remember to have an introduction and a conclusion.

Examine the last paper and determine how extensive the changes will have to be in order to fit it for use in society debate. Make the changes in your mind, and in your own room deliver the argument as though to an audience.

Write a letter to a friend persuading him to attend the college you expect to attend rather than some other; to make you a visit during vacation; to read a book which you admire but to which he has taken a dislike; to become a member of a debating society; to give more time to athletic sports; to spend more time in the woods; to join a club that devotes one evening a week to reading poetry; to attend public rather than private school; to go with you next summer on a bicycle trip through New York State.

Write a letter to a friend persuading him to give up some bad habit; to unite with the church; to be less selfish; to stop Sunday study; to make a habit of saying good rather than evil of others; to be more thoughtful of parents. In the letters called for in this exercise especial care should be used to be tactful. As a rule, beginners in argument, when asked to write such a letter, go at a friend with a sledge hammer or a blunderbuss rather than with argument. Avoid harshness of statement, even though you are in deep earnest and are writing to a friend; harshness may cool or destroy the friendship. Be cautious in the selection of words, be polite in statements made, be careful to call unpleasant facts by pleasant names. Do not assume an infinite superiority because you have not the mote in your eye; probably you have a beam. In every way be the considerate, high-minded, worthy, and deeply concerned friend.

In stating a question to be used as a subject of debate the utmost care is necessary. A single word carelessly chosen will rob the debate of its interest and value, and in actual debate may permit a quibbling opponent to tear down with a sentence an elaborately wrought argument. So, too, opponents should make sure that they have the same understanding of the question under discussion. Otherwise there will be a dispute rather than a debate. The knights who had almost come to blows because one declared that the

banner was silver while the other affirmed that it was gold, found that they had approached it from opposite sides and that they were both right. So it is with most informal discussions that result in quarrels and in severed friendships; both participants are right, but they are talking of different things. Before coming to the "lie direct" it is always wisest for each to learn what the other is talking about.

For this reason subjects should be narrowed as much as possible. A general subject offers a dozen opportunities for misunderstanding where a properly narrowed subject will not offer a single one. For example, "The United States is right in its present foreign policy" is entirely too broad to permit of a satisfactory debate. It might be narrowed to any one of a dozen questions: "The United States will do wisely to purchase the Danish Islands," "The United States is right in its attitude toward the Anglo-Japanese treaty," etc. Of course such broad questions as the first must be discussed by the great leaders, but they are too strong meat for young debaters.

Exercise.

Criticise the following statements as subjects for debate:

It is wrong to throw snowballs. Schoolgirls should stand in street-cars. Slang should never be used. A person should never tell of another person's ill deeds. Wise people do not read new books.

Examine the six statements earlier listed by you and determine whether they are properly stated.

Determine which of the two following statements is the better for debate, and tell why: It is wrong to play cards; It is unwise for young people to play cards.

Whether engaged in conversational or in formal debate a disputant should do two things: He should advance clear, cogent arguments in support of his own position, and he should show the unsoundness of the arguments advanced

or likely to be advanced by his opponent. To be able to do this he must know his opponent's side of the argument no less fully than he knows his own side. This is of course less possible and less necessary in conversation than in formal argument.

Exercise.

Examine the "reasons" added to the statements made in the first exercise under argumentation. Are any of them answers to the arguments of the opponent rather than reasons? If there are no such refutations, add at least two to each statement.

Examine the letter called for in the second exercise, and determine whether such refutation has been introduced as the question demands. If not, introduce the necessary refutation.

"Football teams in educational institutions should not be permitted to play out-of-town games." In outline form indicate the arguments and the refutations you would use in defending the affirmative of this question, and then prepare a similar outline for the negative. Such work as this should always form part of the preparation for formal debate.

Questions for debate are of two kinds: those concerning which participants are warranted in having convictions, and those concerning which participants are warranted in having neither convictions nor even very definite opinions. In arguing a question of the former kind every honest means should be used to convince and persuade. Questions of the second kind, however, call rather for a careful study of both sides, and for the presentation of arguments intended to inform and to educate rather than to persuade or to convince. Judges of such debates should give their decision upon the amount of information shown and upon the skill with which it is presented, rather than upon the strength and completeness of the argument as an argument. A young person should espouse with equal willingness either side of such a question, while of questions of the other class he should defend only the side in which he believes.

Many questions of school, of club, of society, of church, at the same time warrant thorough conviction and honest difference of opinion: For example, the best representative of the society in a contest, the best time of year for a field-meet, the comparative profit of study at home and study in the schoolroom, the manner in which an organization shall conduct a celebration.

Concerning most questions of state, however, the young person will be wise to avoid dogmatic statement, as well as concerning many questions that seem to be within his experience; as, The United States government should control all telegraph and telephone lines within its borders; Time spent in high schools in the study of Latin and Greek would be more profitable if devoted to modern languages. Concerning such questions young people can do little but reflect the opinions of others; they can have no real opinions of their own. Consequently, in debating them they should aim to inform rather than to convince.

There are certain moral questions concerning which young persons may be warranted in having convictions on one side but not on the other, for the reason that no young person should deliberately put himself in direct opposition to the moral attitude of many of the most judicious and thoughtful minds. If he can agree with them, well; if he cannot, he should strive to remain open to conviction, rather than to assume conviction concerning the side frowned upon by many of the morally high. For example, a young person is warranted in an opinion that Sunday study, Sunday saloons, and Sunday theatres are unwise, but he is hardly warranted in an opinion that they are wise. If not fully agreed that they are unwise, he should strive to keep his mind open to conviction rather than to become a rabid advocate of what many persons of the highest morality deem a mistake. Such questions should not be chosen for debate by the young.

Exercise.

Make a list of three "conviction" and of three "information" questions that you would like to have debated in recitation or in society.

Select one question from each list, and in outline present at least three arguments and three refutations for each.¹

Primarily arguments should be addressed to the judgment rather than to the sympathies. It is possible by appeal to the feelings to make the hearer forget the real argument, but it is not honest. Of course Interpretative writing is continually used in argumentation, but ordinarily it is of the Figurative form, and is intended to present the fundamental principles on which the argument is based rather than to appeal to the feelings with the intention of clouding the judgment. Often a jury has acquitted a guilty man because his lawyer has pictured vividly the want and sorrow that may invade the home if the father is sent to the penitentiary. A good question for debate might be, Is a lawyer morally warranted in such a course?

The theory of a perfect argument is simple. After an introduction stating exactly what is to be proven, the strongest argument of the other side is to be presented and demolished, followed by the demolition of all the other important arguments of the opposition; this completes the refutation. Then the argument proper is begun, introducing the various points in order of their strength, beginning with the weakest; or a strong argument may be presented first in order to make a good impression, weaker

¹ To THE INSTRUCTOR.—Let one question be selected from each list for class debate. On the "conviction" question let each student prepare an argument supporting his own belief. After three or four on each side have been read, let the class indulge in general debate. On the other question, let one half take each side, preparing information arguments, and proceed as before. As much time as possible should be devoted to work of this kind.

ones may follow, the last one being both powerful and impressive. This completes the argument. The concluding paragraph should sum up both the points of refutation and the points of argument, and should request a decision based wholly on the merits of the argument advanced. Often the argument proper precedes the refutation.

The application of this simple theory, however, is far from easy. Every question presents unique features, and must be treated by itself. The theory suggested, however, will nearly always be helpful in the preparation of an argument. The young person should remember, in all work in argumentation, that careful, painstaking, exact thought is a prime essential.

In the preparation of an argument the following suggestions will often prove helpful:

1. Determine the exact meaning of the question.
2. Begin by listing as many reasons as possible on each side of the question. Next determine upon the reasons you intend to use and the reasons you hope to refute, and arrange both in outline. Work with this outline before you, adding to it or taking from it whenever necessary; but have it as a guide.
3. In an introductory paragraph state clearly what you expect to prove.
4. In the refutation deal with all important arguments likely to be used. Do not, however, refer at all to points you are unable to refute effectively.
5. Neither in refutation nor in argument make statements that your opponent can turn into ridicule.
6. Remember that strength of arguments, not number, is what brings success.
7. Show how each argument advanced bears upon the statement you are trying to prove.
8. Never stop with mere statement. Explain your state-

ment, make clear its truth, and show its relation to the argument as a whole.

9. Conclude with a clear and simple summary.

10. Have no confidence in your argument while you are preparing it, as lack of confidence will urge to further study and harder work. Have absolute confidence, however, when you are presenting your argument. Such confidence will win the favor of your hearers or readers.

In his "Autobiography" Benjamin Franklin tells something of his methods of conversation and argument. These statements are so overflowing with good advice to those who make use of argumentation, whether formally or in conversation, that they are here quoted:

I continued this method [argument by modest but skilful questioning] for some years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words "certainly," "undoubtedly," or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather saying "I conceive" or "apprehend" a thing to be so and so; "it appears to me," or "I should think it so or so;" or "it is so, if I am not mistaken." This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and to persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to inform or to be informed, to please or to persuade, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given us,—to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure.

When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there "appeared" or "seemed" to me to be some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly; the modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier recep-

tion and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong; and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

Exercises.

Ex. 1. Questions for debate or for composition subjects should as a rule be drawn from the immediate conditions surrounding the school. Such questions are much more alive than are any questions that can be suggested in a book. The following questions, however, may be helpful:

Women should not wear feathers that can be obtained only by the death of birds.

When time is not granted to go home for lunch, school boards should furnish a lunch room and opportunities to secure something in the way of a hot lunch.

All churches should provide rooms for reading, etc., which are open to the public both day and evening.

Churches in smaller cities and towns should provide gymnasiums for the use of young men and young women.

Churches should not hold evening services on the Sundays of July and August.

Cities are not warranted in expending public money for parks.

Concerts should be given in dimly lighted rather than in brightly lighted halls.

School authorities should not permit the formation of football teams by students.

Service as a housemaid is preferable to service as a saleswoman.

Public school pupils should have their evenings free from school work.

The education received by children in the country and in small towns is preferable to that received by children in the city. (Remember that education means more than mere "book learning.")

Street pianos and hand organs should not be permitted on the streets.

Buildings of more than ten stories should not be permitted.

The State should furnish all books and materials used in public schools.

Children under fifteen should not be allowed to work in stores, factories, mills, or mines.

Thanksgiving should not be observed as a day for football games and other festivities.

Statements reflecting on the character of a person should never be repeated.

Debate should occupy at least one-third of the time devoted to a literary society program.

Ex. II. Write for a daily or weekly paper an open letter to the directors of your school. In it urge the equipping and maintaining by them, at public expense, of an outdoor gymnasium or athletic field for the use of the young people of the town. Show that it should contain ball ground, tennis courts, running track, various pieces of apparatus, etc. Strive to make a convincing argument, your purpose being really to bring about such a playground.

Write a similar open letter urging that two buildings be erected for school purposes, in different sections of the town, rather than one large central building.

Write a similar open letter to the town council. Urge the passage of a curfew law prohibiting the presence of children under fifteen years of age on the streets after nine o'clock in the evening, unless accompanied by parents.

PART II

CHAPTER XXII

A DIGEST OF THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC

TO THE INSTRUCTOR.—This chapter is designed to be used primarily for the marking and correcting of compositions. On the margin of a written exercise returned to a pupil are placed numbers referring to the principles stated in this chapter, as is shown below:

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Country life | 1a—1b 2a—2b—2c |
| Would you like to hear about a weak I spent | 4 |
| in the country last summer. The first thing | 71 |
| we did after arrived at my grandfathers farm was | 18—76a |
| to eat supper. It was a splendid super the honey | 4—70—69 |
| and biscuits and the lots of rich milk I en- | 35b |
| joyed peculiarly. We had left home at 7 oclock | 34—36c—76b |
| in the a.m. and had rode all day on the train. | 52—36—43d |
| Grandpa met us at 4 with a waggon. After sup- | 18—4 |
| per I and my brother, for he was along went | 36j—75a |
| to bed right soon but mother staid up a while. | 35b—75b—18 |

By using the "Digest of Rhetorical Principles" as a reference list, the pupil discovers his errors and corrects them with red ink. During a prescribed period the pupils are called individually to the desk of the instructor, who looks rapidly at the corrections to determine whether they have been properly made. If not, the pupil must try again, no credit being given until the work is satisfactory.

The corrections may be made at home or in the schoolroom. If the latter, the instructor examines papers as rapidly as they are ready; if the former, the class write a new composition while the instructor deals with the individual. This plan quickly teaches pupils to avoid the errors to which they are especially prone.

During early work, to the marginal number should often be attached the letter that calls attention to a specific error. Later, only the number should be used in most cases, the pupil being required to add the letter in order to show that he has discovered the proper principle.

It will probably be wise to make a brief study of this chapter, in order that pupils may clearly understand the meaning of each of the principles.

A finding list for use in marking papers is printed on pp. 397-400.

Rhetoric is the science that deals with the placing together of words in such way as to express, in the best possi-

ble manner, the thoughts and feelings which a writer wishes to express, either to add to his own pleasure and mental strength or to convey a message to others.

The occasional person is able to draw effective pictures without any study of the principles of perspective or of light and shade; in like manner some persons can express their feelings and thoughts in writing without any study of the principles of rhetoric and composition. In both cases, however, the principles involved are intuitively known and are unconsciously observed. But most untrained persons are as helpless in the one art as in the other. Writing English, indeed, is much like making a bicycle; a plowboy with an abandoned buggy wheel may put together something that infinite exertion will cause to move, but only an artisan familiar with all the principles of his craft is able to construct a machine perfect in each part and equal to every strain.

To-day bicycles are constructed according to methods evolved during twenty-five years of bicycle *making*, and not according to methods that have resulted from mere *theoretical study* of bicycle making. The early machine was too heavy, was weak in many parts, was ungraceful in other parts. A hundred experiments to remedy each defect have resulted in what is practically a perfect piece of mechanism. The present manufacturer is profiting by all these experiments; he is not compelled to repeat them for himself.

So it is in sentence making. The masters avoid certain things, because experiments during five centuries have shown that they weaken sentences. Other things they do, things that have been found to strengthen. The principles of rhetoric give to the present-day manufacturer of sentences the results of the unnumbered experiments of five hundred years; they advise him to use that which helps, to avoid

that which hinders. The examination of many thousands of exercises shows that young writers need a knowledge of the principles stated on the following pages. Most beginners will intuitively observe many of these principles; but every ordinary class, taken collectively, will violate every principle here given. The plan of this book intends that each pupil, from the corrections made on his own papers, shall learn which principles he violates, and that he shall study those and but few others.

In order to convey his message the sentence maker should be clear; he should so arrange his words that his meaning *must* be understood. He should also be forcible; that is, he should convey his message in such manner that his reader will feel it even as he feels it, and will be influenced in his life by it. He should likewise be precise and pure; that is, he should use his words in the exact meaning in which they are used by the majority of trained writers and speakers of his own day. Further, he should observe unity, or deal with a single subject at a time, and euphony, or write in such way that his sentences when read aloud will please the ear. While he is striving to do all these things, he must also strive to capitalize and punctuate in a manner that will help to make his meaning clear.

In the digest that follows, therefore, the principles will be grouped into the general divisions **Clearness**, **Force**, **Precision**, **Purity**, **Unity**, and **Euphony**, while the more mechanical parts will be considered under **Capitalization** and **Punctuation**. Some of these divisions contain principles that might equally well be placed under other divisions; perhaps each of the first six to a degree overlap the other five. This shows that the divisions are a matter of convenience rather than a fixed scientific classification. Some general principles are not included in any of the groups.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

1. (a) At the upper left corner of the first page of each composition write your name. (b) In the other corner put the date. (c) Leave a margin at both left and right for the instructor's corrections. (d) Write on only one side of the paper, and never roll your manuscript. (e) Number each succeeding sheet at the upper right corner. (f) Arrange the sheets in proper order, and (g) tie with a *loop* of string.

2. Place a title near the top of the first page. (a) Have it tell exactly what you are going to write about. (b) In writing it begin all important words, usually nouns, verbs, and adjectives, with capital letters. (c) Underscore each word of the title with three lines (see principle 62).

3. Avoid unnecessary (a) punctuation (including quotation marks and apostrophes), (b) capitals, and (c) italics.

4. Spell correctly. (a) Observe a reasonable and equal space between letters and between words.

CLEARNESS

Clearness demands that a piece of composition shall be so easily understood that any mistake as to its meaning is impossible. It will not do that its meaning *may* be understood; it *must* be understood.

5. Make clearness the first consideration. To it all else must be sacrificed. It is true that literature may be obscure and at the same time be very great. In all languages are surprising examples of this. It is great, however, not because of its obscurity, but in spite of it. Such work, furthermore, is not the work of beginners. Their aim should be to compel their readers to understand what they mean.

5a. Make the antecedent of every pronoun perfectly clear.

Original

The medicine man decides all dreams and warns them of danger.¹

If she takes these books as her ideals, they are false.

Improve: The water was backed up by a dam, which caused the wheel to move.—We generally associate work and trouble, but this is because we have never thought about it.

Improved

The medicine man decides all dreams and warns his tribesmen of danger.

If these are her ideal books, her ideals are surely false.

5b. Keep a relative as near as possible to its antecedent:

We had a long ride on the street-car before we reached the park, which we enjoyed thoroughly.

Before we reached the park we had a long street-car ride, which we enjoyed thoroughly.

Improve: In the art gallery is a small picture hung near the stairway, which I enjoy very much.—A woman from Kentucky visited Lincoln to beg for her son's pardon, who was then under sentence of death.

5c. Do not insert a relative clause into one already relative.

As he trudged along he met a friend, who began talking about Washington's birthday, which was to be celebrated next day.

As he trudged along he met a friend, and they began talking about Washington's birthday which was to be celebrated next day.

Improve: In the same house were a number of other girls, among whom was a small Slav, who was sadly neglected by the rest.—On the way we passed through many interesting towns, among which was Greensburg, a beautiful little city which deserves its name, for on every side the landscape presents one continuous stretch of green.

5d. A word summing up a clause or phrase, and not the clause or phrase, should be the antecedent of a relative or of *it*. In like manner a single word should be used to sum up a complex antecedent.

¹ Of the illustrative sentences the form on the left is the *original* form, and that on the right the *improved* form. All illustrative sentences and all sentences to be improved, unless in quotation marks, are from high school compositions.

Original

After reaching the house we asked permission of the manager to go through, to which he gave his consent.

He ordered me to tell him the combination, which I dared not do.

The walls and shelves were fairly covered with pictures, books, vases, and other bric-a-brac, which make a room pleasant and attractive.

Improved

After reaching the house we asked permission of the manager to go through, to which request he gave his consent.

He ordered me to tell him the combination, something which I dared not do.

The walls and shelves were fairly covered with pictures, books, vases, and other bric-a-brac,—with all the little things that make a room pleasant and attractive.

Improve: Before the proprietor died he made Richard one of the firm, which showed how much he appreciated his work.—There were a thousand things to remind them of her,—her piano, her books, her pictures, which filled them with despair.—Chris was known throughout the neighborhood as a bad boy, and his maiden aunt knew it only too well.—It was rather dingy inside, which indicated long days of use.—She wrote her decision and gave it to Richard, because her sense of justice demanded it, even though her pity wished it otherwise.

6. (a) Use *who* or *which* (preceded by a comma) when the relative clause is co-ordinate; that is, when a conjunction and a pronoun may take the place of the relative pronoun; (b) otherwise as a rule use *that* (without a comma). In other words, *that* is the restrictive relative, and should be used whenever the relative clause is necessary in order to convey the primary thought. (c) *Who* or *which* may be used (with no comma) in restrictive clauses whenever euphony requires, whenever it is necessary to pause on the relative, whenever the relative is preceded by a preposition, and whenever the antecedent is an adjective pronoun indicating persons (*those, some, several, others, many, etc.*).

a. Browning tells how Raphael, who drew Madonnas with a silver-pointed pencil, once sought to reach his ideal in a century of sonnets; how Dante, who was wont to scourge his enemies with a pen dipped in vitriol, once prepared to paint an angel.—In each of these relative clauses the *who* is equal to *although he*; each clause presents a new idea, an idea not necessary to the conveying of the primary thought.

b. He missed the road that would have taken him to the farmhouse.—Here the relative clause is absolutely necessary in order to make known which road he missed; it restricts or limits the meaning of *road*, and is part of the primary thought.

Insert relatives and punctuation according to 6a and 6b. We were playing the old games — so delight the heart.—The past is a book of fairy tales — is filled with mysterious pictures and strange stories.—Among the passengers — we met was an old gentleman, evidently a farmer.—That closed door leads to a dismal cellar — could tell many a strange tale.—They lit a lamp — was in the room.

Improve according to 6c. In the city are many — live in the same way.—Here is the house — we shall find him in.—I know a man —, no matter what the provocation, never loses his temper.—He knows that I just despise a man — acts in that way.

6d. Use *and* before a relative only when the relative has the same antecedent as a relative just preceding.

Original

On the opposite side of the room was a mahogany table, said to be at least one hundred fifty years old and which had belonged to his great-grandfather.

Improved

On the opposite side of the room was a mahogany table, which had belonged to his great-grandfather and which was said to be at least one hundred fifty years old.

Improve: The clerk did not see the girls each take a lemon from a basket standing near and which they hid until they got home.—They began to talk of the concert given by the Aid society and which they had all attended.

7. Make every pronoun agree with its antecedent in number and gender.

Then they departed, each going to *their* homes.

Then they departed, each going to his home.

Improve: She would not let any one play with it for fear they might break it.—We had ridden about eight miles, and every one of us had taken our turn at falling.

8. Only (*just*) should stand immediately before the word it modifies, and (*b*) other adverbs as near as possible to the modified

word. (c) Euphony is often gained by scattering adverbial elements. (d) Never place an adverb between *to* and its infinitive.

Original

Improved

a. He was only (just) sick a week.

He was sick only (just) a week.

b. In the room also there is the bed on which Girard died.

In the room there is also the bed on which Mr. Girard died.

c. I went very willingly with the girls of my class one sunny afternoon to gather flowers for our work in botany.

One sunny afternoon I went very willingly with the girls of my class to gather flowers for our work in botany.

d. The snow began to again fall.

The snow again began to fall.

Improve: "No, I'll only learn one!"—He has given up all hope of ever being able to again see his family.—Our return was as much enjoyed, and we again found ourselves surrounded with the life that is seen in cities only.

9. The correlatives *not . . . but, not only . . . but also, neither . . . nor, either . . . or, both . . . and, etc.*, should as a rule stand before the same parts of speech.

I know you must think that I either have forgotten that I owe you a letter, or my manners.

I know you must think that I have forgotten either my manners or the fact that I owe you a letter.

Improve: She is not only interested in their physical welfare but also in their moral welfare.—They made the day pleasant both for themselves and their teachers.

10. Keep connected words, phrases, and clauses as near together as possible.

There are a great number of pupils in the school from Indianapolis.

In the school are a number of pupils from Indianapolis.

The old man was a perfect picture of the ideal farmer, with his kind, honest face and his long white hair. .

With his kind, honest face and his long white hair, the old man was a perfect picture of the ideal farmer.

Improve: She boasted about not paying her fare on the street-car several times.—She welcomed everybody that came to the house in a manner that was very pleasing.

11. (a) Seldom use verbal nouns. (b) When used they should be preceded by the possessive case.

Original

a. My friend told me about them taking a little girl to care for during the winter.

b. It reached the boy without the teacher seeing it.

Improved

My friend told me why (or that) they had taken a little girl to care for during the winter.

It reached the boy without the teacher's seeing it.

Improve: There is no excuse for you not coming up.—Ray's being told not to play on the street only increased her desire to play there.

12. Repetition often adds to clearness.

12a. Repeat the common subject of several verbs, or use a pronoun referring to it, whenever ambiguity is possible.

At first my brother and sister refused to consent, but after some coaxing decided to let me go.

At first my brother and sister refused to consent, but after some coaxing they decided to let me go.

12b. Repeat a complex subject by using a summarizing word to gather it up.

The babbling of the brook, the whispering of the wind in the tree-tops, the murmur of the leaves, and the joyous music of the birds drove the clouds from his face.

The babbling of the brook, the whispering of the wind in the tree-tops, the murmur of the leaves, and the joyous music of the birds,—these drove the clouds from his face.

12c and d. Repeat (c) the article and (d) the possessive for each new idea.

c. We had left the guide and cook on the island.

We had left the guide and the cook on the island.

d. Richard was left to care for his mother, crippled brother, and little sister.

Richard was left to care for his mother, his crippled brother, and his little sister.

12e. Repeat the preposition after an intervening conjunction.*Original*

In life we come in contact with many people, but never two exactly alike.

He promised to take me to New York and stop for me on his way back.

Improved

In life we come in contact with many people, but never with two exactly alike.

He promised to take me to New York and to stop for me on his way back.

12f. Repeat the antecedent to avoid ambiguity.

That was the beginning of a friendship of many years' duration, which was destined to sweeten the lives of both.

That was the beginning of a friendship of many years' duration, a friendship that was destined to sweeten the lives of both.

12g. Repeat the verb after *as* and *than*.

The moral standards of the women were not much higher than those of the men.

The moral standards of the women were not much higher than were those of the men.

Improve according to 12a to 12g: I made it my duty to learn the first name of each of them and call them by it.—Arriving first, he claims the seat for himself and companion.—She lay for many weeks suffering terrible pain, yet was calm and patient through it all.—I felt very much relieved when told that there had been no fire.—Chasing butterflies, hunting birds' nests, frightening bees, romping and playing on the road, were included in our teacher's command to go straight home.—Many thrilling and exciting events took place during the Spanish-American war that made the soldiers' blood run cold.—Perhaps they are better satisfied with their lot than those who are far better situated in life.—And up she went again, as hard as she could.

13. Avoid using a word as the object of more than one preposition.

Near the overhanging willows lazily floats something not put there by and yet fully in harmony with nature.

Near the overhanging willows lazily floats something not put there by nature, and yet fully in harmony with her.

Improve: By these examples is shown the Indian's love of and queer ideas concerning ornamentation.—By this time they will

give good attention to and will be deeply impressed by the truth that is brought out.

14. It is often wise to use direct instead of indirect discourse.

Original

She said that Mrs. Marshall replied that she had better go home.

Improved

She said that Mrs. Marshall replied, "You had better go home."

Improve: Mamma was displeased with me, because, she said, "When any one comes to see you, that I am always away. So when you are coming please let me know."—When she told her mamma she told her she thought it would have been better to send the roses to some sick person.

15. Gain clearness (a) by substituting a participial, an infinitive, or a prepositional phrase for a clause, and (b) by substituting a single word for a phrase or clause, or vice versa. (c) A change to the relative construction is often advantageous. (d) Occasionally a clause may well be substituted for a phrase.

a. At the edge of the woods I saw a boy who was carrying a gun over his shoulder.

a. The girls urged that I go to the library with them.

a. A few squares after I got on, a poor old woman got on, and she was carrying several bundles.

b. The inhabitants of the little town were in a fever of great indignation.

b. It is often amusing to hear men who have fought in the war relate their experiences.

c. He wrote pamphlet after pamphlet on the things of the hour. Some of them might have cost him his life had he signed his name to them.

d. Upon approaching them, one said to him:

At the edge of the woods I saw a boy with a gun over his shoulder.

The girls urged me to go to the library with them.

A few squares after I got on, a poor old lady carrying several bundles got on.

The townspeople were burning with indignation.

It is often amusing to hear old soldiers tell their experiences.

On the subjects of the hour he wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, some of which might have cost him his life had he signed his name to them.

As he approached, one of them said to him:

Improve: One evening an owl that belonged to a family in our neighborhood escaped from its cage.—On the second day after their departure my friends came home and found that they had left.—We have nine examinations, and they will all be over by the 9th of June.—And then he gave me something that would make me sleep.

16. Be sure that the subject of every participle is expressed, and is perfectly clear.

Original

While getting warmed it began to snow.

Meeting each other from time to time, soon a friendship sprang up between us.

Improve: Being Saturday evening, the street was crowded with people.—After waiting quite a while (34) she did not come, and so we decided to go.

17. Avoid words, phrases, and clauses that can have more than one meaning, especially such as can modify either what precedes or what follows.

We were both afraid of scolding Aunt Joan.

Sam and Mattie Gordon were left with the servants in charge of the house.

This afternoon tell Joe you are sorry he was whipped because he did not hurt you very much.

Improved

While getting warmed I noticed that it had begun to snow; or, While I was getting warm it began to snow.

Meeting each other from time to time we soon became friends.

We were both afraid of ill-natured Aunt Joan.

Sam and Mattie Gordon, together with the servants, were left in charge of the house.

This afternoon tell Joe that he did not hurt you very much, and that you are sorry he was whipped.

Improve: The book-case contained books by the first authors.—They began to grow restless when the little girl appeared and with tears in her eyes told them the sad state of affairs.—Upstairs are found many more interesting exhibits.

18. Avoid the omission of necessary words, especially (a) of verbs and (b) of auxiliaries that are not clearly implied.

Original

We always expected praise from our elders, in which we were never disappointed.

There were also small round boxes containing pills, and pills scattered on the bureau.

Improve: We started home about three o'clock, with our faces and hands covered with scratches and about three gallons of berries.—The peace-pipe is then filled with the leaves of the red willow and ready to be smoked.—Her nest is round and built of leaves, mud, and dried grass, and usually placed in the forked branch of a tree.

19. Avoid long parenthetical expressions, (a) especially such as separate a subject from its verb.

The girl, instead of acknowledging her misdeeds, said she had found the money.

Improved

We always expected praise from our elders, in which expectation we were never disappointed.

There were also small round boxes containing pills, and pills were scattered on the bureau.

Instead of acknowledging her misdeeds, the girl said she had found the money.

Improve: Finally, however, her true nature shines forth in her anxiety to warn her brother, him whose cold heart had shut her from her childhood's home, of his danger from the flood.—The older one, thinking he could cheat and the other would n't know it, began.

20. (a) Use a person or one as the subject of a verb instead of you general. (b) One is often a convenient pronoun. Repeat it, when necessary, instead of using he to refer to it.

a. If you ask her to do anything for you, she will do it in such a way that you are not sorry you asked her.

b. You would have thought I was going to cross the ocean.

If a person asks her to do anything for him, she will do it in such a way that he is not sorry he asked her.

One would have thought I was going to cross the ocean.

Improve: She would share anything she had with you.—“Why, no,” said the first man; “it would not be cheating, although I believe in cheating a little in business, because one would never make anything if he did n't.”

21. Often (a) the singular instead of the plural, or (b) the plural instead of the singular will add to strength.

Improve: We occasionally meet men who would rush into a burning building to rescue imperilled persons.—He did not approve of those kind of actions.—And then we started for our homes.

22. Avoid the use of nouns when pronouns are equally clear and more euphonious.

Original

He liked the boy very much, and he went and bought the book for the boy and had the boy's name written in it.

Improved

As he liked the boy very much he went and bought the book for him and had his name written in it.

Improve: We took a large bucket of lemonade with us, and when we were playing ball some one fell into the lemonade.—The man took pity on the girl, and, although he was poor himself, he took the little child home with him.

23. (a) Avoid the comparison of words that do not admit of degree. (b) In comparing be careful to exclude the thing compared. (c) With two objects use the comparative degree; with more than two the superlative.

a. My work is more perfect than yours.

My work is more nearly perfect than yours.

b. Lincoln was more loved and more hated than any president.

Lincoln was more loved and more hated than any other president.

c. Say "His home is the larger of the two," and "Mary is the better pianist of the two sisters," but say "His house is the largest of the three," and "Mary is the best pianist of the three sisters."

Improve: This is one of their most favorite homes.—This is the rounder of the two.—"Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place."

24. Guard against long sentences (more than about thirty words), either in a series or singly. (a) Avoid particularly the

“child’s error,” the use of the comma for the period. This error frequently causes a series of short sentences to look like a long sentence. The long sentence is also brought about by carelessly used connectives. (b) Sometimes, however, several consecutive short sentences produce an unpleasant jolting effect, and may be advantageously united.

Improve: One rock I noticed in particular, it was laying a little to one side of the rustic bridge which crosses the creek.—after climbing a high hill on the top of which we found many daisies and buttercups, after gathering for a while we thought that we would move on a little farther when suddenly it began to rain very fast, we ran for the nearest tree, but saw a better one some distance away we started for it and ran into the midst of a lot of beautiful wild roses.—It was the day set for the journey. We arose early. The sun was bright. We all looked for a good time.

25. Connect smoothly. To master the art of effectively binding together sentences and paragraphs, is to go far toward attaining a smooth, strong style. Therefore always examine carefully every connecting word before considering a composition complete.

25a. A Cumulative Connective is used to add a statement similar in bearing to the one preceding. *And* is the most frequently used of the class. Others are italicized in the illustrative sentences that follow. Often, however, *and* is found when one of the others would be more precise, more forcible, and more euphonious. Therefore the connectives in the sentences that follow should be examined carefully, and the young writer should strive to learn the use of other cumulatives than *and* :

They fought like Spartans,—*yea*, they fought until the last man fell dead.

The third legion was destroyed; *likewise* part of the fourth.

One dies in this manner; *so* do they all.

He first cut a piece of wood, and then smoothed and polished it; *in like manner* he proceeded until all were finished.

I called but received no answer; *again* I called, but still I heard nothing.

He could not go as he had an errand in town; *besides* he had his lessons to study.

At the meeting the president announced that a bicycle race would take place the following Thursday; *further*, that a valuable prize would be awarded to the winner.

I was too tired to go to the city; *moreover*, I wished to help my father.

"He told us *furthermore* that he had seen a beautiful temple."

It was bright and cloudless; *add to this* a balmy breeze was blowing.

You say you could not find it. *Now*, if I had been in your place I would have inquired of some one.

"And there is the celebrated sketch of Mrs. ——. . . . There, *too*, are Miss ———'s stories, all about a certain singular Western community."

25b. A Disjunctive Connective is used to indicate choice or separation,—to unite clauses one of which excludes the other. The most commonly used is *or*. Others are *neither*, *nor*, *else*, *or else*, *otherwise*, etc. These connectives are often prepared for by a correlative particle; as, *either* . . . *or*, etc.

I did not go, *nor* did I get ready to go.

"Thou desirest not sacrifice, *else* would I give it."

"Leave, *or else* I will make you!"

"A sense of humor does not always, then, prevent the humorist from the danger of absurdity. *Neither* does it prevent the humorist from being sentimental; *otherwise* Dickens would have been saved from his incontinent sentimentality."

25c. An Adversative Connective is used when adding a statement contrary in bearing to the one preceding. The most frequently used of the class is *but*. Others are italicized below. They should be examined and studied for the reasons given in 25a.

"Everything is against me,—the mayor, the councils, and the politicians; *still* I will succeed."

"I speak to you peaceably, *yet* you will not listen."

You are careless, and this is new; *however*, you may have it this time.

"The day is pleasant, *only* rather cold."

You have disappointed me; *nevertheless*, I will help you.

"John Hunter, *notwithstanding* he had a bee in his bonnet, was really a great man."

"The house is pleasantly located; *at the same time* I should hate to climb that hill 365 days in the year."

"The picture is certainly one of Millet's; *for all that* it does not look like his work."

After all, in spite of some unpleasant features, country life is preferable to city life.

"Emotion is often weakened by association with thought, *whereas* thoughts are always strengthened by emotion."

They went into the Zoo, *while* we remained in the park. (Note that this *while* is nearly the equivalent of *but*; it does not mean *during the time that*.)

25d. A coming adversative is often prepared for by some such expression as *while, indeed, in fact, in truth, to be sure*. Such forewarning adds both to coherence and to clearness.

"*To be sure* I agree in general with you, *but* I am not able to accept some of your statements."

25e. An Illative Connective is used when adding a statement that shows the result or consequence of what has been stated just before. The type of this class is *therefore*; others are italicized below. Ordinarily these connectives should be preceded by a full stop, and never by a mark of punctuation less powerful than a semicolon.

There come the others; *therefore* we can now have our dinner."

He had neither influence nor ability; *so* he had no chance of winning.

"For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith God; *wherefore* turn yourselves and live ye."

"In order to protect his capital, Birger Jarl drove down piles or 'stocks' among the 'holms' or islands; *hence* the name Stockholm."

"Harar . . . is situated on a table-land, 5,000 feet above the sea; *whence* the climate is dry, temperate, and healthy."

The day was rainy, the field was muddy, and several of the boys were sick; *consequently* the game was postponed.

"The plan carried with it a pleasant journey, congenial company, and certain financial return; *accordingly* I agreed to it."

"The educated man has not only a wide range of information, but also a mind trained to act quickly and correctly; *thus* he is in all ways at a decided advantage."

"You say you cannot buy? *Then* I shall take up no more of your time."

"You have health, you have strength, you have a fair education; *so then* do not get discouraged."

25f. Instead of an Illative, *as, because, since, or inasmuch as* may often be used harmoniously at the beginning of the preceding clause or sentence. Write "*As* it was pleasant, I went," rather than "*It* was pleasant; *so* I went."

Since it had to be done, I sat down and told him to pull ahead.

Because it seems the thing to do, and *because* you wish me to do it, I shall make no further objection.

Inasmuch as it would cause you no end of trouble, he says he will make no complaint.

Connect more smoothly : He fell right in with this idea, for he had always wished to have Katherine take care of her own room, so he gave her everything new in it.—It was 12 o'clock, because it struck when I was knocking at the door.—He seemed to be very humane, but in an instant he had his hand down the poor dog's throat, trying to remove the obstruction.—On the table was a vase filled with flowers, and books and magazines were heaped all about.—It was several days before he could be found, when he was arrested by a well-known detective.—No one would tell, the teacher punished them all.—One afternoon we missed the two little children, as they always played in the yard.

FORCE

Force cannot be attained by observing any principles of rhetoric. It is the feeling of the author passing, by some intangible process, into the soul of the reader. It is his indignation, his enthusiasm, his earnestness, his admiration, his worship, his reverence, his determination, finding its way by means almost magical into the hearts of his readers and kindling in them a like emotion.

Such an illusive power is of course not to be seized by any trick of rhetoric. It must be felt by the writer, and the feeling, if strong enough, will demand a form of expression that will carry it, or that will enable it to carry itself. As a rule, however, passages of unusual force observe with no small regularity certain ways of statement that may be expressed as principles. To observe these will result in what may be called rhetorical force, which must never be confounded with literary force. A composition, indeed, may observe every principle here formulated, and yet fail entirely to move the reader. Power to do that must spring straight from the writer's heart.

26. Avoid unnecessary words. (a) **One word will often do the work of several.** To cross out a word draw through it a line

parallel with the line on which it is written. Be watchful to use adjectives and adverbs (especially *very*) only when they are of value. The introductory particle *there* is often useless.

Original

The lad was very small but had on his head a large coonskin cap and a pair of boots which looked as if they had been made for a giant.

In this room there was a very large iron machine.

Improved

The lad was very small, but wore a coonskin cap and a pair of giant's boots.

In this room was a large iron machine.

Improve: A crowd of boys were walking behind him and were making fun of him.—Her eldest child, a girl of ten years of age, came into the room.—She thought nothing of the fact that there were young boys from school sitting around the room reading.

27. Do not end a clause or sentence with an unimportant word or phrase.

The little party reached Golden City, Colorado, at last.

At last the little party reached Golden City, Colorado.

Improve: There were three chairs in the room also.—They brought the salads and everything mamma had prepared for the basket without a murmur.

28. Put important words in emphatic places. In rhetoric, as in life, a change from the normal arouses interest. Let mother sit at the side instead of at the end of the table, and every member of the family at once wishes to know the reason. (a) Put the predicate first or move the subject from the beginning of the sentence and attention is at once demanded. (b). To let the modifier follow the modified word or to place a conditional clause at the end of a sentence is to call attention to the transferred member. (c) Render less important matter unemphatic by burying it in the sentence.

Along the walls Indian blankets in bright colors hung.

Along the walls hung bright-colored Indian blankets.

Improve: A dwarf-like tree stood among its shivering companions in solitary green.—Not far from the woods a rich merchant and his wife lived.

29. A periodic sentence is one in which no thought is strictly complete until the end. As a rule make sentences periodic, (a) by beginning with *as, while, although, etc.*; (b) by placing conditional clauses first; (c) by beginning with a participial phrase; (d) by placing dependent clauses before the independent clause. (e) Whenever subordinate clauses, however, are several in number it is better to scatter them.

Original

a. Some are carelessly indifferent, but many take great interest in the work.

b. The lion does not generally attack man if escape is possible.

c. He lay there and looked up at the sky and recalled the first time his mother let him sleep under the old apple tree near the spring.

d. I went to the circus whenever I had an opportunity.

e. Whenever it snowed, in spite of the fact that I had no shoes and that I knew my aunt would punish me, I ran out doors.

Improved

Although some are carelessly indifferent, many take great interest in the work.

If escape is possible the lion as a rule does not attack man.

Lying there and looking up at the sky, he recalled the first time his mother let him sleep under the old apple tree near the spring.

Whenever I had an opportunity I went to a circus.

Whenever it snowed I ran out doors, even though I had no shoes and though I knew my aunt would punish me.

Improve: She was loved by all who knew her on account of her kind-heartedness.—I think it will be very enjoyable, from all accounts.—He is not discouraged, although he knows he has many years of work and study before him.

30. (a) Force may at times be gained by omitting the subject or the predicate of a clause or sentence, or by omitting both. (b) A sentiment is often expressed without a verb (see page 159).

a. It was on one evening in December that a man was seen wending his way toward a ruined house that was situated in a lonely spot about a mile from any dwelling.

b. It is beautiful!

On a December evening a man was seen going toward a ruined house situated in a lonely spot about a mile from any dwelling. (Why retain *lonely*?)

Beautiful!

Improve: During vacation these boys decided to spend a day in a woods that was five miles distant.—On looking up he saw that our large Newfoundland dog was standing in the doorway.

31. In words, phrases, clauses, sentences, and paragraphs, as a rule proceed from the weaker to the stronger. In other words, in all writings observe the principle of climax.

Original

He suffered almost death, and endured many hardships.

Improved

He endured many hardships, and almost suffered death.

Improve: Through the meadow flows a babbling little brook.—The view was magnificent, but we had had a hard climb and had found the path rough and steep.

32. Avoid "fine writing" or euphuism,—big words for small ideas,—ponderous vocables conveying diminutive cogitations. (a) Under some circumstances *euphemism*, or the use of a mild instead of a harsh term, is not only proper but is also very desirable. To say to a friend, "I have just learned that your mother has passed away" is far more thoughtful and sympathetic than to say, "I have just heard that your mother is dead." Young writers should be at much pains to learn the distinction between euphuism and euphemism, as the one is worse than worthless and the other is of high literary value. Euphuism lacks what in painting is called "quality,"—spiritual truth. It bears the same relation to real interpretative writing that a paper rose bears to an "American Beauty."

Whom did my eyes rest upon?

John retired for the night, as they were both fatigued.

I must now retrace my steps as Old Sol is fast disappearing behind the westering hills.

Whom did I see?

John went to bed, as they were both tired.

I must now go back as it will soon be dark.

Improve: At the earnest solicitations of an acquaintance I once consented to accompany her on a day's outing to that most picturesque place, Aliquippa.—It was one day last August, just as the sun was silently sinking behind the western hills. (This sentence is an attempt to make the reader feel the sunset, but it fails because it contains no effective suggestion. Strive to interpret the fact so as to give the reader the experience.)—Every where could be seen forms on bended knees, praying that the ship might be saved. (Is this interpretation or "fine writing"?)

33. Gain force at times (a) by the use of contrast both in form and meaning; (b) by using epigrammatic forms; (c) by using the imperative instead of an if-clause; (d) by using interrogation instead of declaration; (e) by using exclamation instead of declaration; (f) by using the historical present.

a. "I hate botany and theology; I love flowers and religion."

b. Mr. Barrie is reported to have said of Mr. Kipling, "He has yet to learn that people who drink tea may be just as interesting as people who drink whiskey."

b. "It is about time for the college to put more wisdom on the inside of a boy's skull and less wool on the outside."

Original

Improved

c. If you will come with me to the Museum, we shall read together some pages in the book of the past.

Come with me to the Museum, and we shall read together some pages in the book of the past.

d. Surely no thinking person will harm a cheerful robin.

What thoughtful person will harm a cheerful robin?

e. We dreaded getting up and going out into the frosty morning.

How we dreaded getting up and going out into the frosty morning!

f. The creaking of the rusty hinges sent a chill through my veins as I opened the door and found myself in the large room.

The creaking of the rusty hinges sends a chill through my veins as I open the door and find myself in the large room.

Improve: Outside it was dreary winter, but it was very pleasant in the bird room at the Museum.—The picture showed a burial vault full of coffins, on the lids of which was painted the name of the deceased as well as the dread word "cholera."—If you will say the word, I will jump.—That is a beautiful view.—Not even a Comanche would be as cruel as that.

PRECISION

In its rhetorical use the word **Precision** means precision in the use of words. In Latin the word means *to cut off*. Precision, then, requires the use of only such words as *cut off* the exact meaning, both in kind and shade, that the writer or speaker wishes to express. It is possible to buy

a sirloin steak without getting one of the two or three tenderest cuts. So it is possible to use a word that conveys the *kind* of meaning but not the *shade* of meaning. For example, to ask for muslin in a butcher shop would be to miss the kind of meaning; you do not intend to ask for muslin there. To ask for meat would be to get the kind of meaning but to miss the shade; to ask for a steak is to get nearer the shade, but to ask for a small-bone sirloin is to get the exact shade. So *mansion*, *cottage*, and *hut* are different shades of the general meaning expressed by the kind word *house*. In like manner a *breeze* causes *ripples*, a *hard blow* causes *waves*, and a *storm* causes *billows*. Precision requires that only the expression conveying the exact shade of meaning, be used.

Precision is acquired only by constant observation of the usage of good speakers and writers and by unceasing study of the dictionary. A lifetime is too short a period in which to master the 250,000 words of the English language, but by the age of sixteen or eighteen the careful boy and girl should use with accuracy perhaps three or four thousand common words, and should have a reading acquaintance with as many more. Young people should also remember that after the age of thirty new words are not easily added to one's vocabulary.

34. Avoid improprieties ; that is, use only such words as convey exactly the thought you wish to convey.¹

Note. Avoid *so* and *such*, emphatic, in such sentences as "We had *such* a nice time!" and "He is *so* handsome!" In conversation the emphasis shows the meaning; in writing it is understood only with exertion. Some careful writers use *if* only as an introduction to conditional clauses, using *though* or *whether* in other dependent clauses. (*If* it is pleasant I shall go; but, He asked *whether*—not *if*—I might go, and, It seems as *though*—not as *if*—

¹ See Exercise on pp. 374-376.

it will be pleasant.) Many reputable writers do not observe this distinction, but young writers will do well to keep it in mind.

Improve: He has saved *quite* a sum of money.—He sent word to the other *parties* that he would not appear till later.—Karl has at last succeeded in *learning* Dan to give him his paw.—She told me that her son, who had never touched liquor until two weeks *back*, had been arrested.—He has *stopped* in that town for several weeks.—He said it did *aggravate* him to listen to such stories.

34a. Avoid general words to express particular ideas. Remember that *the* points out definitely, while *a* is indefinite.

Original

Improved

The chicken, followed by all her little ones, started for the coop.

The hen, followed by her chicks, started for the coop.

Later he showed himself a traitor.

Later he showed himself a Benedict Arnold.

Improve: My aunt wished us to come to their *place* and spend a few days with their *folks*.—He *surveyed* her from *head to foot*.—This is a picture I admire most of all.

34b. Prefer simple words.

I begged him to permit me to accompany him.

I begged him to let me go with him.

Improve: He stepped carefully on the icy pavement, fearing that at any moment he might *be precipitated*.—Jane was studying her *orthography*.—In such a place one never *inhaled* fresh air.

34c. Avoid confounding words from the same root.

One summer day I excepted her invitation.

One summer day I accepted her invitation.

Improve: Another *incidence* that showed her character is this.—Is the war *affecting* you any?—He ran in the direction from which the sound *preceded*.—The car stopped twice before it reached Polly's *destiny*. (Use correctly each of the italicized words.)

34d. Distinguish between the abstract and the concrete form and meaning of nouns. As a rule, the abstract is general in meaning, and the concrete is particular. The form of the singular number of many nouns, when used without an article, has the general or abstract meaning; the plural form and the singular form with an article has the concrete meaning. For example, *work* names an abstract idea, but *works* or *the work* refers to something definite, concrete. In brief, the abstract names merely the idea, while the concrete names a tangible manifestation of the idea.

Every man can resist temptations in the same way. (Concrete.)
 Every man can resist temptation in the same way. (Abstract.)
 In the beauty of its forms the pottery of India is unsurpassed. (Concrete.)

In beauty of form the pottery of India is unsurpassed. (Abstract.)

Improve: We held our breaths in terror.—It destroys everything that comes in its paths.—The weather-beaten walls tell of the devastations of times.—He went without many things that might add to his own comforts, that he might add to the pleasures of others.

34e. Use *so* instead of *as* after a negative, expressed or implied.

Improve: She found that it was not as pleasant as she thought it would be.—I never in my life made as low a mark as that.—We had no idea it was as late as that.—He said it was not as deep as I thought.

34f. As a rule use *oh* and not *O*. *Oh* is an interjection evoked by sudden emotion. Except when the first word in a sentence, it should begin with a small letter, and it should always be followed by a comma or by an exclamation point. *O* is a sign of a following vocative or of an earnest wish, and is indicative of a solemn spirit. It should always be a capital and should never be immediately followed by a mark of punctuation. One should write "O blessed Spirit!" or, "O my suffering countrymen!" if the nouns are in the vocative case; if the phrases are exclamatory, *oh* should be used, followed by a comma. One should write "O for relief!" (a wish) but should write, "And, oh, was n't it jolly!" or, "Oh, George, come along with us!" or, "Oh, how awful!" It will be noted that in the ordinary writing of young people *oh* will be used a score of times for each single use of *O*.

34g. Use *shall* with *I* and *we* to indicate expectation or simple futurity, and with other subjects to indicate determination; use *will* with *I* and *we* to indicate determination, and with other subjects to indicate expectation or simple futurity. In questions use *shall* with *I* and *we*, and with other subjects use the form expected in the answer. In indirect discourse, formal or implied, use the auxiliary that would be used if it were direct discourse. In general, the same rules apply to *should* and *would*. Remember, however, that these words are not always pure auxiliaries. *Should* often is really an independent verb followed by an infinitive (*I should write the letter at once*), and it then denotes obligation, being almost equivalent to *ought*, while at times *I would* means *I wish*; for example, "When in school I should think first of my work," and, "I would that I always did think first of my work!" As an auxiliary *should* indicates vague futurity, and *would* indicates determination.

Insert shall, will, should, or would: I — do it, I don't care what the teacher says.—While I am writing I — answer your letter.—John said he — not eat anything unless we had oysters.—She gave it to the manager to return to the owner if he — call for it.—They — all be crazy by Sunday night if I — not go home.—The blame — fall on both if they — be found out.

Let each pupil prepare for himself an illustration of each principle stated in 34g.

34h. Use *may* to show permission and possibility, and *can* to show ability.

Insert may or can: "— I have one?" exclaimed I.—She said "I'll just run down and ask mamma whether I — go."—The little boy said, "— I lift this box?"—"You — lift it if you —," replied his father.

34i. At times either the cumulative or the progressive form of the verb is more nearly precise than the ordinary form.

Original

We soon knew the surrounding country thoroughly.

About this time we felt very tired.

I had not sat long when I heard a great commotion.

Improved

(Cumulative.) We soon came to know (or began to know) the surrounding country thoroughly.

About this time we began to feel very tired.

(Progressive.) I had not been sitting long when I heard a great commotion.

Improve: He is informed that the Belgians conspire against him.—The voyage was without incident until they sailed around Cape Horn.

34j. Use *that* after verbs indicative of mental action; as, *think, know, feel, find, learn, etc.*

Original

I went up to the child and found she was sobbing bitterly.

Improved

I went up to the child and found that she was sobbing bitterly.

Improve: Then I concluded some one had been hurt or killed.—But I was afterwards informed some brave man had stopped the horse just before it reached the railroad, and nobody had been hurt.

34k. Use *that* to introduce a result clause, and *in order that* or an infinitive to show purpose.

It was so cold we could stay out only a little while at a time.

It was so cold that we could stay out only a little while at a time.

I was going by way of the mill that I might leave some wheat there.

I was going by way of the mill in order that I might leave some wheat there; *or*, in order to leave; *or*, to leave.

Improve: The children were hurried away to bed so mamma might make ready for Santa.—In some places it was so low the men had to lie flat on their backs to dig.

34L Use prepositions in their exact meaning.

He tore it up and threw it in ¹ the waste-basket.

Beside ³ her father, her uncle and his daughter were to go with us.

He tore it up and threw it into ² the waste-basket.

Besides ⁴ her father, her uncle and his daughter were to go with us.

¹ *In* shows rest; *It is in the waste-basket.*

² *Into* shows motion; *He threw it into the waste-basket.*

³ *Beside:* by the side of; *He sits beside his mother.*

⁴ *Besides:* in addition to; *Besides his city home, he owns a farm.*

Improve: He found employment in his trade.—He was not a staunch believer of feudalism.—I saw a horse run through the street.—She was seldom seen unless with the other.—John went to the board in back of the teacher.—We all sat down beneath their shade.—The act gave me an insight to her character.—Nobody was allowed in this room only Aunt Joan.—She forced the medicine down her husband's mouth.

34m. Repeat the verb rather than use in its place *do* or *did*.

Improve: After that she went every place I did.—I never wanted to go any place as I did Chautauqua.—She loved the children as much as a mother could have done.

34n. Do not confound *lie* and *lay*, *sit* and *set*, *rise* and *raise*, etc.

Use *without an object*: lie (to recline), lay, lain; sit, sat, sat; rise, rose, risen.

Use *with an object*: lay, laid, laid; set, set, set; raise, raised, raised.

Insert proper word: She — awake until late that night.—John — the basket on the step.—He left the poor woman — in the dust.—The old man had been — on a bed of illness from which he would never —.—Her brothers would have — down their lives for her.—This heat is necessary to — the bread properly.—The pans are then put into a very warm room for the bread to —.

PURITY

Purity requires the use of only such words as are warranted by good usage. To come within this pale a word must be *reputable*, or sanctioned by the best writers and speakers; *national*, or in use in all parts of a country, and not in only a restricted portion; and *present*, or used in the sentences of present-day writers and speakers, and not merely in literature written in the past.¹ Purity further requires the employment of such combinations of words and

¹ This is the substance of "Campbell's Law," formulated by George Campbell, and published in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," in 1776.

of such grammatical forms as long custom has pronounced correct.

Even children in homes of culture find it difficult to avoid barbarisms, provincialisms, and solecisms. With how great diligence, then, must children with less favored surroundings strive, in order to attain purity, the perfume of refinement! It is so easy to clip the *g*'s from our *ing*'s and the *h*'s from our *whens*, our *whys*, and our *whiles* (phonetically *hwen*, *hwy*, and *hwile*). And when it is so tiresome to think of the precise word, why not use the slang expression that the multitude is using to express a hundred shades of meaning? The answer is brief: Because such expressions are out of harmony with the air of culture and refinement that we Americans have so little time—shall we say so little inclination?—to strive after.

Rhetorical purity is well worth striving after. Its attainment is possible only with eternal vigilance; but it is worth the price. "By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly; by simplicity and by purity;" so speaks rare old Thomas à Kempis in "The Imitation of Christ;" and both wings are as necessary in order to succeed in composition as they are in order to rise above things earthly. Be simple; be pure.

35. Avoid barbarisms,—that is, words of your own coining and words not warranted by good usage, words not reputable, not national, or not present.

Original

One of my worst habits is my plainspokeness.

Improved

One of my worst habits is my plainspeaking; or, my frankness.

Improve: He was a tall, lanky man.—It shows their utter unselfcontrol.—My nebbyness is my worst habit.—I have always believed in school friendships, but not in their long-levity.—One slippery day Mary met an old lady on the hill.

35a. Avoid colloquialisms,—words and contractions perhaps

permissible in conversation but not in literary language. Note, however, that even in conversation such a contraction as *he don't* for *he does n't* is incorrect.

*Original**Improved*

Are the folks all well?

Are your family all well?

The girls prepared the lunch
in a jiffy.

The girls prepared the lunch
very quickly; or, in a very few
minutes.

Improve: She had been out of work for quite a while.—School had just left out.—Do you mind the time you fell from the fence?—I left my gloves fall in the parlor.

35b. Avoid provincialisms,—words and expressions used locally but not nationally.

Last Friday a-week we all
went to the bakery.

A week ago last Friday we all
went to the bakery.

A little piece from the en-
trance was a glowing furnace.

A little distance from the en-
trance was a glowing furnace.

I guess mamma will let me go.

I think mamma will let me go.

I reckon you-all will be ready
to start at 7 o'clock?

I suppose you will all be ready
to start at 7 o'clock?

Improve: She has a whole raft of brothers.—I was n't struck very much on the play.—I was taken with one room in particular.—I was feeling kind of gloomy.—I don't think she is very much.—He earned enough of money to keep his folks.

35c. Avoid archaisms,—words and expressions once in good use but not now warranted, at least in prose.

He was wont to be tardy.

He was often tardy.

Improve: A horrible murther was committed last week near my home.—We were once more amongst friends.—The shadows of even are falling over the hills.

35d. Avoid poetic forms and poetic inversions.

We had ridden since early
morn.

We had ridden since early
morning.

I knew not what the boy was
doing.

I did not know what the boy
was doing.

Improve: 'Twas Christmas eve.—I saw the sun arise one

Sunday morn.—The boat started amid shouts and cheers.—Nor did he e'er spend any of his money. He gave it to his father, who best knew what to do with it.

35e. As a rule avoid foreign words and technical terms.

Original

I told her that it must be
inter nos.

My father works at the Lucy
furnace loading "pigs."

Improved

I told her that it must be be-
tween ourselves; or, I told her
she must not mention it.

My father works at the Lucy
furnace loading pig-iron.

Improve: Their cry is undistinguishable from the guggling of geese, and they fly in the same catenarian formations.—The society existed for many years *sub rosa*.

35f. Avoid slang. New and happy slang may sometimes be not out of place in conversation, but even slang of this kind should not be used in writing.

"He paid all the expenses" is not only more dignified but is also more forcible than "He stood all expenses." So it is with practically all trite slang; it steals away both dignity and force.

Improve: I tell you, I had a dandy time.—We could hardly keep from giving ourselves away.—As all girls possess bad habits I guess I can scrape up a few to keep up with the times.—Spikes are the latest thing out, and are considered quite swell.

36. Avoid solecisms, that is, violations of English grammar.

Improve: One night mamma and two of we girls were alone.—"I thought it was him," replied Tillie.—We did not know who to send for the doctor.—Mrs. Grant hired a girl whom she thought would be all right.—After they had sit around a while they learned that the boiler had bursted.—This did not help them but for a short time.—It is best to avoid these kind of persons.

36a. Make every sentence grammatically complete.

As we should expect various
parts of their make-up to be
modified for this purpose.

As we should expect, various
parts of their make-up are modi-
fied for this purpose.

Improve: When they get a few yards away and the simultaneous

swing of their crimson wings, flashing against the sky like a gleam of rosy light.—He shrinks from the world, as the turtle into its shell.

36a. Make every verb agree with its subject. When a collective noun seems to refer to the individuals, use with it a plural verb; when it seems to refer rather to the whole as a unit use a singular verb.

Original

There are many others, each of whose names are as suggestive as the above.

Say, "The family *has* moved," as you are thinking of the unit; but say, "The family *are* well," as the individuals are in mind. In like manner say, "The congressional committee was examining the Monongahela slack-waters yesterday;" but say, "The congressional committee *were* surprised at the acres of coal-boats on the river."

Improve: There was four of us.—Neal said that you was feeling much better.—In this corner the case of shells are kept.—A party of friends — at our house last night.

36c. Keep the time (tenses) the same throughout a paragraph, and ordinarily throughout a theme.

He went to school two hours every morning, and the rest of the day he would work at anything he could find to do.

He went to school two hours every morning, and the rest of the day he worked at anything he could find to do.

Improve: The stranger told the man that he had tried to find employment for the past year but was unsuccessful.—He has been in the country so long, and never saw any one in that forsaken part of the world.

36d. Be sure that the tenses in related dependent and independent clauses are consistent.

For the last two years I have been very desirous of seeing the place, and when an opportunity presented itself I was not slow in accepting it.

For two years I had been very anxious to see the place, and when an opportunity presented itself I was not slow in accepting it.

Improve: She began to be afraid something happened, and went to the gate to wait for him.—He is so rough. I wonder if he could not have been a little more gentle.

36e. Distinguish between the uses of the past tense and the uses of the pluperfect (past perfect) tense.

Original

Our children played on the grounds ever since they could remember anything.

Improved

Our children had played on the grounds ever since they could remember anything.

Improve: Three problems were worked, when she was interrupted by the ringing of the bell.—Her mother died when Dora was a year old.

36f. Avoid using the perfect infinitive for the present infinitive.

I asked if she did not think it would have been better to have gone to the concert.

I asked her if she did not think it would have been better to go to the concert.

Improve: Jim would have loved to have been a sailor.—A few fire-flies were darting here and there, and seemed to have been telling us they were trying hard to make some light.—I should have liked to have seen the basket finished.

36g. Use the subjunctive when the condition or supposition is probably contrary to fact.

If I was you I would go.
He looked as though he were tired and were taking a rest.
(Probably true.)

If I were you I would go.
He looked as though he was tired and was taking a rest.

Improve: I told them it would make a very pretty picture if the background (were or was?) nicer.—The moon is so bright that one would almost think it — day.

36h. In using irregular nouns and nouns derived from foreign languages, do not confuse the singular and plural forms.

Looking out, I saw a wonderful phenomena.

Looking out, I saw a wonderful phenomenon.

Improve: Zoölogy is divided into branches, or phylums.—On the top was a figure looking like a cherubim.

36i. Avoid the use of *whose* with a neuter noun as its antecedent. Use *of which*, or change the construction. As a rule do not use the possessive case of neuter nouns. Instead, use *of* with the noun. Euphony is often gained by indicating possession by means of *of* and the noun rather than by using the possessive form of the noun.

Original

We went into the house whose owner we had met.

The crowd's noise was deafening.

The croak of the frogs becomes louder and stronger, the crickets' songs commence.

Improved

We went into the house of the man we had met.

The noise of the crowd was deafening.

The croak of the frogs becomes louder and stronger, the songs of the crickets commence.

Improve: We stopped at the "Eldorado," from whose veranda we could watch the moon.—A strict guard was kept for fear of the mob's reassembling to burn the market house.—They felt the sting of their hard masters' whips.

36j. In a series of nouns and pronouns differing in person, both the second and third persons should precede the first, and ordinarily the second should precede the third.

An excursion was announced, which I and some friends decided to attend.

An excursion was announced, which some friends and I decided to attend.

Improve: Myself and several companions were going down Forbes street.—One evening I with one of my school friends visited the Library.—She said to ask him and you to go with us.

36k. Avoid the use of adjectives for adverbs, or adverbs for adjectives.

Say "He was safely manacled," but "He got across safe," or "He reached home safe."

Improve: A thin-faced, shabby-dressed boy joined them.—The boy's face shone (bright or brightly?).—This made the young lady feel very (bad or badly?).—Soon the car began to move (comparative of *slow*).—" (Illy or ill?) judges he who judges hastily."

362. Use words according to idiom, and prefer idiomatic expressions. An idiom is a form of expression peculiar to a language. English requires "The window *opens* on the street; French, "The window *gives* on the street." English, "You *are* right;" French, "You *have* right." English, "Shut the door;" German, "Make the door to." English, "How are you?" or "How do you do?" Italian, "How stands?" So the idiom requires "He *tells* (or *relates*) an anecdote," and not "He *says* an anecdote." Translations should not be literal, but should be made into English idiom.

Improve: I do wish she will be better.—After riding nearly one-half mile we turned back.—We had to leave home about thirty minutes after eight.—He says he will try and get us permission to go.—After he was finished with his tasks he would amuse his sister.—He did n't call the children but once.

37. Avoid contradictory, incongruous, and ludicrous statements.

Original

I never enjoyed myself so much in my life.

Improved

I never before enjoyed myself so much.

Improve: Of faith, hope, and charity the greatest is love.—The sky was a beautiful blue, with here and there a fleecy cloud that looked like a pile of soap-bubbles.—There was nothing but mirrors in the place.—When you thought you were at the door you would run into a mirror.—This put an end to such performances in the future.

38. Avoid the repetition of an idea, either by word, sentence, or paragraph.

They were talking about a new addition to their house.

They were talking about an addition to their house.

Improve: In a little while, however, this soon wore off.—She studied night and day. Therefore it was not her fault that she did n't get on, for she always studied her lessons.

39. Avoid both harsh and exaggerated statements.

But how terrible it must have been to ride in a lumbering stage-coach!

But how uncomfortable it must have been to ride in a lumbering stage-coach!

Improve: The arch seemed to be one of God's own handworks.—“I sha' n't do it, I don't care what that old teacher says!”

40. Avoid trite and worn-out forms of expression, as well as mere truisms and weak statements.

Original

As the parade was slowly wending its way down the principal avenue it came to a sudden standstill.

Improved

As the parade was slowly creeping down the principal avenue it came to a sudden standstill.

Improve: Old Sol had awakened earlier than usual.—To the butterfly, nature has given a beauty excelled only by that of the rainbow. Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.—But time and tide wait for no man, and so I started out into the cold, cold world to wend my way home.

41. (a) Do not confuse metaphors; or (b) use weak, ineffective comparisons. (c) In plain prose avoid poetic figures of speech.

Improve: The heavens were overhung with soft, blue billows.—Imagination enabled Newton to write his famous law on which the science of all physics is hinged.—Several times the geraniums at the window had brightened under the low rays of the western sun, and had sunk to sleep, to await the morning song of the canary.

42. Use the present tense to state universal truths.

I was much disappointed in Chautauqua, as it was not as I had pictured it.

I was much disappointed in Chautauqua, as it is not as I had pictured it.

Improve: I also found out how oyster crackers were made.—The streets in Cleveland were very wide.—The ovens were very large, and as many as a hundred loaves could be baked at one time in each oven.

UNITY

Unity defines itself. It means oneness,—oneness of subject for the composition, oneness of phase of subject for the paragraph, oneness of primary thought for the sentence.

Its attainment depends upon careful thinking. The composition that is well thought out, thoroughly mastered, will have unity of subject, and the subject will naturally divide itself into paragraph sub-subjects.

The written outline often seems unnecessary, but it is always valuable as an aid to unity. An outline of some kind must invariably precede the writing. It may be mental, or it may be written; if it is neither the fact will inevitably appear in the result.

43. Unity demands that a composition shall have a definite subject and shall treat of nothing else. "Subject" does not necessarily mean title. A composition telling of a picnic party should not have introduced into it a detailed account of the flora and fauna of the woods where the picnic is held, nor a description of the methods of lumbering or of maple-sugar making. Let such an essay tell about the picnic and nothing else.

43a. Unity demands that each paragraph of a composition shall treat of not more than one phase of the general subject.

In the following paragraphs determine the parts that do not treat of what is evidently the paragraph-subject. Such parts should be omitted or should be placed in other paragraphs:

The flamingoes are a good type of the waders. Their bodies are pinkish, and their legs and neck are extremely long in comparison to the body. Their nests are made of clay and rise about a foot and a half above the surface of the water. Their eggs are about the size of those of the goose. Passing from this room and going upstairs we find illustrated different modes of travel in vogue in our early history. The pack-horse, etc.

The scene is evidently a desert one and the stag, which is one of the kind which may be found in dense forests in Europe and often on barren hillsides in Scotland and which is a very shy and wary animal with a warm protecting coat of fur and an acute sense of smell, has been killed by an arrow which is protruding from its shoulder as it lies dead in the sand.

43b. Unity demands that each sentence of a paragraph shall deal with but one primary thought.

Original

In each room was a miner, down on his knees, hacking away at a great mass of coal that is formed in layers.

The driver walked on the pavement and the wagon was loaded with coal.

Improved

In each room was a miner, down on his knees, hacking away at a great mass of coal.

Coal is found in layers, etc.

The driver was walking on the pavement. His wagon, loaded with coal, etc.

Improve: The product of this factory was sent to all parts of the world, and there were a great many glass-houses.—We enjoyed the visit thoroughly, and it was dark when we left the factory.—Their houses were divided into different compartments, and they had cooking utensils, neither of which the other Indians had.

43c. Unity demands that adjoining sentences and paragraphs shall be vitally connected in meaning. For example, several sentences are needed properly to unite these sentences: “We left the wharf for a ride up the Monongahela river. After a time the whistle of the steamboat was heard and we knew that it was time to return to our boat.”

Improve: As every person has a few faults, I'll tell you some of mine.—The view of the falls from this point is very fine, and then I went down to the “Maid of the Mist.”

43d. Unity demands that in historical narration the events shall be given in chronological order.

Improve: When we reached my uncle's farm we were very tired, but we found it cool and pleasant there. The next morning my cousin got some poles and we started out for a fish. We had left home in a great hurry and had found the ride very dusty. My mother had told me to take my fish-hooks, but I forgot it. When we reached my uncle's it was already dark, and we soon went to bed. But we ate our supper first. But about the fishing trip.

43e. Unity demands that as a rule the grammatical subject of a sentence shall not be changed, and that the point of view shall remain constant.

One winter day as I was coming home from school a boy was quarreling with his sister.

One winter day as I was coming home from school I saw a boy quarreling with his sister.

Improve: When we looked for our friends they could not be seen.—You would have presented yourself at three in the morning at the starting point. Your baggage and everything was in readiness, the passengers would clamber to their seats, and off we would be for Philadelphia.

EUPHONY

Euphony is from a Greek word meaning *well-sounding*. The meaning in English is similar. Euphony requires that a composition shall have harmony of sound. It demands words of appropriate weight and accents so arranged that the line will “trip trippingly,” march proudly, stagger strugglingly, according to the meaning. It is not an ornament. It is of real value in adapting sound to sense, and thus in preventing the waste of attention; for inharmonious combinations of words call the attention from matters of greater moment.

The attainment of euphony depends somewhat on a quick and cultured ear, but much more on a willingness to read aloud what is written and to study heroically in order to find the harmonious word or combination of words.

44. Whenever clearness permits, avoid repeating words or sounds in a sentence or paragraph. To repeat the thought, make wise use of synonyms or synonymous expressions.

Original

But I must hurry, for mamma sent me to the store in a great hurry.

He did not care for the jeers and sneers of the other boys.

Improved

But I must go on, for mamma sent me to the store in a hurry.

He did not care for the taunts and sneers of the other boys.

Improve: The fireman was busy firing up.—There were many peculiar leaves there. The proceeding of this procession formed an interesting part of the day's program.

44a. Avoid similar endings.

Improve: It was a lovely day in early May.—While Jack Frost is very clever he is also cruel, for he bites your nose and toes.—Her goodness and gentleness during her illness made me more patient.

44b. Avoid harsh combinations of sound. To discover them, read aloud what has been written.

Improve: He, indeed, paid no heed to her.—He continued to beat the beast.—He sent a dispatch cancelling the sentence.

45. (a) At times force as well as euphony will be gained by using the active voice instead of the passive, or vice versa. (b) General harmony as well as clearness will be gained by a wise variation in sentence form and in sentence length. (c) However, when words, phrases, or clauses are of like signification, are paired, or are contrasted, they should have the same form of presentation. This applies especially to the voice of the verb.

Original

a. From the house you can see nothing but fields of wheat and barley.

c. The Indian was a wanderer, now hunting, now fishing, and now on the warpath.

Improved

From the house can be seen nothing but fields of wheat and barley.

The Indian was a wanderer, now hunting, now fishing, and now following the warpath.

Improve: From four to seven horses were attached to the wagon, and they made the journey in twenty days.—One is attracted by the skeletons, the birds, the butterflies, and the manners and customs of Indian life.—In this room the bread is raised.—I have been very busy with my lessons and thawing water pipes.

46. This number means that the passage marked should be changed from Fact writing into Feeling writing. Literature addresses the feelings, not the intellect. Therefore strive after suggestive sentences, sentences that make known more than they say. Such sentences abound not only in revealing details, the little touches that kindle the imagination to a realization of the whole, but also in figurative expressions, in words of wide associational meaning, and in character, mood, picturing, and incident hints,—in every element helpful to clear visualization. Feeling writing must be suggestive. A brilliantly visualizing adjective or detail, or an effective figure of speech, will often illuminate an entire sentence.

46a. Use figurative form writing (see pages 142-147).

46b. Use detail form writing (see pages 147-152).

Improve: In the distance the smoke of a passing steamer and a yacht dot the horizon. (Insert a detail to visualize the yacht.)—No more lovely sight can be conceived than the rhododendron thickets in bloom. (Visualize by contrasted color details.)—Just then two bad boys came along. (Instead of *bad* use a revealing detail, an adjective suggesting some feature that shows character.)—After the shower the leaves breathed forth a newer fragrance. (Instead of *newer* use a word that will appeal to the sense of smell.)—With the old telescope in her hands she views the distant horizon. (Use revealing detail instead of *in her hands*, and a more suggestive word than *views*.)—The wild roses were just fresh from the woods, and were still covered with dew. (Use revealing detail to better advantage.)—The waves rose and fell, covering papa and his companions several times. (Visualizing word instead of *covering*.)—"Have you finished, Bert? I have," and to prove his words he shut his book with a slap." (Omit unnecessary words, and make the action more suggestive of the mood.)—The moon was full and the stars came out. (Visualize.)—They had scarcely begun when a bucket of water came falling on them. (Is *falling* suggestive?)—I know a little girl who feels that her room is everything to be desired. (Instead of last four words, use some illuminating expression.)—And such a clothes-line! It was fully an inch thick.—In this room a very great number of soles were turned out in a day. (*Inch* and *very great number* are intellectual; appeal to the feelings.)—They had not seen each other for over a year, and to the girls it seemed much longer. (*Much longer* deadens; make alive.)

47. This number means that the composition as a whole is not well thought out. It lacks logical plan. In arranging the parts of an essay the written outline is of great value to young writers. The thinking that must precede such an outline necessitates a more or less accurate knowledge of the whole subject before any writing is done, and this in itself is of great worth. Such an outline further helps in paragraphing a composition. If the divisions of the subject are properly made, each one will require a paragraph (sometimes more than one) for effective treatment. In like manner the introduction as well as the close of an essay requires its own paragraph.

48. This number calls attention to the fact that the introduction or the conclusion of a composition is inartistic,—probably

too abrupt. The passage marked should be rewritten. To gain skill in the difficult art of opening and ending effectively, study in your reading of essays, of stories, and of newspaper articles how the trained author manages his introduction and his close.

Instead of the introductions and endings given, suggest more artistic ones :

A VISIT TO A BAKERY. We were first led into a room where the sponge was mixed.—A VISIT TO A SHOE FACTORY. My visit to the shoe factory was in 1896.—A GIRL'S ROOM. I shall try to describe to you what I most noticed during a call on a girl friend.—A NARRATIVE. Once there was a man that took a great notion to go to the Klondike.—A LETTER. My dear Cousin:—I hope you are enjoying the best of health.—A HERO. (The conclusion.) He died on the battlefield, and left his widow and little child without any means of support.—A ROOM SHOWING CHARACTER. The room is almost square and has a mantel on one side.

49. A passage marked with this number is to be rewritten, probably because its sentences are awkwardly constructed.

50. This number means that the passage marked or the whole composition is uninteresting. A composition should have enough interest to hold the attention.

51. The letter "i" should always be dotted and the letter "t" crossed. All other letters should be unmistakable. In writing for the press it is well to *print* all proper names. The "tails" of letters should not interfere with the words on the line below. The handwriting should be plain and legible, entirely without flourishes.

52. In compositions avoid all abbreviations. The common violations of this principle is the use of a. m., p. m., St. (for street), Mt., &, 4th, N. Y., Phil., Pitts., ft., bbls., Co., 'twas, and etc. (a) Always avoid the use of *etc.* in literary compositions.

53 or ?. This number or mark (?) indicates that the statement marked is probably incorrect, and that the student should examine it carefully.

54. This number means that the pupil is to ask the instructor for an explanation.

55. That the instructor commends the general excellence of the composition is indicated by this number.

56. This number means that the composition is much better than previous work.

57. This number indicates a general carelessness that should not again be indulged in. (a) No credit will be given until the composition is returned carefully revised and rewritten.

58. This number means that the passage marked should be made stronger, should be told in a more original way.

59. This number suggests that the use of a concrete illustration near the point marked will add to the power of the composition.

60. This number refers the writer to the standard letter forms —(—given in Chapter IV., page 74.—)—Correct for punctuation items omitted.

61. In writing verse see that (a) every line has the proper number of syllables; (b) that every line has its accents correct; (c) that all rhymes are perfect (see 89, p. 378). (d) Metrical accent should not fall on unimportant words (see 96, p. 380). (e) Avoid substituted feet (see 95, p. 379).

62. To show that a word is to be printed in *italics*, draw one line under it; in SMALL CAPITALS, draw two lines under it; and in CAPITALS, draw three lines under it. Foreign words should be underscored once; titles of compositions should be underscored three times.

63. Use figures, not words, when speaking of the time of day, or of the day of the month, or of the year; as, We reached here at 2.45 in the afternoon, on Friday, September 6th, 1901. Use words for round numbers, but figures for statistics; etc.; as, two million, but 2,176,564.

64. Always give honest credit for passages quoted and for thought borrowed.

65 or ¶. At the line indicated by this number or mark (¶) a new phase of thought is introduced. Consequently begin a new paragraph. Indicate a new paragraph by beginning it an inch nearer the right than the lines regularly begin. (a) In written conversation each speech usually forms a separate paragraph. (See pages 199–204. Also examine several novels to learn how at times, for the sake of brevity, comparatively unimportant conversation is printed solid.)

66 or No ¶. At the point thus indicated no change takes place in the thought, and a new paragraph is not needed.

67. This paragraph means that the paragraphs or thoughts are not logically arranged, and at the point marked is something belonging earlier or later in the composition. Rearrange, using

care that when the change is completed all paragraphs connect smoothly.

68. This number means that, because of illogical construction, all work until further notice must be accompanied by a written outline.

CAPITALIZATION AND PUNCTUATION ¹

69. Begin with a capital letter (a) every proper noun and proper adjective; (b) every sentence beginning after a full stop, as well as occasionally a sentence following a colon; (c) every formal quotation; (d) every phrase, or clause, separately numbered or lettered and formally prepared for (see 75, page 371f); (e) every line of poetry; (f) such words as politeness prescribes in the phrase of courtesy at the beginning and at the end of letters (see page 74).

70. Use the period (.) (a) at the end of every declarative and imperative sentence; (b) after abbreviations; (c) between figures showing the hour and those showing the minutes beyond the hour, and between figures indicating dollars and those indicating cents; as, 10.45 A. M., and \$146.53; (d) usually instead of a comma after Roman numerals used for reference; as, *I Cor. xiii.* 1, 13.

71. The interrogation point (?) is used (a) after direct questions, and (b) in marks of parenthesis after doubtful dates;² as, *Chaucer*, 1340 (?)–1400.

72. The exclamation point (!) is used after words, phrases, or sentences (declarative, imperative, and interrogative) expressive of strong emotion;² as, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! if she is n't going to get on the car with us!"

73. The colon (:) requires from the reader expectation, and is used before a long quotation, before a formal enumeration, and after the courtesy phrase at the beginning of a letter (but see end of 81, p. 374); as,

The following is the substance of the article:

¹In many printing shops "The Century Magazine" or "Harper's Magazine" is referred to as authority in questions of disputed capitalization or punctuation.

²Both the interrogation point and the exclamation point may be used in the body of a sentence when two or more interrogations or exclamations are closely connected in meaning. Thus used, so far as power is concerned they have only the value of a comma, and of course should not be followed by a capital. As this use is infrequent, however, it is probably better so to construct sentences that it will not be required.

The following are my reasons: First, It is too far; Second, It is too low; Third, etc.

My dear Friend:

You will be glad to learn, etc.

74. The semicolon (;) is used (a) between the loosely connected parts of a compound sentence; (b) to separate several phrases or clauses depending upon a common declaration; and (c) before *as* and like words introducing an example; as,

a. We are going to have a party at our house to-morrow evening; will you come?

b. See 74.

c. See 72.

75. The present tendency is to omit rather than to multiply commas. Never use a comma unless it is really an aid to clearness. In general, the comma is used:

75a. To set off parenthetical and non-restrictive appositional words and expressions, either at the beginning or at the end of a sentence, or within it; as,

Well, that makes no difference.

As every one knows, a person's appetite is always good after a long drive.

John, my father's clerk, harnessed the horse for us.

I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

75b. At the close of a completed thought, when a closely related thought is added by means of *and*, *but*, or a similar connective (except in the case of very brief members, of a brief compound predicate, etc.);¹ as,

A person's appetite is always good after a long drive, and we were glad that lunch was ready.

We are enjoying ourselves, although neither of us is strong. (The thought is complete at *drive* and *ourselves*, but as another closely related thought is added, a comma instead of a period is used.)

He came to America and found employment. (Why not place a comma after *America*, where the thought is complete?)

75c. After each except the last of several words or expressions in the same construction; as,

¹ This rule has been found very helpful to young writers. It should be illustrated from several well-punctuated volumes, and reasons for all exceptions noted. If proper care is used there is practically no danger of its leading to the "child's error," the use of the comma for the period.

Honest, industrious, sober young men are always in demand.
(Why no comma after *sober*?)

He wished to finish high school, to go through college, and then to study law.

He invited, men, women, girls, and boys.

75d. To set off vocative words and expressions ; as,

John, I wish you to go to the store for me; and I wish you to dust the parlor, Mary.

I fear, my dear young friend, that you do not understand me.

75e. Before a short quotation ; as,

Shakespeare says, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

75f. To separate numbers, except dates, into periods of three figures each ; as,

In 1900 (no comma) the population of Pittsburg was 321,616, but the population of the Greater Pittsburg district was about 500,000.

75g. Whenever, by appealing to the eye, it will add to clearness, as after a long subject or a subject ending in a verb ; as,

The fact that he is always studying, shows his determination to succeed.

When we passed, the crowd was silent.

75h. As a rule a single comma should not separate a subject from its verb, or a verb from its object ; two commas may. (See illustration under 75a and 75d; also 75g.)

Exceptions.—When the logical subject ends with a verb, is very long, or consists of several parts separated by commas, a single comma should separate it from its verb; as, "Again to be at home and to see faces that he recognized, delighted him very much." Further, when the object is a direct quotation (see under 75e) a single comma separates it from its verb.

75i. Do not use a comma before a restrictive relative.

We started for the house, which we reached tired and hungry (coördinate relative); but, We started for the house that we had just passed (restrictive), and, We met some who were as wet as we (restrictive); see 6c.

76. The apostrophe (') is used (a) with *s* to form the possessive case of nouns (*man's*, *men's*) except when the noun is plural and ends in *s* when the apostrophe alone is used (*boys' caps*); (b) to show the omission of figures and letters (the class of '05, the summer of '99, o'er, don't); (c) with *s* to form the plural of letters and figures (Dot your *i*'s and cross your *t*'s, and change your 3's to 5's. (d) The apostrophe should *not* be used before the final *s* of possessive pronouns; that is, write "It is *ours*" not "It is *our's*."

77. The hyphen (-) is used (a) at the end of a line, *between syllables*, when part of the word must be written on the following line; (b) between the parts of a compound word; as, ice-box.

Note.—There is no satisfactory principle in English upon which to base a rule for the determination of what words are compound words. Ordinarily an adjective and a noun form a compound word when the adjective tells what the article named by the noun *is for*, rather than what it is made of. An *ice-box* is not a box made of ice, but a box for holding ice; but a *cedar box* is a box made of cedar, and so the phrase does not form a compound word. Other kinds of compounds must be learned by observation and by study. The "Standard Dictionary" is claimed to treat this subject with more care and uniformity than any other.

78. Within quotation marks (" . . .") place (a) all direct quotations, the names of publications and of vessels, and the titles of books. (b) Use single quotation marks (' . . .') around a quotation within a quotation, and around slightly altered quotations. (c) When a quotation covers several paragraphs, use quotation marks at the *beginning* of each paragraph, but at the end of only the last. (d) Do not fail to show where a quotation ends. (e) Exclude from the quotation marks any inserted words of explanation.

Explain the quotation marks in the following:

Mr. Boom, editor of "No One's Magazine," the periodical that 'speaks for all' came in late on account of the accident that delayed the "Teutonic." In "The Morning Star" he is reported as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Board of Trade: 'I am no orator as Brutus is,' as Marc Antony says in 'Julius Caesar,' but on such an occasion as this a man who has lived in 'The Smoky City' all his life needs only to stand on his feet and his municipal pride speaks for him.

"Our guest of the evening, after his trip across the continent on the 'Pan-American Limited,' says he is too weary to speak. He

does not need to speak to us; his volume 'The Home of Smoke and Libraries' speaks his love for our city, as well as his admiration for her unsurpassed industries and her self-made men. That he is to-night with us is an honor beyond words. We welcome him with this representative gathering, which certainly makes known to him the place he holds in our hearts.

"Without the further making of phrases I offer the toast, 'Our Guest: Often may Pittsburg welcome him!'"

79. Enclose in marks of parenthesis—(. . .)—inserted expressions having no essential connection with the rest of the sentence, as well as letters or figures used for reference purposes; as,

This man (I say it with sorrow) is unworthy of our trust.

See principle 78 for letters used for reference.

80. Brackets—[. . .]—are used to enclose something inserted by another than the original writer; as,

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom [note that the next clause repeats the idea] and the man that getteth understanding."

81. The dash primarily indicates a sudden and marked change of thought. (a) Parenthetical expressions too remotely related in meaning to be set off with commas may be enclosed within dashes instead of within parentheses. (b) A dash preceded by a comma is often used before a summarizing word or expression. (c) A colon and dash should follow the introductory phrase of courtesy when the letter proper begins on the same line; as,

"And there is a humor that crops out in the genial verse of Miss —; and in the—but why continue the catalogue?"

a. "I came—oh, long was the way!—through the valley and over the hill."

b. I found awaiting me men, women, youths, maidens, boys, girls, babies, pigs, chickens, dogs, kittens,—in short, the village greeted me as I stepped from the train.

c. My dear Friend:—You will be glad to learn, etc. (See last example under 73.)

Exercise.

Correct the improprieties in the following sentences:

The nation called for the aid of all her *countrymen*.

Edna looked as *if* she would like to run away.

The next *lesson* was a spelling match.

The small creek became so *large* that it overflowed its banks.

"Looks very much as if you are ready to leave us," said I.

I remember I had dumplings and soup, which is very *bracing* on a cold day.

Edna made only a *short* bow.

Some chickens were *rooting* in the sand under the house.

I shall investigate this *powerful* difference.

"I am not going any *place* to-morrow," said Edith.

After walking a *piece* farther they stopped in front of a house.

She washed the blood from his temple and placed on it a soft cloth *containing* an ointment.

I gathered many fossils, but none of them are very good *examples*.

So saying, he *preceded* on his journey.

One day we started out on a hunting *tour*.

Sometimes I sit and *wish* that if I could only see you for a few minutes I should be contented.

A rumor had been *around* that the house was haunted.

She owns a little dog, of *whom* she is very fond.

I *just* feel as if I could n't wait.

He ran and picked up some stones and *started* to throw them.

I will now try *and* answer it.

She had some very *bad* lung trouble.

She has not been up to our *place* for a long time.

She offered to accompany her to her *destiny*.

The *mailman* came along, and she was with him.

As the damage to them could not be *replaced* I had to buy another pair.

The conductor did not remember the *place* where each of them wished to get off.

A tailor offered to make them for me for a certain sum, which I thought was very *cheap*.

I suppose you will have to entertain the company, as I am not good at *such*.

I hope that Sadie will have a *nice* time at school and become quite *smart*.

I saw two children playing on the river *shore*.

Without another word she went and *left* her in, receiving her with great courtesy.

The happy *countenance* on the boy's face assured his mother that something had happened.

It *transpired* that Harry's accident was not serious.

A bridge was being constructed not far from where I had been *stopping* for a month.

Mary *mined* what her mamma said for *quite* a while.

When he had the wheel *prepared* his patience were about utilized.
He had saved *quite* a sum of money.

To him they had given the *epithet* of "The Miser."

On the case were these six words in an almost *unintelligible* scrawl: "He was good to de gang."

They did n't believe him, *while* it was the truth he was telling.

The money had been *collecting* interest for years.

The girl felt very *bad* and said she would do better.

A *large* snow fell the next night.

I *suspected* that she would come.

A *pair* of frightened horses were rushing down the street.

Her death caused a greater *succession* than the death of a senator.

Her face is a *mass* of wrinkles.

I walked on the rail, each of the girls *catching* one of my hands.

She asked him *if* something could not be done.

As the attendance had been very small, it now increased rapidly.

She supported her family by *sewing* fancy work for her wealthy neighbors.

The greatest care should be taken to do only such deeds *which* tend to give us a good reputation.

If all people were so careful as this gentleman, etc.

It is not *as* far to the station as to the mill.

None of the men could *cease* the flow of blood.

The blaze gave the children a *good* fright.

He pleased his uncle so much that he bought him a *grand* bicycle.

She has found out Grace's character, *like* every one has who is acquainted with her.

She is apt to *give* a remark about every one she passes on the street.

We had no sooner sat down *when* it began to rain.

I knew some *place* was on fire.

Hurling his lantern around, he saw the child lying under a tree.

When the children sit on her front steps, she always *races* them.

It was not in her *means* to accomplish it.

Having lost their only child some years *ago*, they took the lad to their hearts.

Were you ever *caught* on a bridge by a train?

He went to work in the mines, and soon had a large *sum* of gold.

Telegraphs were sent to New York.

We were always up early, and soon *started* to like life on a farm.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MECHANICS OF ENGLISH VERSE

I

82. **English verse** is based upon the regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables.

83. A **metrical foot** is a combination of an accented syllable and either one or two unaccented syllables.

84. Metrical feet are of four kinds, and are known by the names **Trochee**, **Iambus**, **Dactyl**, and **Anapest**.

85. **The Trochee** consists of two syllables, the first of which is accented; as,

Oút of | childhood | ínto | mánhood
Nów had | grówn my | Hía|wátha.—*Longfellow*.

86. **The Iambus** consists of two syllables, the second of which is accented; as,

The cúrfew|tólls | the knéll | of párt|ing dáy,
The lów|ing hérd | wind slów|ly ó'er | the léa,
The plóugh|man hóme|ward plóds | his véa|ry wáy.
And léaves | the wórld | to dárk|ness ánd | to mé.

—*Thomas Gray*.

87. **The Dactyl** consists of three syllables, the first of which is accented; as,

Júst for a | hándful of | sílver he | léft us;
Júst for a | ribband to | stíck in his | cóat—
Fóund the one | gift of which | fórtune be|réft us,
Lóst all the | óthers she | léts us de|vóte.—*Browning*.

88. **The Anapest** consists of three syllables, the third of which is accented; as,

'Tis the wínk | of an éye; | 'tis the draught | of a bréath
 From the blós|som of héalth | to the pále|ness of déath,
 From the gíld|ed salóon | to the bíer | and the shróud;
 O, whý | should the spír|it of mórt|al be próud?—*William Knox.*

89. **Rhyme** is a correspondence in sound. In perfect one-syllable, or single, rhyme the initial, or beginning, consonant sound of the rhyming syllables must differ, and all succeeding sounds must be identical; as, *run, fun; rhyme, time; enough, buff.* The same rule applies in two-syllable, or double, rhyme, and in three-syllable, or triple, rhyme: in each the initial consonant sounds must differ, and all succeeding sounds must be identical; as, *leader, reader; aching, breaking; rougher, gruffer; and beautiful, dutiful; merrily, verily; "and clattering and battering and shattering."*

90. **Rhyme**, it will be noticed, depends in no way upon spelling. It is based solely upon sound.

91. **Rhyming syllables must be accented.** Hence (see 86 and 88) lines written in perfect iambuses or anapests have single rhyme, if they have any. So perfect trochaic lines (see 85) have double rhyme, and perfect dactylic lines (see 87) have triple rhyme.

For illustrations of rhymes in anapestic and iambic lines see under 88 and 86.

Double rhyme in trochaic lines:

Now the lovely maid is *kneeling*,
 With uplifted eyes *appealing*.

Triple rhyme in dactylic lines:

Touch her not *scornfully*;
 Think of her *mournfully*;
 Gently and *humanly*;
 Not of the *stains of her*;
 All that *remains of her*

Now is pure womanly.—*Thomas Hood.*

92. To avoid frequent double rhymes, poets often use “trochaic 8’s and 7’s” or “trochaic 7’s.” In the first, each trochaic line of eight syllables is followed by a line of seven syllables. This requires double rhyme, if any, at the end of eight-syllable lines, and single rhyme, if any, at the end of seven-syllable lines; as,

When on that dear land I *ponder*,
Where my old companions *dwell*,
Absence makes the heart grow *fonder*—
Isle of Beauty, fare thee *well*!

93. In trochaic 7’s only single rhyme is possible, as every line ends in an accented syllable; as,

Humble voyagers are *we*
O’er life’s dim unsounding *sea*,
Seeking only some calm *clime*:—
Touch us gently, gentle *Time*!

—Bryan Waller Proctor.

94. In dactylic verse, “11’s and 10’s” are often made use of in order to avoid the unmanageable triple rhymes. In this form a line of eleven syllables is followed by a line of ten syllables, as is shown in the illustration under 87.

95. In the verse even of the masters of meter is often found what is called the “substituted foot.” This is some one of the other three kinds of feet, or measures, substituted for one of the feet, or measures, of which the stanza is pre-vaillingly made up. For example, in the illustration under 88 the first foot in the last line is a substituted foot, an iambus taking the place of an anapest.

It is often convenient thus to substitute one kind of foot for another; but such substitution, skilfully made, also serves the higher purpose of affording to the reader a rest

from the usual regularity of accent. Even the most musical verse, if never relieved by such substitution, takes on something of monotony. In practice work, however, young writers should not permit themselves to use the substituted foot. They are writing for training, and should hold themselves rigidly to every metrical requirement.

96. In writing verse, **words of one syllable** may be considered as neutral, as far as receiving metrical accent is concerned. They may take a metrical accent, or they may serve as the unaccented syllables of a foot. Words of little individual power, however, such as articles, prepositions, conjunctions, etc., should not be forced to carry the emphasis of a metrical foot.

97. **Words of more than one syllable** if they receive any accent, must be accented on the syllable which, in pronunciation, receives the primary word accent. It is possible, though unusual, for a word of two syllables to serve as the two unaccented syllables of a dactyl or of an anapest. Unless so serving it must receive a metrical accent on its regularly accented syllable. A word of more than two syllables must have at least one metrical accent, and may have more.

Exercise.

In the stanzas quoted in this chapter examine each polysyllabic word, noting whether the metrical accent falls on the syllable receiving the word accent. Determine the percentage of monosyllabic words receiving a metrical accent in proportion to those not so accented. Are articles, prepositions, and conjunctions poetically important words? What proportion of these words receive a metrical accent?

98. The word **verse** as used in prosody means line. It comes from a Latin word meaning *a turning*. At the end

of a line both the writer and the reader turn, in order to begin the next line.

99. **A verse** may be made up of two, three, four, five, or six measures, or feet. According to the number of its measures it is called **dimeter** (two-measure), **trimeter**, **tetrameter**, **pentameter**, or **hexameter**. Verses with but one foot are not unknown, and verses are not infrequently printed with seven feet. Such verses, however, are only an unusual arrangement of the common alternating tetrameter and trimeter verses (see 105).

100. The adjective telling the prevailing kind of foot, followed by the adjective giving the number of feet, affords a perfect **description of any regular line**. For example, the stanza under 85 is trochaic tetrameter; the one under 86 is iambic pentameter; the one under 87 is dactylic 11's and 10's. Give the proper names to the other stanzas quoted in the chapter.

101. **A stanza** is a combination of verses, or lines.

102. **A couplet**, the briefest stanza, consists of two adjoining verses that rhyme. The heroic couplet consists of two adjoining iambic pentameter verses that rhyme; as,

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—*Pope*.

103. **A triplet** is a stanza of three lines having one rhyme.

104. **The Long Meter stanza** (marked "L. M." in many hymn books) consists of four lines of iambic tetrameter. Usually the second and fourth lines rhyme, and often the first and third have a different rhyme.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.¹—*Bryant.*

105. The Common Meter stanza (marked "C. M.") consists of four lines, the first and third iambic tetrameter, and the second and fourth iambic trimeter.

O Lord and Master of us all,
 What e'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine!—*Whittier.*

106. The Short Meter stanza (marked "S. M.") consists of four lines, the first, second, and fourth iambic trimeter, and the third iambic tetrameter.

May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past;
 And live this short, revolving day
 As if it were our last.—*John Wesley.*

107. The Spenserian stanza (so called because made famous in Spenser's "Faerie Queene") consists of nine lines, the first eight iambic pentameter and the ninth iambic hexameter (called an Alexandrine). The first line rhymes with the third; the second with the fourth, fifth, and seventh; and the sixth with the eighth and ninth.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays:
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,

¹ Note that the first and third lines begin at the same distance from the margin, as do the second and fourth, but a little further to the right. Rhyming lines should begin at the same distance from the margin.

The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there I ween.

—*Burns.*

108. **The sonnet** is the most elaborate stanza. It consists of fourteen lines of iambic pentameter. The first eight lines form the octave or major, and the last six the sestet, or minor. The first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines have one rhyme, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh lines another. The last six lines may have either two or three different rhymes, and these may be arranged in eighteen different ways. Ordinarily, however, the ninth line rhymes with the twelfth, the tenth with the thirteenth, and the eleventh with the fourteenth. At the end of the eighth line, as a rule, no pause occurs, the meaning running on from the octave to the sestet without interruption.

THE SONNET

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
 That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
 A precious jewel carved most curiously;
 It is a little picture painted well.
 What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
 From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
 A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
 Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
 This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
 The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
 And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
 A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
 For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
 Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.
 —*Richard Watson Gilder.*¹

109. **Alliteration**, or beginning rhyme, is the repetition of the initial consonant or vowel sound in several important

¹ In "Five Books of Song:" The Century Company.

words in a verse, or in a phrase or clause. In verse the alliterative syllables should be accented syllables. To alliterate, consonant sounds must be identical, but a vowel may alliterate with itself or with any other vowel; at least this was the practice of our ancestors of ten or twelve centuries ago, from whom we have learned alliteration. For alliteration is indigenous to our language, while end-rhyme (rhyme proper) is borrowed. Two lines from Tennyson's "The Princess" will illustrate the alliteration of vowels, while a sentence from Motley will illustrate consonant alliteration in prose:

. fans
Of sandal, *amber*, *ancient* rosaries,
Laborious orient *ivory* sphere in sphere.

The Spaniard poured out his wrath, . . . calling his colleague with neat alliteration a *poltroon*, a *pantaloön*, and a *pig*.

In the verse of our far-away ancestors it was customary for the alliterating sounds to occur twice in the first half line, and once in the second. This is shown in the following lines from the Anglo-Saxon epic "Beowulf":

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Hyrde ic, þæt Elan cwén | Ongenþeowes wæs.—l. 62. |
| (Heard I that Elan queen | of Ongenþeow was.) |

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Mynte se mán-scaða | manna cynnes |
| sumne besyrwan | in sele þám heán.—ll. 713-14. |
| (Meant the man-scathe | of men of the race |
| some one to seize | in that high seat.) |

110. Blank Verse as a general term means any verse without rhyme. As ordinarily used, however, it is a special term meaning iambic pentameter without rhyme, the measure that is commonly accepted as the English heroic verse, or verse peculiarly adapted to the expression of sublime

and heroic themes. It was used by Milton in "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," by Shakespeare in his dramas, by Tennyson in "The Idylls of the King," by Browning in "The Ring and the Book" and in others of his great poems, and by probably every other English poet since the early Elizabethan age who has attempted the expression of the sublime.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.—*Shakespeare.*

111. **Iambic pentameter** may scan perfectly as far as its accented and unaccented syllables are concerned, and yet fail to be effective blank verse. Such lack of strength may be due to several causes. Idiom as to the order of words may be violated; for good blank verse reads as smoothly and as naturally as the best prose. Too many **end-stopped lines** (lines at the end of which there is a pause in the meaning) may be present; for strong heroic verse has a surprising number of **run-on lines**, lines at the end of which the meaning does not stop. So, too, the entire absence of **feminine lines** (lines with an extra syllable at the end) may give rise to an unpleasant monotony.

A far greater fault, however, is the neglect of what may be called **the rhythm of meaning**, which is really of much more importance than the rhythm of meter, or the regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables. In every line of worthy blank verse will be found at least two words which, because of their importance in the meaning of the passage, will of themselves take on an emphasis when the line with its context is being read. One of these is often the last word in the line, while the other will usually be found near the middle of the line, although it may be earlier or later. The pause necessary to give proper emphasis to this word is called the **cesura** or the **cesural pause**. In addition to these two natural pauses for emphasis of meaning, there are occasionally found one or even two other words requiring, because of their importance, an emphasis,—an emphasis, however, which is secondary to that given to the two principal words. Blank verse in which there is not an absolutely natural rhythm of this sort cannot be of value.

A similar natural rhythm must be present in all of the longer metrical lines.

Exercise.

Read aloud the lines quoted below from Robert Pollok, and then read aloud the lines quoted from Shakespeare under 110. Which quotation seems to have the rhythm of meaning? Scan the lines in both quotations; is there any particular difference in their rhythm of meter? Does either violate idiom in the order of words? What of the presence of end-stopped, run-on, and feminine lines in each? Which seems to you to have the greater literary value? Is this literary value due entirely to the thought and feeling expressed, or is there some value in the mechanics of expression?

In the quotation from Shakespeare determine the words receiving the emphasis of meaning, and locate the cesural pauses.

Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
 Waked all the night, and laboured all the day.
 And what was this allurements, dost thou ask?
 A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
 Which, being cast into the fire, came out
 A shining thing that fools admired, and called
 A god; and in devout and humble plight
 Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
 And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
 Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends,
 Love, charity, benevolence, and all
 The sweet and tender sympathies of life.—*Robert Pollok.*

Exercise.

Write a long meter, a common meter, and a short meter stanza.

Write a brief narrative about your dog in the long meter stanza, rhyming the second and fourth lines.

Write a four-line stanza in trochaic 8's and 7's; in dactylic 11's and 10's.

Write a four-line stanza, anapestic tetrameter.

What is the meter of the following stanza? Write several stanzas, in form similar to it:

There was a small boy in Quebec,
 Who was buried in snow to his neck.
 When they said, "Are you friz?"
 He replied, "Yes, I is;
 But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

Write a Spenserian stanza.

Write a sonnet, observing the usual rhyme in the sestet.

Write in trochaic tetrameter, blank verse, a brief narrative. (See Longfellow's "Hiawatha.")

Write in iambic tetrameter, blank verse, twenty lines on a subject suited to the heroic measure.

II

112. **Poetry** is usually divided into three general classes, **Narrative**, **Dramatic** and **Lyric**. To these is sometimes added **Didactic**, which includes a class of metrical com-

positions not belonging to any one of the three classes mentioned above.

113. Narrative Poetry aims to tell a story. It includes the Epic, which is the noblest form of literature and of which "The Odyssey" and "Paradise Lost" are examples; such poems as Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King"; such ballads as "Chevy Chase" and Whittier's "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and all other poems that are primarily stories.

114. Dramatic Poetry also tells a story. It differs from narrative poetry in that it uses only dialogue and action, and is intended for stage presentation. Shakespeare's "As you Like it," "Macbeth," and "Richard III" and Browning's "Colombe's Birthday" are typical illustrations.

115. Lyric Poetry aims to express its author's innermost emotions. It is subjective, while narrative poetry and dramatic poetry are objective. It includes the sonnet (see 108, page 383); the elegy, such as Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais;" the ode, such as Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," and Burns's "Bannockburn"; the love-song, of which Burns is the master singer; the sacred hymn; and all other poems of emotion that pulsate with the lyric, or *singing*, quality.

116. Didactic Poetry is less truly poetic than any other. It aims to teach, to guide, to argue. Pope's "Essay on Man," Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and Pollok's "Course of Time" are examples of this usually tiresome and prosaic class of poetry.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIGURES OF SPEECH

117. A Figure of Speech is an expression that is literally false but spiritually true.

The more common figures of speech are defined and explained in the paragraphs that follow.

118. In Metaphor one thing is said, either directly or impliedly, to be another, the two being unlike in all material respects but having some spiritual trait in common.

When certain Pharisees came to Jesus telling him to depart or Herod would slay him, he replied to them, "Go ye, and tell that *fox*," etc. Herod in no physical way resembled a fox; to say that he was a fox was literally false. But in his nature was the same crafty slyness and treacherous cunning that distinguishes the fox; and it is this spiritual and more important trait that the Master intuitively recognized.

Exercise. What metaphors in the lines quoted under 110? Bring in five metaphors from written prose, five from conversation, and five from your own writings.

119. Personification is a form of metaphor. To animals it gives powers peculiar to man, and to inanimate objects it gives merely life, or both life and human attributes.

To say "The tolling bells wailed forth their sorrow" is of course literally false. But the figure personification attributes not only life to the bells but also power to feel sorrow and to express that feeling. And as the tolling of bells arouses in our souls a feeling similar to that aroused by the wail of a sorrowful person we feel that the writer voices a spiritual truth when he uses the sentence quoted.

Exercise. Find in literature ten good personifications, and determine how and why each expression is spiritually true.

Find ten personifications in conversation.

120. In **Allegory** a fanciful, or secondary, subject is talked of, while the real, or primary, subject is never mentioned but is always in mind. The relation between the secondary subject and the primary subject is spiritual, and the primary subject is of much the greater importance.

Allegory is sometimes considered a kind of metaphor, and called a long continued metaphor. This cannot be correct, as in metaphor the primary subject is always clearly mentioned, while in allegory it is never mentioned.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan (1628-88) is usually considered the best extended allegory in English. In it the adventures of a traveller are talked about, while the real subject is the religious experiences of a soul. "The Vision of Mirza," by Joseph Addison (1672-1719), is another famous allegory. In this the reader is told of a bridge of seventy whole arches and thirty partly ruined arches, and of the strange traps in the bridge through which many of those who would cross are continually falling. The real subject is human life. In both these, however, are found occasional sentences pointing out the primary subject.

Almost all the current proverbs are simple illustrations of allegory. "An empty bag cannot stand upright," is, according to the definition, as perfect an allegory as is "Pilgrim's Progress." When quoted the proverb is never meant to refer to a bag; that is the secondary subject. The primary subject is some good-for-nothing person, who is under discussion; and this is the meaning always understood when the sentence is uttered. It is but fair to add, however, that most definitions include under allegory only extended compositions.

Exercise. Explain how an allegory is literally false but spiritually true. Examine all the proverbs you can think of, determine just what they mean, and conclude whether they are allegories.

121. **Apostrophe** is an address to a person or thing that is not present, or to an inanimate object that is present. It assumes that whatever is addressed is present and has power

to hear and to understand. It of course includes the figure personification whenever the inanimate is addressed.

In its highest form apostrophe is a spontaneous outburst of the deepest feelings of the heart; as when David "was much moved and wept and said," "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" We feel that this was not spoken to be heard of men.

In its ordinary form, however, although usually an outburst of real feeling, apostrophe is addressed to the audience present much more than to the person or object presumably addressed. A newspaper article appearing on the anniversary of the birth of the great Scotch poet closed thus: "O Robert Burns, if the world did not give you sympathy a hundred years ago, in these opening days of the twentieth century it folds you to its heart and whispers in your waiting ear, 'We love you, Bobbie, for you are our own!'" Here, to be sure, is the utterance of real feeling, but it is no such expression as David's heart-wrung lament; nor can any studied apostrophe, intended for the reader or hearer, have the ring of the pure gold.

Exercise. Show how apostrophe comes within the definition of a figure of speech. Tell of an apostrophe you have heard. Find in literature a good illustration of apostrophe and bring it to class.

122. In **Simile** one thing is formally compared to another (said to be *like* or *as* another), the two being entirely without material resemblance but having some spiritual likeness. Occasionally the particle of comparison is omitted.

When we read in the first Psalm that the righteous man "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water," we never for an instant think of any physical resemblance between the man and the tree. The singer had no idea of making such a suggestion. During the burning months of drought the tree at a distance from a living stream has nothing from which to draw the moisture necessary to its life, and consequently it fades and dies. Not so with the tree planted by the rivers of water; in the stream it has an unfailing source of life and strength. Its leaf does not wither and it brings forth its fruit in its season. For his spiritual nature the righteous man has a similar unfailing source of life and strength, and it is this resemblance that the poet wishes the reader to appreciate.

Exercise. Bring to class five similes, and determine the spiritual likeness to be appropriated from each.

123. In **Metonymy** one thing is called by the name of another, the two having so manifest a relation that the mention of the one must call to mind the other. The relation may be that of cause and effect, container and contained, place and inhabitant, instrument and agent, subject and attribute, author and work, progenitor and posterity, material and thing made, sign and thing signified, etc.

Metonymy is a common figure in ordinary conversation. We daily speak of lighting the fire (the wood or gas), boiling the kettle (the water), reading the paper (the words), smoking a pipe (the tobacco), loving a bottle (its contents), fighting for the flag (the Nation), etc. It is readily seen that the mention of one of these at once calls up its companion.

Exercise. Bring in five illustrations of metonymy from literature and five from conversation. Determine upon the relation existing in each, and also the relation in the illustrations given above. It is easily seen that metonymy is literally false; but is it quite exact to say that it is *spiritually* true?

124. **Synecdoche** mentions a part and means the whole, mentions the whole and means a part, mentions a definite number and means an indefinite, or uses a proper name to stand for an attribute or characteristic for which the person named is noted.

"The harbor is full of sails" means full of ships; "smoke rising from twenty cottages" means from twenty chimneys; "he is a Benedict Arnold" means he is a traitor; "I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards" means a great number of swords.

Exercise. Which part of the definition is illustrated by each of the examples? Bring in five illustrations of synecdoche from conversation and five from literature, and determine upon the part of the definition under which each falls. Show how simile, synec-

doche, and metonymy come within the definition of a figure of speech.

125. Hyperbole is gross exaggeration. It makes a statement far stronger than the facts warrant, not to deceive, but to express with added force the real feeling.

In "Marjorie Daw" John Flemming writes to Edward Delaney: "Your letter, dear Ned, was a godsend. Fancy what a fix I am in,—I, who never had a day's sickness since I was born. My left leg weighs three tons. It is embalmed in spices and smothered in layers of fine linen, like a mummy. I can't move. I have n't moved for five thousand years. I'm of the time of Pharaoh." He means none of this. He has been on a couch for ten days with a broken leg. Spiritually, however, it is five thousand years.

"Her nose is a foot long," and "It's a hundred years since I saw you," and "I'm nearly frozen," are of the same nature. They never convey the wrong idea.

Exercise. Bring in good illustrations of hyperbole from life and from your reading. Determine, if possible, the exact meaning of each.

126. Irony says one thing and means the exact opposite, something in the attendant circumstances, in the context, or in the tone showing the real meaning. The figure rests upon the assumption that the meaning intended is so manifest that it is impossible for the statement made to be taken literally. It implies that the statement made is so absurd that no one could possibly believe it.

The prophets had cried to Baal for hours, but no voice answered. Then Elijah said, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or preadventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Of course the prophets understood that he meant the exact opposite, that he considered their whole proceeding uniquely absurd. (See I Kings, xviii. 17-40.)

Marc Antony, in his great address in "Julius Cæsar," many times uses the word "honorable" in speaking of Brutus and his companions. Not once does he mean that they were honorable, but the first five or six times he uses the word he hides his irony within his heart. His hearers believe that Brutus and his companions

are truly honorable, and any intimation to the contrary will cost Antony his life. But when Antony has changed their feeling, then he throws into the word all the pent-up venom of his hatred, and his tone finds echo in the hearts of the crowd, and soon they are crying, "They were traitors: honorable men!" His purpose thus attained, Antony drops the word, using it but once again. And even this last time, knowing the sympathies of the hearers, he uses the word as though he really meant it, no tone of irony being necessary. (See "Julius Cæsar," Act iii., scene 2.)

Exercise. Bring in illustrations of irony from your reading and from life. Does irony come within the definition of a figure of speech?

127. An **Epigram**, in the common use of the word, is a concise, pithy statement of a universal truth. The restricted meaning requires that the statement seem to be self-contradictory.

At Buffalo the late President McKinley said, "Expositions are the time-keepers of progress," and "Duty determines destiny." The first of these quotations illustrates the common use of the term epigram, the second the restricted use. "The boy is father of the man" is an old epigram that well illustrates the restricted meaning.

Exercise. In which of its uses does the epigram fall within the definition of a figure of speech? In which of its uses is it the more forceful? Bring in from life or from literature five illustrations of epigram in the wide meaning of the word. Let the class recall as many proverbs as possible that are also epigrams in the narrow meaning of the word.

128. **Vision** is a name sometimes applied to what, under 33, is called the historical present. In it, for the sake of vividness, events long past are narrated in the present tense, as though they were occurring immediately before the eye of the reader. An illustration of vision is found under 33.

Exercise. Find or recall at least two illustrations of vision. What other figures of speech are really present in vision? Write a paragraph, making use of vision.

129. In **Anthithesis** two opposed ideas cast in somewhat the same grammatical form are set side by side, in order that each may have added force because of the presence of the other. Often the statements are bound together by an adversative connective. (See Chapter X.)

Antithesis is one of the characteristics of Hebrew poetry, and it is found continually in the poetic books of the Bible; as, "Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins;" "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish." Macaulay says of the Puritan: "He prostrated himself in the dust before his maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king."

130. In **Climax** a series of words, phrases, or clauses, is so arranged that the weakest is first, and each succeeding unit is stronger than the one preceding it. The units form a series of steps by which the reader rises to the full strength of the writer's feeling.

Macaulay, speaking of liberty, says: "At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings." In the same essay ("Milton") he says of the Puritans: "Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics."

131. **Interrogation** asks a question, not for the purpose of obtaining an answer, but in order to add strength to a declaration. It rests upon the supposition that the fact is so well known that only one answer is possible. An affirmative question denies, and a negative question affirms.

"Will a gentleman ever strike a woman?" really means "A gentleman will never strike a woman." So "Will not a gentle-

man always defend a woman?" means "A gentleman will always defend a woman." A question requiring an answer cannot be what is known as the figure interrogation.

132. Exclamation is made use of when a deep-seated emotion forces for itself an utterance which is abrupt and inverted in form and which is often without a verb. Of course the ordinary exclamatory particles do not fall within this definition.

Claudius in "Hamlet," shamed and conscience-pricked, cries out,

"O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O liméd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!"

Exercise. Put the last quoted sentences into declarative form. In which form are they the stronger?

The last five definitions deal with what may be called figures of form, or mechanical figures, as opposed to figures of meaning, or real figures of speech. Although sometimes called figures of speech, it will be found that only one of them falls within the definition of a figure of speech here given; and that one is included only in a somewhat indirect way. To which one is reference made?

Bring in from literature and from life good illustrations of antithesis, climax, interrogation, and exclamation.

THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC

General Directions.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Name, date, margins, etc. 2. Title. 3. Unnecessary <i>a.</i> Punctuation; <i>b.</i> Caps.; <i>c.</i> Italics. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4. Spell correctly; space. 5. Be clear. |
|--|--|

Clearness.

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|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5<i>a.</i> Antecedent clear. <i>b.</i> Relative near antecedent. <i>c.</i> Do not add relative clause to relative clause. <i>d.</i> Summarizing word as antecedent. 6<i>a.</i> Co-ordinate relative. <i>b.</i> Restrictive relative. <i>c.</i> <i>Who</i> or <i>which</i> for euphony. <i>d.</i> <i>And</i> before a relative. 7. Pronouns agree with antecedent. 8<i>a.</i> <i>Only</i> and <i>just</i> before word modified. <i>b.</i> Other adverbs near modified word. <i>c.</i> Scatter adverbial elements for euphony. <i>d.</i> No adverb between infinitive and sign. 9. <i>Not only . . . but also</i>, etc., before same parts of speech. 10. Connected words, etc., near together. 11<i>a.</i> Avoid verbal nouns. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 11<i>b.</i> Possessive before verbal nouns. 12. Repeat for clearness: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <i>a.</i> Common subject of several verbs. <i>b.</i> Complex subject by summarizing word. <i>c.</i> The article. <i>d.</i> The possessive. <i>e.</i> The preposition. <i>f.</i> The antecedent. <i>g.</i> The verb after <i>as</i> and <i>than</i>. 13. Avoid word as object of two prepositions. 14. Use direct discourse. 15<i>a.</i> Use phrase for clause. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <i>b.</i> Word for phrase or clause. <i>c.</i> Use relative construction. <i>d.</i> Use clause for phrase. 16. Make sub. of part. clear. 17. Avoid two-meaning expressions. 18. Avoid omission of words. <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <i>a.</i> Especially of verbs and (<i>b.</i>) of auxiliaries. |
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| <p>19. Avoid long parenthetical expressions.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Especially those separating subject from verb.</p> <p>20a. <i>A person</i> or <i>one</i>, not <i>you</i>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. <i>One</i> a convenient pronoun. Repeat it.</p> <p>21a. Singular for plural.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Plural for singular.</p> <p>22. Use pronoun, not noun.</p> <p>23a. Words that cannot be compared.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Exclude thing compared.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Comparative with <i>two</i>; superlative with <i>more</i>.</p> | <p>24. Avoid long sentences.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Avoid "child's error."</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Unite short sentences.</p> <p>25. Connect smoothly.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Use cumulative connective.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Use disjunctive connective.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Use adversative connective.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">d. Prepare for adversative with <i>indeed</i>, etc.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. Use illative connective.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">f. <i>As</i> to begin instead of <i>so</i> to connect.</p> |
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Force.

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| <p>26. Omit unnecessary words.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. One word for several.</p> <p>27. Do not end with weak expression.</p> <p>28. Important words in emphatic places.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Transpose sub. and pred.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Transpose modifier and modified, or place conditional clause at end.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Bury unimportant matter.</p> <p>29. Make sentences periodic.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Begin with <i>as</i>, <i>while</i>, etc.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Conditional clause first.</p> | <p>29c. Begin with participial phrase.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">d. Dependent clauses first.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. Scatter subordinate cl'ses.</p> <p>30a. Omit sub. or pred., or both.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Sentiment without verb.</p> <p>31. Observe climax.</p> <p>32. Avoid "fine writing."</p> <p>33a. Use contrast.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Use epigrammatic forms.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Imperative instead of <i>if</i>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Use interrogation.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. Use exclamation.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">f. Use historical present.</p> |
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Precision.

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| <p>34. Avoid improprieties.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. Use particular words. <i>The</i> and <i>a</i>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Use simple words.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Words from same root.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">d. Abstract and concrete.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. <i>So</i> after negative.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">f. <i>Oh</i> and <i>O</i>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">g. <i>Shall</i> and <i>will</i>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">h. <i>May</i> and <i>can</i>.</p> | <p>34i. Cumulative and progressive forms.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">j. <i>That</i> after verbs of mental action.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">k. <i>That</i> for result; <i>in order that</i> or <i>infin.</i> for purpose.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">l. Prepositions in right meaning.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">m. Verb instead of <i>do</i> or <i>did</i>.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">n. <i>Lie</i> for <i>lay</i>, etc.</p> |
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Purity.

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| <p>35. Avoid barbarisms.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>a.</i> Avoid colloquialisms. <i>b.</i> Avoid provincialisms. <i>c.</i> Avoid archaisms. <i>d.</i> Avoid poetic forms and inversions. <i>e.</i> Avoid foreign words and technical terms. <i>f.</i> Avoid slang. <p>36. Avoid solecisms.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>a.</i> Sentence grammatically complete. <i>b.</i> Verb agree with subject. <i>c.</i> Keep tenses same. <i>d.</i> Keep tenses consistent. <i>e.</i> Past and pluperfect. <i>f.</i> Perfect and present infinitive. <i>g.</i> Subjunctive. <i>h.</i> Plural of irregular and foreign nouns. | <p>36i. <i>Whose</i> with neuter. <i>Of</i> for possession.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>j.</i> Order of 1st, 2d, and 3d persons. <i>k.</i> Adjective for adverb and adv. for adj. <i>l.</i> Idioms. <p>37. Avoid contradictory and foolish statements.</p> <p>38. Do not repeat idea.</p> <p>39. Harsh and exaggerated statements.</p> <p>40. Trite expressions.</p> <p>41a. Do not confuse metaphors.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>b.</i> Avoid weak comparisons. <i>c.</i> Avoid figures in plain prose. <p>42. Present for universal truths.</p> |
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Unity.

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| <p>43. Unity of the whole.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>a.</i> Unity of paragraph. <i>b.</i> Unity of sentence. <i>c.</i> Adjoining sentences must cohere. | <p>43d. Order in narration.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>e.</i> One grammatical subject and one viewpoint. |
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Euphony.

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| <p>44. Repeated words and sounds.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>a.</i> Avoid similar endings. <i>b.</i> Avoid harsh combinations. <p>45a. Active for passive, or opposite.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>b.</i> Vary sentence form and length. <i>c.</i> Related constructions of same form. <p>46. Use Feeling writing.</p> | <p>46a. Use Figurative form.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>b.</i> Use Detail form. <p>47. Essay not well thought out.</p> <p>48. Introduction or close in-artistic.</p> <p>49. Rewrite.</p> <p>50. Essay uninteresting.</p> <p>51. Dot <i>i</i> and cross <i>t</i>. Write legibly.</p> |
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| <p>52. Avoid abbreviations and <i>etc.</i></p> <p>53 or 1. Incorrect. Examine.</p> <p>54. Call for explanation.</p> <p>55. Commends excellence.</p> <p>56. Improvement over former work.</p> <p>57. General carelessness.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. No credit till rewritten.</p> <p>58. Make passage stronger.</p> <p>59. Use concrete illustration.</p> <p>60. See standard letter form.</p> <p>61a. Number of syllables in verse.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Accents right in verse.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Make rhymes perfect.</p> | <p>61d. No metrical accent on weak words.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. Avoid substituted foot.</p> <p>62. Foreign words, italics; title, capitals.</p> <p>63. Figures for time, date, year, statistics; words for round numbers.</p> <p>64. Credit borrowed thought.</p> <p>65 or ¶. New paragraph.</p> <p>66 or No ¶. No paragraph.</p> <p>67. Rearrange for logical order.</p> <p>68. Written outline for future work.</p> |
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Capitalization and Punctuation.

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| <p>69. Use capital letters.</p> <p>70. Use period.</p> <p>71. Use interrogation point.</p> <p>72. Use exclamation point.</p> <p>73. Use colon.</p> <p>74. Use semicolon.</p> <p>75a. Comma for parenthetical expression.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. After completed thought.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. Words and expressions in same construction.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">d. Vocative.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. Short quotation.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">f. To separate numbers.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">g. To add to clearness.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">h. No single comma between subject and verb.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">i. No comma before restrictive relative.</p> <p>76a. Apostrophe for possessive.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. For omitted letters, etc.</p> | <p>76c. Plurals of letters, etc.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">d. No apostrophe in possessive pronoun.</p> <p>77. Use hyphen.</p> <p>78a. Use quotation marks.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. Single quotes.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. At beginning of paragraphs.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">d. Show where quotation ends.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">e. Exclude explanations.</p> <p>79. Use marks of parenthesis.</p> <p>80. Use brackets.</p> <p>81. Dash shows sudden change of thought.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">a. For parenthetical expressions.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">b. With comma before summarizing word.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">c. After colon following phrase of salutation.</p> |
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A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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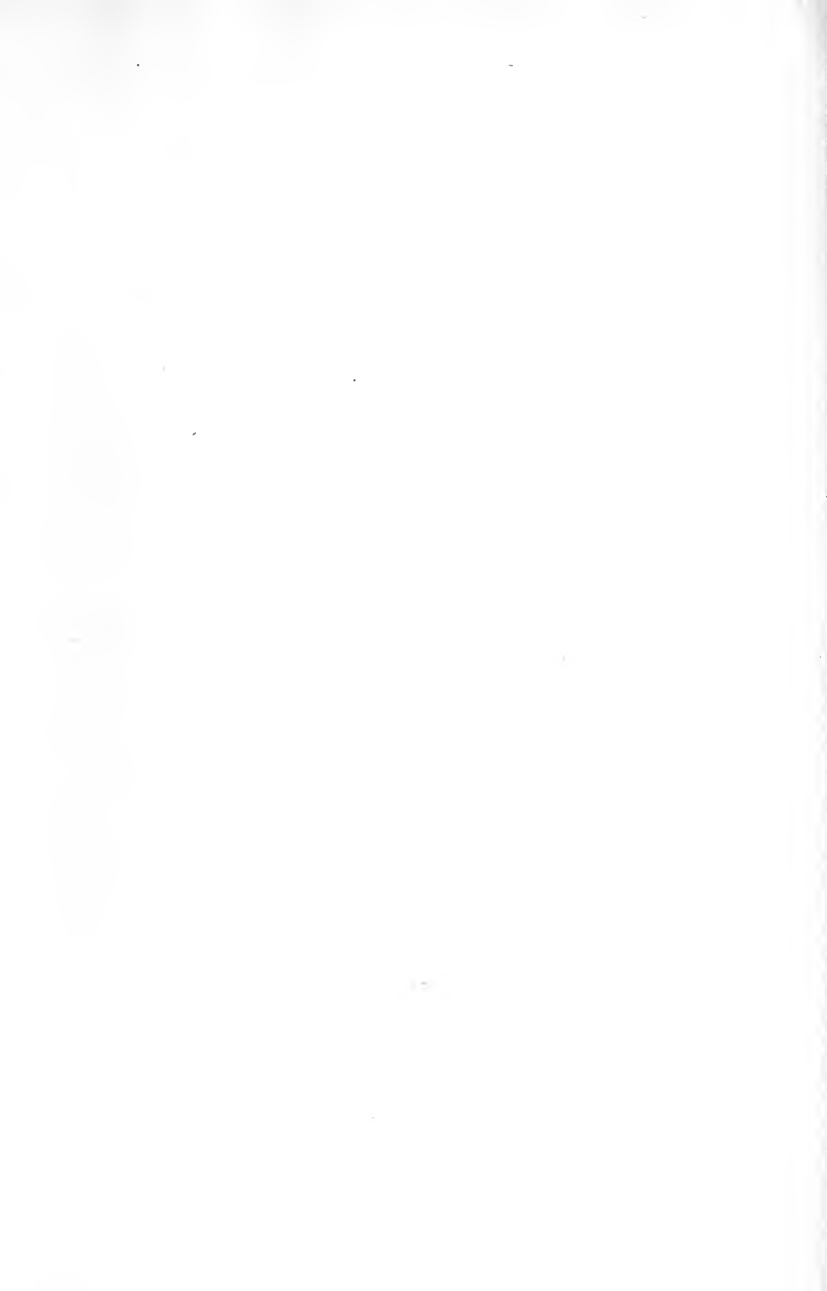
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